

SPRING 1959

# QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

*Theatre in Canada*

Felix Stratford

Gordon Gillingham

*Other Contributors*

Irving Layton

Morris Bishop

A. R. M. Lower

Carlyle King

Marian Waddington

Ghitta Calerman

David Corbett

Norma J. Beck

John D. Hamilton

H. M. Estall

Hugh G. J. Aitken

Sheila Patterson

Peter C. Newman

L. A. Skeoch

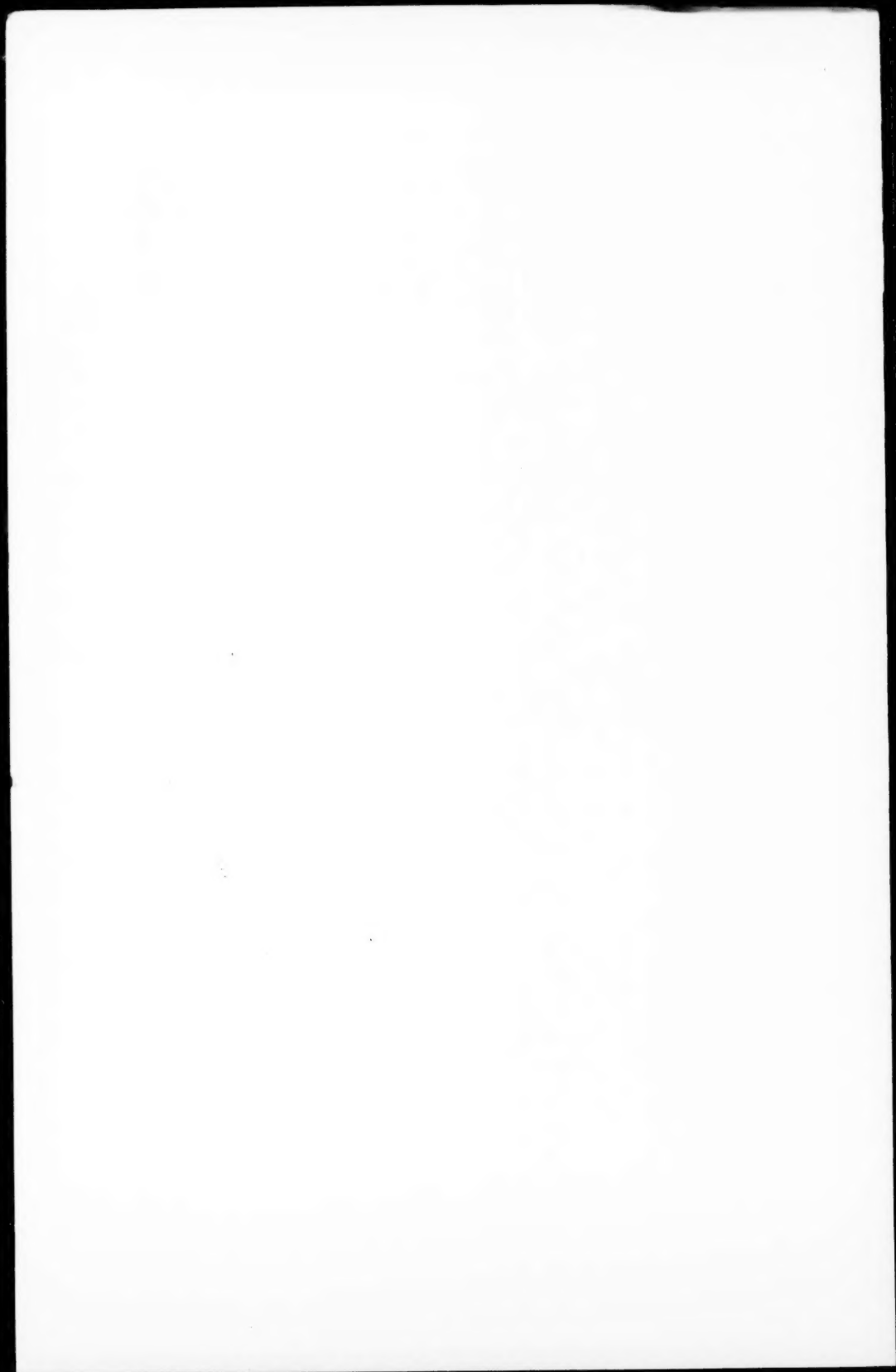
Gabriel Gersh

D. G. Crossley

A CANADIAN REVIEW

VOLUME LXVI-1

\$1.00





# QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

EDITOR

GLEN SHORTLIFFE

EDITORIAL BOARD

W. A. MACKINTOSH

G. H. ETTINGER

D. W. SLATER

A. R. M. LOWER

B. W. SARGENT

S. E. SMETHURST

A. G. C. WHALLEY

D. M. MATHERS

M. M. ROSS

POLITICS

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

SCIENCE

ARTS AND LETTERS

One Year: \$4.00

Three Years: \$10.00



## Continued Expansion

The Canada Life continued its program of expansion during the past year, making 1958 the most successful in the Company's long history.

The record amount of protection placed on policyholders in 1958 reflects the vitality which exists throughout the Canada Life organization.



..... In addition to its  
regular features

## QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

will publish in the forthcoming Summer Issue a special poetry section, edited with critical commentary by Milton Wilson, devoted to recent Canadian verse.

## A *Different* VACATION PLACE

All that Summer can offer is here in New Brunswick's exciting—and different—vacation places. Anywhere in this "Picture Province" of Canada it's only a few miles from a swim, a clean safe beach, a scenic golf course, or a good night's rest in motel, hotel or cabin. It's a land of Nature's curios, too—like Reversing Falls and Magnetic Hill. Summer climate is cool and pleasant; and there are accommodations of every kind for a family holiday. Try a New Brunswick vacation this year!

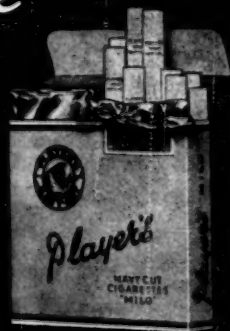
### NEW BRUNSWICK TRAVEL BUREAU

Fredericton

New Brunswick

Canada

# *Player's Please*



THE MILDEST BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE

*Our "2-Account Plan"*  
*helps you to save*

1. Use your Savings Account strictly for saving.
2. Keep a separate Personal Chequing Account for paying bills.

*Try this new plan at any "Royal" branch.*

**THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA**

*Just Published*

**E S K I M O**

An extraordinary **Canadian** art book containing

a provocative discussion of Eskimo art by one of Canada's best-known anthropologists, Edmund Carpenter, concerned with the Eskimo's conception of space, as evidenced in his uncanny orientation in travel over ice waste and sea, and his acuteness of observation and retention of image—

a collection of Arctic sketches by Frederick Varley, regarded by many as Canada's leading artist, made in 1938 when the artist accompanied the Arctic Patrol—

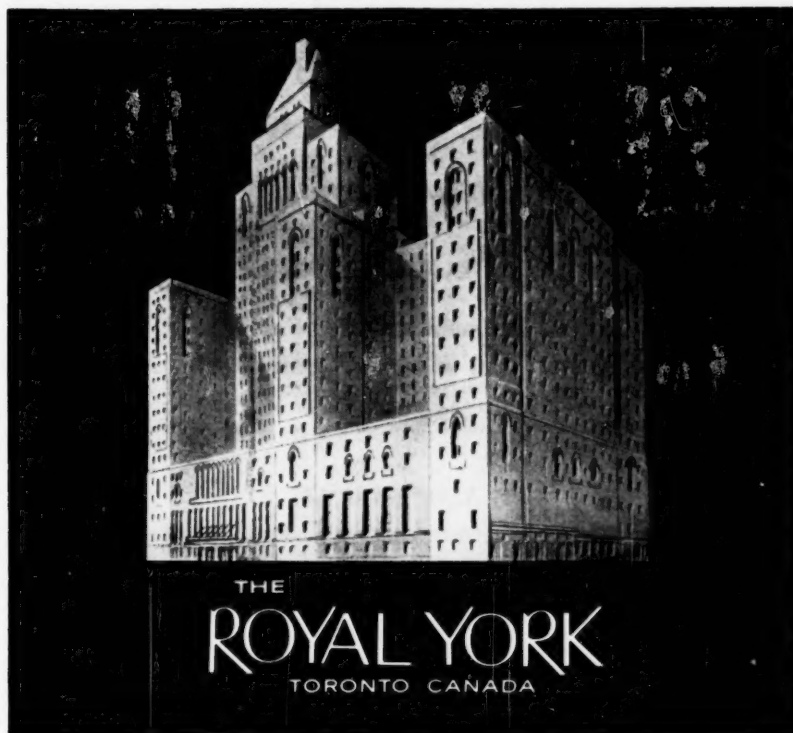
numerous photographs of the late Robert Flaherty's collection of Eskimo carvings, one of the finest in North America, which has never before been photographed or described.

*Profusely illustrated*

*Four 4-colour reproductions*

*Cloth boards \$4.95*

University of Toronto Press



Now open — the new  
air-conditioned addition to The Royal York!

All the facilities of a self-contained city  
are at your finger-tips in the enlarged and  
modernized Royal York. The largest  
hotel in the British Commonwealth offers  
1,600 outside rooms . . . extensive  
convention facilities. All new public  
rooms feature distinctive Canadian decor.

*Other Canadian Pacific  
Year-Round Hotels*

Cornwallis Inn, Kentville, N. S.  
McAdam Hotel, McAdam, N. B.  
Château Frontenac, Québec, Que.  
The Royal Alexandra, Winnipeg, Man.  
The Saskatchewan, Regina, Sask.  
The Palliser, Calgary, Alta.  
The Empress, Victoria, B. C.

Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B. C.  
Operated by the Vancouver Hotel Com-  
pany Limited, on behalf of Canadian  
Pacific and Canadian National Railway  
Companies.



*From One Gardener to Another*

## *New Books*

### GEORGIAN CHRONICLE

#### **Mrs. Barbauld and Her Family**

By Betsy Rodgers. This is the story of Anna Laetitia Barbauld, a writer whose children's books were still read at the beginning of this century, and her family. The book covers five generations of the Aikin family, might be called a Chronicle of Nonconformity, and is an important social history. \$4.25

### BLAISE PASCAL

By Ernest Mortimer. The life and work of a remarkable Frenchman, whom France ranks with Spinoza and Kant, even with Plato, as a philosopher. He lived in picturesque and exciting times: the France of the Thirty Years War, of the Fronde; the times of Descartes, Galileo, Torricelli and Harvey. \$4.25

### SAFE CONDUCT

By Boris Pasternak, author of *Dr. Zhivago*, Nobel Prize Winner. Contains most of Pasternak's known prose work with the exception of *Dr. Zhivago*. Includes a long autobiographical section, four long short stories, his great poem, 1905, and some lyrics. \$3.25

### THE GOLD OF TROY

By Robert Payne. The amazing story of Henry Schliemann, considered the founder of modern archaeology. He *knew* he would find the ruins of Troy and he did so, against all reason, all evidence and all hope. A March Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. \$4.75

### TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS

By Lilli Koenig. With a Foreword by Konrad Lorenz. A charming book about animals. The author is seeking the connection between the human and the animal mind. She and her husband run an animal research station in the woods near Vienna. Beautifully illustrated with line drawings and half tones. \$3.75

### THE RYERSON PRESS

299 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO 2-B

## The World's Riches

The real riches of this world cannot be measured in dollars and cents. But one of them—a happy family—can be protected by the dollars and cents you invest in life insurance.

Make sure *you* have enough life insurance.



### SUN LIFE OF CANADA

EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

*For reports on*

## CANADIAN BUSINESS



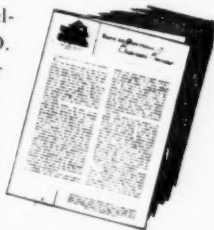
MONTH BY MONTH... You can keep abreast of the Canadian economy by reading the B of M's Business Review. Only four pages, it combines detailed surveys of industries and regions, with over-all analyses of national business trends.

Ask for your free copy at any of our 750 offices across Canada. Or simply write: Business Development Department, Bank of Montreal, P.O. Box 6002, Montreal 3, P.Q., and have your name added to the permanent distribution list.

### BANK OF MONTREAL

*Canada's First Bank*

*working with Canadians in every walk of life since 1817*



## MARGINAL SEAT, 1955

by

R. S. MILNE AND H. C. MACKENZIE

With a Foreword by the

RT. HON. R. A. BUTLER, C.H., M.P.

An analysis of voting behaviour in the Parliamentary  
Constituency of Bristol North-East at the General  
Election of 1955

18s. net

"... it is the best book on the subject that has  
appeared in England . . ."—*The Economist*

THE HANSARD SOCIETY FOR PARLIAMENTARY  
GOVERNMENT

79/80 Petty France, London, S.W.1

PRINTING  
BOOKBINDING  
RULING  
STEEL DIE EMBOSsing  
GOLD LETTERING  
OFFICE SUPPLIES

QUALITY is not dearly bought from

The  
Jackson  
Press

*Our estimates will show you why*

173-77 Wellington St.

Kingston, Ont.



**85¢** out of every **\$1.00**  
that **EATON'S** spends for merchandise  
is spent in Canada

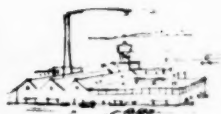
**Eaton's is one of Canada's biggest and most consistent customers.**

Although we constantly import the specialties of other countries and our buyers shop the markets of the world in search of new and interesting products, nevertheless **the percentage of Canadian-bought merchandise sold in Eaton stores is tremendous.** In fact, more than 85% of the goods we sell are bought from Canadian suppliers.

We buy in every part of Canada—from large industries, small factories and individual artisans, in cities and towns and villages from British Columbia to Newfoundland. And wherever we buy, we help contribute to the well-being of the community and prosperity of its citizens; we help to keep factories busy and men and women working and earning.

Here is convincing evidence of the faith that Eaton's (and the people who shop at Eaton's) have in the products of Canadian mills and factories . . . in the resources and resourcefulness of Canadian suppliers.

As Eaton's of Canada, we are justifiably proud to be able to play a leading role in the development and progress of Canadian industry.



**EATON'S OF CANADA**

## Quarry Eight

a contemporary annual

of prose and poetry

published every spring

at queen's university

priced at thirty-five cents quarry eight is  
available in kingston or through the office of  
the alma mater society. edited by peter hancock.

MADE IN CANADA



*Northern Electric*

SERVES YOU BEST

with

COMMUNICATION EQUIPMENT  
ELECTRICAL WIRES AND CABLES  
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES  
ELECTRICAL APPARATUS

MADE IN CANADA



OXFORD

PROSPECT

MAY

**THE CRUISING AUK**

GEORGE JOHNSTON (*Associate Professor of English, Carleton University.*)

Readers of the *New Yorker* and the *Canadian Forum* will already be familiar with the sophisticated discipline and subtleties of verse of this poet-professor. Now a wider audience will be moved to laughter and thought by the enchanting mournful dignity of his work. \$2.50

**CANADA IN WORLD AFFAIRS: Vol. VIII**

DONALD C. MASTERS. (*Professor of History, Bishop's University.*)

The two years described, 1953-1955, may be characterized as the post-Stalin period, a time when apparent relaxation of tension between East and West failed to alter the fact of continuing disagreement and suspicion. \$3.50

**CONTEMPORARY CANADA**

MIRIAM CHAPIN.

This vigorous and entertaining book is packed with solid information about Canadian history and geography; our party system, government, way of life, legal systems, education and the arts. The author also discusses Canada in the Commonwealth and as the 'friendly neighbour' of the United States. \$7.50

JUNE

**THE ST. LAWRENCE**

WILLIAM TOYE.

Studded with eye-witness accounts, colourfully illustrated with little-known contemporary pictures, and line drawings by LEO RAMPEN, here is a compelling narrative of the St. Lawrence from the first explorations by the French to the opening of the Seaway. This beautiful book will be treasured for its rich store of unique information. \$4.50

**NEHRU**

MICHAEL BRECHER. (*Associate Professor of Political Science, McGill University.*)

This impressive biography is also a political history of India over the last forty years. Dr. Brecher presents a striking portrait of Nehru: his complex character, his relationship with Gandhi, the influence of his father, the West, and Indian culture. \$8.95

## PARLIAMENTARY AFFAIRS

The Quarterly Journal of the Hansard Society for  
Parliamentary Government

*Recent articles include:*

Alaska: The Forty-ninth State  
The Security of Tenure of the Speaker of the  
House of Commons  
Privilege and "Proceedings in Parliament"  
The Separation of Powers in the Constitution  
of the Fifth Republic  
Failure of Parliamentary Democracy in Pakistan

Dell G. Hitchner

William S. Livingston  
Geoffrey Marshall

Max Beloff  
G. W. Choudhury

### BOOK REVIEWS

Single copies 7s. 6d.  
\$1.25

Annual Subscription 30s.  
\$4.50

Specimen copy from:

**THE HANSARD SOCIETY FOR  
PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT**  
79/80, Petty France, London, S.W.1.

## The Canadian Banker

FOUNDED 1893

An organ of The Canadian Bankers' Association published three times a year.

While primarily an educational medium for the younger banking fraternity, The Canadian Banker endeavours to present articles of general financial and economic interest, including from time to time those relating to Canadian industries and their history, and to various phases of Canadian foreign trade together with a lighter fare of personal reminiscence and the extra-mural pursuits of the banker.

*Editor* — D. W. SLATER, Ph.D.  
Associate Professor of Economics, Queen's University  
Kingston, Ontario

*Managing Editor* — C. S. HOWARD,  
66 King St., West, Toronto, Ontario

SUBSCRIPTION RATE  
\$1.50 per annum

### ADVERTISING RATES PER ISSUE

Full page \$50 — Half page \$25 — Quarter page \$15



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY  
AT  
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

**SUMMER SCHOOL**

July 6 to August 14, 1959.

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS:

*Art — Landscape and Still Life* — Special two weeks classes.

*Children's Art*

*Art for Teachers* — Academic or Specialists.

*Ballet:* For Adults and Children — July 6 - 31st.

*Music:* Opera School.

CREDIT COURSES IN ARTS: Astronomy, Biology, Classics, Drama, Economics, English, French, Geography, History, Mathematics, Music, Philosophy, Physics, Psychology, Religion, Spanish and German.

Certain Courses require assignments during May and June.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Students will register for the spring term of correspondence courses not later than April 10th, and for the fall term by September 17th.

A BACHELOR OF ARTS DEGREE (General) may be obtained through Correspondence and Summer School courses. Up to four courses may be taken in one year. Attendance requirements may be completed at four Summer Schools.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES may be completed in English, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Commerce, Economics, Politics, Philosophy, Psychology, History, Drama, Mathematics and Religion.

Write: DEPARTMENT OF EXTENSION

## IN THIS ISSUE . . .

With our frontispiece we inaugurate a series, especially executed for QUEEN'S QUARTERLY by Canadian artists, which we anticipate as a regular feature in the future. This first drawing is by Montreal artist GHITTA CAISERMAN, winner of three awards, who is represented in some half-dozen Canadian galleries as well as in the Beaverbrook and Helena Rubinstein collections. As an accompaniment we offer some trenchant observations on Miss Caiserman's work in the verses of MIRIAM WADDINGTON, whose most recent volume is *The Season's Lovers*. Further contributions to our verse department are from Montreal poet IRVING LAYTON, whose *A Laughter in the Mind* has recently gone into a second edition, and from JOHN HAMILTON, a Canadian journalist and contributor to CBC, now living in New York.

Two aspects of recent progress in Canadian theatre are examined by PHILIP STRATFORD and GRATIEN GÉLINAS. The former, a frequent contributor to CBC and to the Canadian Forum, is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Western Ontario. The latter, known to all Canadians as the creator of *Fridolin* and the author of *Tit-Coq*, explains the philosophy underlying his exciting venture into bilingual theatre at the *Comédie-Canadienne*, which celebrated its first anniversary in February.

SHEILA PATTERSON, who contributes an expert analysis of the background to the Nottingham and Notting Dale riots, is a graduate anthropologist with varied experience in race relations and immigrant problems in Europe, Africa and North America. Her Brixton studies were carried out under the auspices of the Nuffield Foundation. PETER C. NEWMAN, formerly an assistant editor of *The Financial Post*, and now a parliamentary correspondent for *Maclean's* magazine, is author of *Flame of Power*, a study of the mores and motivations of the Canadian businessman, to be published this fall by Longmans, Green & Co.

Formerly senior economist with the Canadian Wheat Board, and agricultural specialist with the UNRRA Missions to the Ukraine, L. A. SKEOCH now teaches at Queen's University. His seven years with

the Combines Branch of the Department of Justice qualify him particularly to discuss legislation in this area. HUGH G. J. AITKEN, author of two books on Canadian subjects, is Assistant Professor of Economics at the University of California, and is presently on leave at the Brookings Institution, where he is engaged in research on U.S. investment and Canadian resource development.

H. M. ESTALL, who trains a critical professional eye on the language of philosophy, is professor of that subject at Queen's University. GABRIEL GERSH, a free-lance writer who has contributed to numerous publications in Canada and the United States, reports on a typical French writers' conference at Royaumont. Shaw's role as a literary critic is appraised by CARLYLE KING, Head of the Department of English at the University of Saskatchewan, whose critical essays are familiar to readers of this and other Canadian reviews.

Few writers can vie in versatility with MORRIS BISHOP, humorist, critic, biographer, and Professor of Romance Literature at Cornell University. His work has ranged from the *New Yorker's* "Limericks Long After Lear" and *A Bowl of Bishop* to his scholarly biographies of Pascal, Ronsard and Champlain—passing meanwhile through at least one venture into the classical "whodunnit".

DAVID CORBETT, who examines the present condition of the social sciences in Canada, is the author of a volume on Canada's immigration policy. He is now studying in England on a Nuffield Fellowship.

Our single review article, devoted to the late MacGregor Dawson's *Mackenzie King*, is from the pungent and graceful pen of the distinguished historian A. R. M. LOWER. His most recent volume is *Canadians in the Making*, published early this year by Longmans, Green & Co.

NORMA JEAN BECK, author of the shorter of our two short stories, is a Saskatoon librarian whose fiction has appeared in several Canadian magazines. Though still in the mid-twenties, DONALD G. CROSSLEY has already enjoyed a varied literary career as Assistant Editor of *The Blue Bell*, research assistant to Thomas B. Costain, and contributor to the *Toronto Globe Magazine* and other Canadian and American publications.

# QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

---

Volume LXVI

SPRING

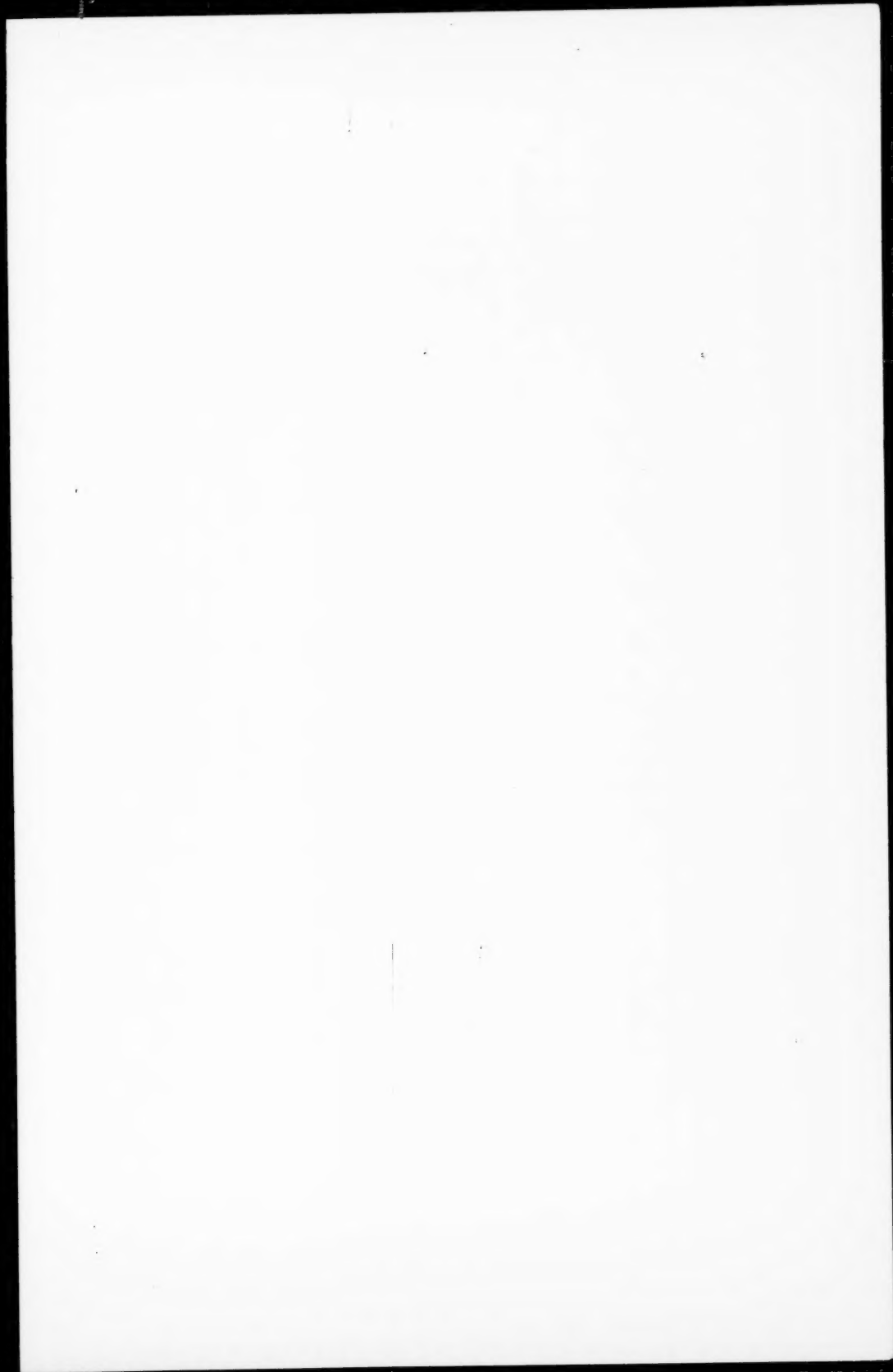
Number 1

---

	<i>Frontispiece</i>		GHITTA CAISERMAN
	<i>Carnival — A Poem</i>	1	MIRIAM WADDINGTON
<i>Theatre In Canada—</i>			
	<i>Stratford After Six Years</i>	2	PHILIP STRATFORD
	<i>Credo of The Comédie-Canadienne</i>	18	GRATIEN GELINAS
	<i>Because My Calling is Such — A Poem</i>	26	IRVING LAYTON
	<i>Strangers in Britain</i>	27	SHEILA PATTERSON
	<i>Hume's "Ruling Passion"</i>	46	H. M. ESTALL
	<i>The Social Sciences in Canada</i>	56	DAVID CORBETT
	<i>"The Editor Regrets . . ." — A Short Story</i>	73	DONALD G. CROSSLEY
	<i>Combines Legislation</i>	87	L. R. SKEOCH
	<i>French Writers at Work and at Play</i>	97	GABRIEL GERSH
	<i>No Face — A Poem</i>	105	JOHN DAVID HAMILTON
	<i>The Dilemma of Greater Leisure</i>	106	PETER C. NEWMAN
<i>Restriction of Output in Canada's Oil</i>			
	<i>Industry</i>	116	HUGH G. J. AITKEN
	<i>Man of God — A Short Story</i>	123	NORMA JEAN BECK
	<i>Champlain's Veracity</i>	127	MORRIS BISHOP
	<i>G.B.S. on Literature</i>	135	CARLYLE KING
<i>Review Article—</i>			
	<i>Monument Amid the Tombstones</i>	146	A. R. M. LOWER
	<i>The New Books</i>	151	

Published by the Quarterly Committee of Queen's University, KINGSTON, CANADA,—  
Entered according to Act of Parliament in the year one thousand nine hundred and  
seven, by the Publishing Committee of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY, in the office of the  
Minister of Agriculture—The contents of QUEEN'S QUARTERLY are listed in *The*  
*Canadian Index* of Ottawa, Ontario.







*Drawn for Queen's Quarterly by GHITTA CAERMAN*

## CARNIVAL

*by*

Miriam Waddington

Ghitta, we live in aging winter light,  
cold and mindful; your painted bed  
denies the solstice of our night  
with long bold summer, yet we are dead.

And your arm's coloured reach  
can never gather us who died  
into your sleep or lover's speech.  
We will condemn your worldly pride;

And stand apart, or look askance  
from our marble fronts of stone:  
so grieve — you cannot wake the dead  
who sleep eternally alone.

But mourn for us; our monument  
is in the instant of cut flowers,  
a half-open window is the sign  
that summons us from blinding space.

## Theatre in Canada

### I

## Stratford After Six Years

— A Miracle Reconsidered —

*by*

PHILIP STRATFORD

EVER since the first Shakespeare Festival in 1953 there has been talk about a miracle at Stratford. Seven years ago the Stratford City Council voted a hundred and twenty-five dollars to send Tom Patterson to New York to get expert advice on the possibility of a summer festival. Since then Mr. Patterson has been sent to London, Edinburgh and Moscow on Festival business, and the town fathers' original investment has turned into a two million dollar theatre grossing over half a million a year. Since 1953 the length of the Festival season has doubled from six weeks to twelve, 43 performances to 98. In six years attendance has tripled, — from 68,600 the first summer to 207,000 in 1958. Throughout its brief career the 2000-seat theatre has been filled on an average to 89% of capacity. Three-quarters of a million Canadians have now seen thirteen Shakespeare plays and *Oedipus Rex* at Stratford and another 71,000 have come to Music and Film Festivals.

Not only is this record unprecedented in the history of Canadian theatre, but through Stratford for the first time Canada has gained a world-wide reputation in drama and cinema. Top New York critics Brooks Atkinson and Water Kerr have heralded the Shakespearean Company as the best in North America and have compared its work favourably to that done at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford, England. In the last three years, three issues of *World Theatre*, UNESCO's quarterly review of international drama, have featured

articles and photographs on the Stratford Festival. And during a recent tour of Eastern European countries the Festival administration found they needed no introduction, for the fame of their three-year-old Film Festival had penetrated the Iron Curtain before them.

In January 1957, when he laid the foundation stone for the brilliant new building which replaced the tent theatre of the first four years, Governor-General Massey spoke of "an enterprise which began as a local effort with unbelievable ambitions" and had become "a national achievement winning incredible success". His words are as true to-day, and 'unbelievable' and 'incredible' are still the adjectives which come most readily to mind to describe the 'miracle at Stratford'.

Of course this accomplishment would have been impossible without a great deal of imagination, initiative and generosity on the part of Festival planners and supporters, big and small. The City Parks Board donated the land for the theatre site. Stratford citizens gave \$73,000, an average of \$3.75 apiece, in the first fund-raising campaign, and doubled it in the second. Oliver Gaffney, the local contractor who in 1953 built the amphitheatre bowl for the tent, went on working at his own expense when Festival money ran out. In 1956 the Foundation Company of Canada accepted the contract for the permanent theatre for a "profit" of one dollar. From quarter-million dollar grants by federal and provincial governments to thousands of individual gifts ranging from \$25,000 to 25 cents and countless contributions in freely-given time and energy — when you look for the beginning of the miracle you find that everyone had a hand in it.

Tyrone Guthrie, the first artistic director, felt that the outstanding success of the Festival was due to a great national hunger. "A large number and a wide variety of Canadians", he wrote in 1954, "are becoming more and more conscious that in many important respects Canada is a very dull place to live in . . . They are equipped with money, leisure, and an awareness of 'culture' for which there is a large demand but, as yet, a very small supply". So he attributed the

enthusiastic response of the first two seasons to the fact that Canada was "a sellers' market for culture".

Despite four more successful seasons, Michael Langham, the Festival's present director, is more sceptical. For him, the phenomenon at Stratford is simply proof of the ad-man's adage that "nothing succeeds like success". The Festival boom, which began big and grew bigger, he sees as evidence that in America nothing sells better than the Jumbo-size package. But an unsuccessful tour with the Festival Company in the winter of 1957 has given him doubts about Canadians' unsatisfied appetite for art, and while trying to keep up the frenetic tempo of success, he is waiting, realistically, for the first lull. "It will do the company good", he says. "A set-back will pull them together more than anything else. And it's bound to come. No professional company or festival, not the other Stratford or Edinburgh or Salzburg, is without its slack seasons". This is Langham waiting, as cheerfully as possible, for the miracle to deflate.

Unfortunately, his good-natured pessimism is well-founded. Keeping the Festival in the black is a miracle-maker's task. Because of the size of the theatre, high overhead and heavy operating costs, the Festival must draw 85% of capacity to clear. (70% is considered safe for the average Broadway run.) Moreover, as the years go by it gets harder and harder to pull yet another success out of the Stratford hat. As fast as the core of dedicated patrons grows, the novelty of the Festival idea wears off, and Langham finds himself, unlike most directors, not gambling on an entirely new production but trying to find ways of putting fresh life into a rapidly crystallizing institution. The latest difficulty was the least expected. Langham himself has been put out of action by a perforated ulcer. He will be back at his desk next season, but the winter's planning and shopping will have to be done without him and it is not likely that he will direct a summer play. His disability may be one of the worst hazards the Festival will have to face in 1959.

But despite the gloomy rumours of disaster which haunt every theatrical enterprise, so far the 'miracle at Stratford' shows no signs of deflation. The time is past when there was some doubt whether the Festival would outlast the tent canvas. Last year from June 23

to September 13 an itinerant population ten times that of the city itself streamed into Stratford for drama, films and music. And whether they came from love of theatre or Shakespeare, to see stars Christopher Plummer and Eileen Herlie or Tanya Moiseiwitsch's unique stage, whether prompted by patriotism or publicity, they went away with more than their money's worth. They may have liked or disliked the interpretation, but there was room for neither a patronizing nor an indifferent attitude. In six years a summer theatre in Stratford, Ontario, had built up standards to equal those of Paris, London and New York. This was the "national achievement" that the Governor-General referred to, and last year's audience could recognize it and, as Canadians, be proud.

Is it enough now to sit back complacently and wait for Mr. Langham's Stratford goose to lay another golden egg? (Or just an egg.) For anyone interested in the future of the arts in Canada the answer is obvious. Because of its service to Canadian arts and artists, the Festival deserves more than mere recognition. As a national venture it needs national support. Even miracles lose their potency if not backed up by widespread acts of faith. At this critical point in the Festival's career many Canadians must be interested not only in what has been accomplished, but also in what is being done and what might be done to keep the Festival a success.

Looking into the future calls for a short view and a long one. The short view examines some of the problems that the Festival administration must meet in attracting, entertaining and increasing the Festival public at Stratford. The long view, dealing with the Festival itself, considers some ways of expanding its scope, length and range so that it may become truly representative and Canadian.

Since all genuine miracles have a firm basis in fact as well as in faith, it is safest to begin with an analysis of box office statistics. For the last few years 75% of the Festival public has come from within a hundred-mile radius of Stratford. American patronage has averaged about 15% but is increasing yearly (last year one quarter of all mail orders were from the United States), and the remaining 10% has come from other parts of Canada.

It is tempting to conclude that the Festival is mainly a local affair,

and to overemphasize the support of neighbouring towns and cities, until one realizes Stratford's strategic position as center of one of the most densely populated areas in Canada. Within the 100-mile range the potential audience is close to 3,000,000. Extending the radius thirty miles to take in Buffalo and Detroit increases this potential by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million more. Adopting the most optimistic view one might say that for three summer months Stratford provides outstanding theatre fare for a population as large as that of urban New York.

The problem is, of course, how to get this public there and how to keep it there. As far as transportation is concerned, most Festival-goers have solved it for themselves and tens of millions of miles are driven annually to and from Stratford. Toronto patrons, for example, who constitute a third of the audience, think nothing of making the round trip on a Friday or Saturday night. But despite the readiness of an automobile-age public to drive 200 miles to see a play, a wider choice of transportation could be offered. If the trip were made interesting and comfortable more people might take to the rails, as thousands of vacationing New Yorkers do each summer, travelling into the city on commuter specials for a refreshing one-night visit to Broadway. Since Stratford is a rail centre, perhaps the Festival itself could brightly redecorate a few superannuated coaches in Showboat style and run a special Festival train, now east, now west, to pick up far-flung customers. An attractive cold supper, a good-looking hostess per car, and interesting reading material on the play to be seen, could make the Festival fun begin at the railway station in thirty towns and cities outside the hundred-mile range. But even before such an experiment, many communities might find the Festival closer than they thought with the cooperation of local rail and bus service. Well-publicized package trips — transportation, entertainment and accommodation — could also be offered more widely, and civic organizations, Little Theatres and service clubs across the province might promote excursions of this kind once or twice a summer.

But getting them there is only half the problem. If such theatre tours are to work there must be good and varied reasons for visitors to stay in Stratford. In an effort to space out the natural charms of



the city an increasingly heavy program of films, exhibitions and music has been laid on, all under the auspices of the Shakespearean Foundation. It has certainly provided variety, for last year's program ranged from medieval music through mime, Molière and 18th-century opera to modern films and jazz. But on the whole, the mixed dish turned out to be rather insipid, and visibly these "ancillary activities", as they are called, were a strain on Festival resources and a headache to administer (8 major events compared to drama's 3, and on only one-eighth of the revenue.) In addition the Festival has been operating its own information and accommodation bureaus and even runs a baby-sitting service. It would be not only practical but profitable to relieve the drama of some of this burden of organization and entertainment for summer visitors. Instead of the Festival advertising the town, the emphasis should fall the other way, and every effort should be made to turn Stratford into a Festival City, not just 'The Home of the Festival'.

The Festival Exhibition is a prime example of the disadvantages of the present overcentralization. Housed at first in the Stratford Arena, now in a remodeled badminton court, last year it presented Festival visitors with a display of recent Canadian publications (for the first time both French and English); the S. T. Fisher collection of 16th century books; a National Gallery show of modern Canadian paintings; the Eastman Kodak exhibit of cinematographic equipment; a history of Canadian theatre in models, photographs and handbills; a show of Canadian ceramics; a film on the Globe theatre; a listening booth for new recordings; and sketches, properties and costumes by Tanya Moiseiwitsch and others, representing the work of Festival designers and workshops. Despite a certain amount of ingenuity shown in arranging this material, there was not one of the collections exhibited that did not suffer from neighbouring too hard on the others. The spectator wandered in and out, upstairs and down, through a maze of objects, distracted more than attracted by the quantity and variety, and without even a floor plan to guide him.

It seems a pity to reduce the number of exhibits when already more Canadian artists and craftsmen are clamouring for representation than can possibly be accommodated. But there is an even simpler

solution: while waiting for a proper art gallery, the Festival and the city have everything to gain by a redistribution of books to local bookstores, cinema displays to local movie houses, sketches and handbills to local clubs and restaurants, ceramics to local pottery shops, and so on, leaving the Exhibition Hall free mainly for theatre exhibits.

Certainly the work of Tanya Moiseiwitsch and her associates, so important to the success of the Festival from the beginning, deserves to be extensively and handsomely displayed. A close look at the costumes is as good as a walk through history. In fact such skill and devotion have gone into them that there is an intriguingly narrow margin between original craftsmanship and the illusionist's art. A principle that has gone into their making (not to scrape by with two yards of cloth where three are needed) is exactly the one that will make the Exhibition as a whole worthy of the excellent of its parts.

But the Festival visitor, no matter how art-minded, can hardly be expected to spend all his week-end at the concert, the exhibition, or the play, and the average tourist in Stratford is likely to find plenty of time on hand to study the program. The city is typical South-Western Ontario: slow, plain, clean, and semi-dry. Thanks to this conservative character there has been no rash of loud billboard hoardings. Also, thanks to the farsightedness of another city son, Stratford has a great asset in the charming park which follows the Avon and surrounds the Festival theatre. But surely there are other points of interest in and around Stratford that could be tastefully exploited or created to attract tourists. An old stone quarry at St. Mary's, twelve miles away, has been turned into a fine natural swimming pool. More developments of this kind are needed — more parks and picnic grounds, some after-theatre night-life, more and better sports facilities. By pooling resources, Stratford and neighbouring communities might provide and publicize some of these extra-theatrical attractions.

And last but not least Stratford still lacks a first-class restaurant where one could expect a distinctive, well-cooked meal, with good service and a bottle of wine before or after the play. All kinds of people come to Stratford in a holiday mood. The evening performance creates a cosmopolitan atmosphere and a desire for leisurely extravagance which small town resources just cannot satisfy. With the

patronage of only a fraction of the Festival's 200,000 visitors a wise restaurateur should be able to supply *cuisine* and *cave* to tempt the most discriminating palates.

Perhaps because of its failure to appeal to tastes other than artistic, Stratford, unlike Edinburgh, Bayreuth, Aix-en-Provence or Salzburg, has not been able to hold its public more than one night. Few Canadians as yet have developed the Festival habit. Only about 5% stayed to see two or more plays last summer, and although this was double the 1956 figure, it is still relatively small.

The Festival Foundation itself is deeply concerned to keep and cultivate its public in every way possible. By far the most imaginative scheme to date was tried last September when a full week of the Festival was given over to high school matinees at prices reduced 60%. The experiment was a great success — over 12,000 students attended the six performances. In all 104 schools were represented, three groups from Michigan, and one busload of students coming down at their own expense from Sault Ste Marie. The players found these audiences the best of the season, and after the show George McGowan, assistant director of *Henry IV*, treated them to an open question period which was serious and invigorating. The principle was excellent, and undoubtedly part of next summer's audience will be made up of teen-agers who think it as much fun to go to the Festival as to the beach, and who are putting up Christopher Plummer's picture in place of Elvis Presley's.

One hopes that the Festival will capitalize on this experiment not only by repeating it next year, as it plans to do, but by offering student rates all summer long. Another feature of the experiment could also be incorporated into the regular season with a good precedent from France for its success. In 1951 the Théâtre National Populaire, the newest French state theatre, became in fact strikingly popular because of the bond it created between public and players. Every ticket holder to a TNP play automatically became an *ami du TNP*, was put on the mailing list, received advance notice of new productions, detailed information about the history of plays in repertoire, notes on staging techniques and costume design, reports on past progress and future plans — in short was taken into the con-

fidence of the company as an intelligent and interested patron. He was also invited to attend regular open forums where actors, directors and audience exchanged views on theatre in general and the TNP in particular. There was nothing "cliquish" in the arrangement — membership was as mixed as the audience and the only qualification necessary to belong was genuine interest in the theatre. Sure of the high quality of his work, Jean Vilar, director of the TNP, counted on an enthusiastic response and got it, 12,800 attending 16 of these actor-spectator 'dialogues' as they were called, in the first nine months.

With the cooperation of the Festival company the same kind of liaison could be established at Stratford, not just with a teenage, post-season audience, but with the regular public-at-large. Many playgoers would appreciate this direct opportunity of showing their support. It is one thing to buy a ticket; it is quite another to make an investment of personal interest. And investors of this kind would be found, for many Canadians are committed imaginatively to the Festival's support. Actor-spectator 'dialogues' in the TNP stype would be one worthwhile step in giving voice and form to this valuable invisible support.

So much for the short view. As a summer theatre centered at Stratford, providing twelve weeks of Shakespeare for a Southern Ontario audience and four and a half months' employment for a nucleus of Canadian professionals and a few imported stars, the Festival could go on indefinitely. If the quality of direction and performance remains high, if the public not only remains faithful but grows in taste and in commitment to the Festival, there is no reason why it should not remain brilliantly successful.

But from another point of view this situation is artificial and in some ways flatly impractical. Between October and May a winter blight settles down on Stratford. Suddenly, almost overnight, the big activity and excitement of the past season peters out, heat is reduced backstage, actors pack and leave, staff is cut. Langham and a few administrators stay on to balance the books and make plans for next summer. One festival is finished; next year a new one begins again from scratch.

This lack of continuity is one of the hazards of any Festival operation. But it is especially acute in Canada where no permanent theatre exists that can absorb the talent released each fall at Stratford. Most actors find work in radio or TV. The more fortunate may land contracts in New York or Hollywood. Almost inevitably, the best drift southward to the States. Pulling the company together again the following spring is always a difficult and uncertain undertaking.

Moreover, this hibernation of legitimate theatre is no better for the country than for the Company. Living off the summer fat through a slack winter is the exact opposite of the European pattern where festivals have sprung up as happy extensions of a well-established winter business. If professional Canadian drama goes underground each fall, however, perhaps it is less because energy or appetite is lacking than because opportunities have not been created to prolong the summer success.

Stratford, of course, is doomed to desertion when the holiday season ends, when ice fills the Avon and snow blocks the roads. But why shouldn't the Festival take this occasion to take to the road itself and visit the rest of Canada, rather than disperse to radio, TV and the States? A three-month winter tour to major cities would bring the best of English-Canadian acting within reach of the rest of the Canadian public. It would keep the company together long enough to gain valuable experience in teamwork and technique. It would provide a much-needed training ground for promising young actors. Above all it would boost interest in the arts and confidence in Canadian artistic ability. The Festival company is already talking of touring: plans have now been laid for trips to Australia and Russia. But before they go 'down under' or 'behind the Iron Curtain', they should be persuaded to 'see Canada first'. They might not get as enthusiastic a reception at home as they will abroad, but it is a gamble worth taking, a challenge to their maturity and to that of the Canadian public.

There is one school of thought which holds that the success of the Stratford Festival is due to the stage and the circus-like excitement generated by the trumpets, the cannon and the round, tent-roofed theatre itself. It would be impossible to transport the atmos-

phere of a shirtsleeve Ontario summer into the middle of a prairie winter, but what about sinking the cost of several sets into a light replica of the Moiseiwitsch stage and taking that on tour? The TNP, whose style of production is very like Stratford's, has played in dance halls, armouries, 18th-century theatres, movie houses and tents. With this kind of ingenuity, and an adjustable apron, the Festival Company could do the same. The stage might not be as flexible as the permanent one at Stratford but it would permit the same style of acting. A tent-roof parasol flown over the whole would add a final flourish, and for that matter, some well-chosen items from the Festival Exhibition, accompanying or preceding the drama company, would go far toward recreating the Festival mood, even in the dead of a Canadian winter.

Another school believes the success to be due to the Stratford-Shakespeare connection and forsee disaster if either Stratford or Shakespeare is abandoned. It is true that Shakespeare has been one of the biggest drawing cards at Stratford, and yet there are already plans for enlarging the Company's repertoire. Langham believes that many other plays could be adapted to the Festival theatre. He would like to try some Sheridan or Shaw and give the Stratford audience the shock of prose and modern speech on the Shakespearean stage. Once the mystical compact between Stratford, Ontario and William Shakespeare is broken, the Company will be free to develop in several directions. Canadian plays will soon be produced along with modern classics and Shakespeare, and when that is done, if not earlier, the demand for a Canadian tour will be unanimous.

The practical difficulties of a cross-Canada tour are great but not beyond the imaginative grasp of Festival planners. Many will hold against them what Herbert Whittaker has called the "disastrous" experience of winter 1957, when the Festival Company played *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and Donald Harron's adaptation of *The Broken Jug*, by Kleist to half-empty houses in London, Toronto, Montreal and New York. The plays were beautifully mounted by Moiseiwitsch; acted and directed with Stratford flair and polish; one Shakespeare and one Canadian play. Why did such a sure-fire combination fail to catch, the critics ask, unless Canada is just not ready for this kind



of theatre? To begin with, both plays were slight, little known and more than a little off-beat — not the kind of thing to catch the attention of a public unused to theatre-going. Advance publicity was slight too, and no appeal was made to local organizations to help push the plays on the strength of the Festival Company's reputation. Finally, the tour could scarcely be called cross-Canada. On the contrary, London and Toronto audiences had a far better opportunity of seeing the actors at Stratford and, as statistics show, supported them well there. In many ways the tour seemed self-willed to failure, but one could hardly call it a disaster. An experiment rather, which has shown Langham what not to do next time and also that his company can work together as well in bad times as in good.

A much better gauge of the future for a touring company is the experience of the Canadian Players. An offshoot of the Festival, employing many Stratford techniques, this small company has toured the United States and Canada from coast to coast for the past four winters. It has proved that good plays well-promoted can pay their way, even in small towns, sometimes with second-rate actors and always on a shoestring budget. With the resources of the main company behind the venture, with well-known, well-produced and well-acted plays, longer runs in bigger centers should be possible. A test run of a small but first-rate company to Canadian universities has been suggested. From an educational standpoint the plan is excellent, and exchanges between actors, directors and students and professors should be refreshing and productive for both sides. On whatever pretext, as soon as the Festival Company moves out from Stratford, takes on the rest of the Canadian public and provides a continuous, year-round program, we will be able to say with pride that professional theatre in Canada has come back to life.

A Festival Company tour will bring the best of English-Canadian theatre within the reach of most Canadians. Another less tangible but more important result will be the way such a tour will bring Canadians together behind the troupe. There is nothing better than art to break down barriers between people or provinces. Actors have no axe to grind, and all kinds of Canadians can forget their common differences in common enjoyment of plays well played. The Festival

has already given proof of its national consciousness in using French-Canadian actors for its production of *Henry V* and again in bringing Montreal's *Théâtre du Nouveau Monde* to last year's Festival. The second experiment was disappointing. Despite a fine production which had already won acclaim at Brussels and Paris, two solid weeks of Molière in French was just more than Stratford's predominantly English audience could support. But the policy of mixing French and English dramatic traditions will continue: perhaps in the *Henry V* style (Montagues English and Capulets French in *Romeo and Juliet*), perhaps in other ways (Langham would like to work with Gratien Gélinas on a bilingual production of a Canadian play about Louis Riel.) Whatever the formula, such experiments have done, and will do more in South-Western Ontario to create respect and sympathy for French-Canada than any good-will tour or act of parliament. The same combination used on a Festival Company tour would open the minds of audiences across the country to a greater sense of national unity, and that is not the smallest contribution the Festival could make to the cultural growth of the country.

There is just one thing wrong with the whole idea of prolonging the work of the Stratford Festival, of building up a permanent company and sending it out to play to a national public. To put it flatly, even under the most favourable circumstances it may not pay. Theatrical enterprises are notoriously uncertain. Speaking about the precarious nature of the business, Tyrone Guthrie says: "A bereavement, a quarrel, a slip on the stairs, laryngitis, hiccoughs, — and a plan which has taken months to prepare, in which hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested, crashes to the ground in useless fragments." Without any such calamity a good play, well cast and carefully produced, may just not jell or just not sell. Any creative project is a chancy investment. Also paradoxically, it is no saving to cut costs. In part the success of the Stratford Festival is due to the liberality with which the plays were costumed and staged from the beginning. A timid outlay then and Stratford would still be unheard of and perhaps remain so. The same liberality of outlook would have to be inspired in the angels or archangels who back the tour.

But the decision to spend money on a necessary luxury is not a



disastrous one. Opera, ballet and symphony orchestras the world over are kept alive by large injections of public and private funds and because of that are stronger and more widely followed now than ever before. Here again the Festival itself sets a good pattern to follow. No sooner were the Shakespeare plays a confirmed success than music was added, then art, then films. This expansion cannot be considered purely in terms of commercial investment. The added features have never paid. (Last year, although the overall Festival made a tidy profit, music lost \$25,000, the exhibition \$4,700.) They may never pay. But it is part of the Shakespearean Festival's policy to absorb the loss and foster the sister arts. It is a long-range policy built on the hope that, given the same generous encouragement that the Stratford-Shakespeare idea was given seven years ago, music, art and films may flourish and become independent as drama did. It may take ten years or twenty. They may never become entirely self-supporting. But the policy of continued support from the Festival itself is firmly established until help comes from somewhere else.

Of course, the Shakespearean Foundation's interest in the other arts is not entirely altruistic. The Festival is a business, and in one sense expanding its scope is just a business risk. The 25,000 visitors who attended Music and Film Festivals last year made up an influential eighth of the audience. What is exceptional is the administration's breadth of view. Not content with a varied program of concerts tagged on to the Shakespeare plays, Michael Langham and Music Director Louis Applebaum are concerned to give this part of the Festival an identity of its own. The possibility of building up a Canadian artists' colony on the pattern of the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood is being investigated. Under this plan students selected by scholarships across the country would meet at Stratford to receive six weeks private instruction from well-known musicians and accompany their masters in a series of public concerts which would constitute the music season. An international composers' conference is also being considered. Such ambitious planning is the best promise that in the future Stratford will become a true Festival of Canadian Arts, each presenting a distinctive program designed to make an original contribution in its field.

Already there have been rewarding results from the Festival's policy of goodwill towards the other arts. Stratford may not have made Marcel Marceau but it helped establish his now international reputation. The Festival caught Jean Gascon's *Théâtre du Nouveau Monde* in the upswing of recognition and pushed it into national prominence. On the strength of the Film Festival's brief but sound reputation abroad a new Canadian film company has been formed, and a new film festival has sprung up in Vancouver. The Music Festival has advanced the careers of such well-known artists as Glenn Gould and Lois Marshall, and will do much more for Canadian musicians in the future. The Shakespearean part of the Festival has revealed the fine talent of Christopher Plummer, Frances Hyland, Donald Harron and Bill Shatner. Tyrone Guthrie Awards are sending young Canadian actors every year to get invaluable training in Europe. The National Playwriting Competition, jointly sponsored by the Festival and the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, may discover new Canadian dramatists. In these ways and others the Festival has proved more than an artistic and commercial success. Within its means, and sometimes even beyond them, it has also proved its worth as a patron of Canadian arts. The example could be followed, but until it is, on a systematic and large-scale basis, the Festival itself merits wholehearted support. The first miracle at Stratford grew out of a communal act of faith in Tom Patterson, the directors, artists and actors of the first season. Continued faith in the Festival may result in more miracles. Nothing else will.

In the last analysis the miracle at Stratford was made up of very simple things. It was the right time and place to develop an idea strong and appealing in its simplicity and spontaneity. The right people were found to set it going. Their daring, confidence and skill were the right kind to make it work. Above all, their approach to the whole job was right, and it caught and spread to everyone connected with the Festival that first year. Because he was enthusiastic about the idea, Tyrone Guthrie generously cut his usual fee. Tanya Moiseiwitsch provided stage and costumes for a pittance. Alec Guinness came over on reduced salary, entertained nearly all the cast at his home, and gave invaluable help to younger members. Volunteer

workers in ticket and accommodation bureaus turned night into day. Actors worked long into overtime. Many Stratford homes held open house for the company. The future public gave freely, backing a dark horse. The spirit of adventure set the tone, and Canadians showed as much aptitude for pioneering Shakespeare as they had for opening up other natural resources.

It is the same spirit that animates the Festival to-day. Michael Langham has carried it over from Guthrie and is pushing on to open new frontiers in the arts. But in many ways success has become a burden. It tends to promote the idea of the Festival as simply a flourishing commercial enterprise — which it is not. It tends to reduce the sense of public responsibility to that of casual investment in the entertainment industry — which it is not. It tends to minimize the long-range benefits of an expanding Festival and to block farsighted planning with anxieties about the present — which it should not.

Perhaps, as Langham predicts, the miracle at Stratford will not last. In that case a slack season might not only pull the company together but pull Festival supporters together again, recreating the spirit of the opening years. Perhaps the miracle will deflate. But it would be a credit to the discretion of the Canadian public if it did not.

## II

### Credo Of The Comédie - Canadienne

— The Faith Behind the "Little Miracle" —

*by*

GRATIEN GÉLINAS

IN spite of what Pascal has written, I suspect that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the face of the world would not have been changed. At the root of every successful venture, there is much reflection, meditation, incubation, preparation; then, of course, there is also that indispensable element of chance which provides the opportune moment when what has been conceived can materialize. Having been, since 1938, an actor, a playwright, a stage director and a producer, it was surely predictable that I should slowly prepare myself for the unrewarding but captivating post of theatre director. Just when I felt ready to take action in this direction, a succession of happy circumstances brought spontaneous support. This, I suppose, constitutes what has been called the "little miracle" which presided at the birth of the Comédie-Canadienne.

On January 22, 1957, I issued a release to the press, radio and television. The essence of that manifesto is summed up in its first paragraph:

"After nineteen years of my life exclusively dedicated to the theatre, as actor, playwright and stage director, I believe that the time has come for me to finalize a project which has been close to my heart for quite some time, that is, to lay foundations of a theatrical organization mainly dedicated to the production of plays by Canadian authors. Without ceasing to write for the stage, I intend in the future to place at the disposal of my colleagues in the world of the theatre the material organization which I have at hand and the experience I have acquired, to produce their plays — as long as the venture appears intrinsically worthwhile—with the same care and devotion with which I would produce my own plays."

To the question: "In what theatre will you play?" I answered: "This knotty problem has not yet been solved, but I have faith that God will provide His theatrical birds with a suitable nest — especially if they help themselves a little". I hope to be taken seriously when I say that actually God did provide, definitely and repeatedly. The owners of the Radio-City Theatre in Montreal offered their theatre for sale; the Honourable Wilfrid Gagnon, chairman of the Board of Dow Brewery, offered the money to buy it; Premier Duplessis promised a grant of at least \$100,000. Later, Providence assumed the delightful shapes of the Greater Montreal Arts Council and the Canada Council, who offered the means which definitely put the satellite into orbit.

And so we built our little theatrical temple, and again the miracle worked: our architects and engineers were inspired to turn that forty-six-year-old theatre into something that Walter O'Hearn, then drama critic and now managing director of the Montreal Star, has called: "A perfect playhouse". "There are two or three theatres in the world," he added, "that I like better than Gratien Gélinas' *Comédie-Canadienne*, but they are not in this hemisphere. New York has one or two playhouses almost as good as this remodelled job on St. Catherine Street, but none which commends itself quite as much to me for pleasing sight-lines, audibility and good adapted stage design."

So the little (let's be modest again) miracle was repeated — to the confusion of all free-thinkers.

But it is all very well to talk about miracles. When I reached the age of reason — many years ago — I learned that no miracle is possible without faith. And faith — in any well-organized religion — is based on a gospel. It has been claimed repeatedly that the creation of the *Comédie-Canadienne* was the fulfillment of a very old dream of mine. I prefer to think that it was the answer to a couple of decades of praying in the desert, preaching a theatrical gospel always monotonously the same. It was that gospel I preached in French at the University of Montreal in 1949, and again in English at the Canadian Clubs of Montreal and Toronto in 1950. I suspect that I shall still be preaching it the day I die. Here it is. But I must warn you that I

am trying to sell it to you. So brace yourself, if you are opposed to Canada achieving a personality of her own, on the stage or elsewhere:

I remember one day reading this line in the first act of Claudel's play *L'Échange*: "Man is lonely and ignorance dogs him from the day he is born. And knowing not how it all begins or ends, for this reason he goes to the theatre. And he looks at himself, his hands resting on his knees. And he weeps, and he laughs, and he has no wish to go away."

I reread this line twenty times. "Man is lonely . . . For this reason, he goes to the theatre; and he looks at himself . . . and he weeps, and he laughs, and he has no wish to go away." And I thought of our public — our Canadian public, which for decades has been accused of all the sins of the theatre, charged with indifference, stupidity and ignorance each time a play failed to achieve the success expected of it. Less and less, it laughed in the theatre, this public; less and less it wept; more and more it wished to go away; it had, in fact, little desire to come back again. And I wondered whether the explanation of this phenomenon was not here, in this line of Claudel.

Did our public really see itself in the theatre? Instead of its own reflection, wasn't it rather being offered the portrait of another? Its own cousin, no doubt; well painted, and framed in the best of taste — but still, another. If it could only see itself in the theatre, perhaps it would laugh, this good public; perhaps it would weep, its hands resting on its knees; perhaps it would have no wish to go away. Perhaps.

And so, after much thought, I found myself with a deep-rooted conviction. It is this: *The purest dramatic form* (I don't say the only one, but the purest) *is the one which expresses as intimately as possible the very soul of the public to which this theatre is addressed.*

This proposition can be demonstrated by reference to an example within the reach of almost everybody: marriage. Any old maid will tell you (usually rather wistfully) that it takes two to make a marriage. Exactly. For a marriage you need two parties: a man and a woman, who must necessarily unite. The more complete their union of body and mind, the more fully is the principle of marriage achieved. Most



people can grasp this much without a sketch. But theatre, too, is the union of two essential elements: the actor on the stage and the audience in the hall. Without either, there can be no theatre. Alone in your parlour you can play the piano for hours, and then affirm: "Truly, I have made music"; but in an empty theatre, fifty actors may rehearse a play for six months without having done more than *prepare* themselves to "make theatre". Theatre is actually *made* only when actor and public come together; and these two parties must not only meet under the same roof, but must also unite on the stage and there live out the same drama together.

As Jouvett proclaims: "Theatre exists only in the act of the theatre, in the very moment when the participants — actors and audience — seduced, dispossessed of themselves, melt and dissolve little by little the one into the other, at the instant when the hall and the stage are coupled and welded each to the other by the rise and fall of the play."

It is obvious, then that if the player does not live his rôle, or if the audience does not become part of the conflict that is taking place on the stage, then there is no "theatre"; there is only the semblance of "theatre". Just as marriage will exist only in name if the pair simply meet but do not become as one, body and soul. Now, if we admit that this total communion between the public and the stage is the essence of dramatic art, it must be agreed by the same token that anything that impedes this union or reduces its perfection, is hostile to the principle of the theatre.

How far does our theatre — or what we call *our* theatre — achieve this communion? We have Canadian actors who are required to portray on the stage characters whose nationalities are French, English, American, or what not — before a public which is asked to become part of a drama that is not essentially its own. How can they possibly achieve that perfect union?

Let us take a short stroll through the audience, feeling the pulse of this Canadian public which has been so often accused of frigidity. As if the public were not only too anxious to lose its head, like a June bride! To me the stage is the husband and the public is the wife; and any psychologist will tell you that if a wife cannot see what is

interesting in marriage, nine times out of ten it's the fault of the husband. On the other hand, if the husband plays his part well, the wife will not need her duty pointed out to her; on the contrary! Let the theatre be well done and the wife — I mean the public — will fight for tickets and will leave satisfied. The public will fall head over heels in love with the theatre the day it sees itself on the stage, caught in the midst of its own suffering, its own joys. And then, "their hands resting on their knees, they will laugh and they will weep, and they will have no wish to go away."

Imagine that, going out into the street a few minutes from now, you see a group of people around an ambulance. You stop a passerby who tells you: "It's a pedestrian who has been knocked down by a taxi." You ask: "Do you know *who* it is?" He says: "I don't know. Looks like a tourist." You go your way again, saying to yourself: "Poor devil. He's out of luck!" And that's all. But you would not have taken it so calmly if you had learned that the victim was a member of your own community. Right away, you see yourself thinking it over for the rest of the day, imagining that the same fate might well have been yours. If, come to that, you had found the man concerned was your brother, his misfortune would have been almost your own. Objectively, the accident to the tourist is just as sad as though it happened to your brother; yet one case leaves you almost indifferent, while the other bathes you in its misery. So too with the theatre. The victim is the actor; the passerby, the public; and the stronger the link between the two, the deeper the impression upon the audience.

Let us take a happier example. To win the favour of a woman with whom you might be in love, you could say: "Ah, Laura! women are so beautiful, so tempting! I feel so happy to be with them." Don't be surprised if such an approach fails to raise her temperature to one hundred and five! But if you say to her instead: "You are the most beautiful woman in the world. I'd rather be with *you* than with anybody else!" then you may make a hit.

Like a woman, an audience wants to be talked to personally and directly; and so I contend that a play of Canadian inspiration and expression will always grip our public more strongly than the greatest



masterpieces of the foreign theatre, past or present, however incomparable their dramatic value. This disturbing anomaly, unjust as it may seem at first glance, is no more than the preference we give our children over all others, even if it can be proved that they are not the most beautiful and the most intelligent in the world. We love them most because they are of our own blood, because we acknowledge in them a few of our virtues and also some of our favourite shortcomings. This theory I put into theatrical practice with my play *Tit-Coq*, which established an all-time record in Canada when it was granted by a Canadian audience that same sympathetic preference we give our children — even if they're not the best looking and the most intelligent in the world.

But let there be no mistake. I do not propose that we chase foreign theatre from our stage. On the contrary, we must keep and even expand this theatre. The fact that we need a mirror in the house doesn't mean we should put aside all our family portraits. If, moreover, we had to depend only upon Canadian plays, we should not be going to the theatre very often these days. Into the intimate family of our national theatre, we shall always welcome our cousins with open arms — the naughty ones from France and the impressive ones from England, together with our boisterous second cousins from the United States.

This need for independence is cultural, not political, and it would be unfair to find in it the expression of a narrow nationalism. We are, most of us, of European origin, and we respect that heritage. But we should not be charged with ingratitude if we now wish to live our own intellectual life, according to our own aptitudes and our own resources. The child, even if it has been for a long time fused with the mother who gave it birth; even if for a long time it has breathed and existed only by her and in her; the child, I say, once come of age, has the right and the duty to leave its mother's skirts, physically and morally, though she be most beautiful, most intelligent and most cultured.

I summarize, therefore, this formula for a national theatre. Dramatic art is the marriage of two essential elements: the stage and the public. To realize its essence, marriage requires not only the meeting

of the two component parties but also their complete union. So the stage and the hall must necessarily melt into each other, in order that the principle of the theatre may be achieved. And from this I deduce that the author and his actors on the one hand, the audience on the other, in order that this perfect communion be accomplished, ought preferably to be of the same origin, since it is admitted that *in general* mixed marriages are more difficult than others to manage well.

Not only, however, must a theatre be first and foremost national. Within that national audience it must also have a universal appeal.

Dramatic art is essentially an art of collective joys. Alone in your room, you may become enthusiastic at the reading of a poem or the hearing of a symphony, but I cannot see you at all, as a solitary spectator in the middle of an empty hall, throwing your program deliriously into the air as the curtain falls on a theatrical masterpiece. Therefore if an audience must be conceived as a collective whole, the *ideal* dramatic form will interest the entire audience, reaching not necessarily the most numerous, but the most diversified public.

The playwright, I think, finds himself in the situation of a student of mathematics required to determine the common denominator of a series of numbers set out on the blackboard. For the dramatic author this common denominator is the heart of his listener, for there are more people with hearts in their bosoms than with heads on their shoulders. Only the minority can follow the logical development of an argument; the conflict of two opposing passions is accessible to all.

And in the theatre, where the word is king, the heart is reached mainly through the ears. "The dramatic author," says Henri Ghéon, "must be sure he is not speaking another language than that of the public. Even when filled with meaning and overflowing with images, the language he employs should be common to all. What matter if the word be exact, the sentence normally constructed, if the ideas advanced or the sentiments expressed do not correspond to the thought and heart of the public?" John Addington Symonds has said, speaking of the English theatre in the glorious Elizabethan period: "What made dramatic art rise so high at that time was that the authors lived and wrote in full sympathy with all the people." Jacques Copeau has

affirmed this for our time: "There will never be real theatre until the day when the man in the hall can murmur the words of the man on the stage, at the same time as he, and from the same heart."

The dramatist accused of writing a stage language too much in the vernacular would therefore be right in replying, if this language is common to his character and if these characters are really of his people: "Change the language of the people and my speech will alter accordingly. Otherwise, how could the man in the hall murmur, as Copeau requires, the same words as the man on the stage, at the same time as he, and from the same heart? Moreover, is it not logical that in our theatre-less society the taste for things dramatic should be imparted first of all in the popular form which is capable of attracting various publics and uniting in a single emotion the great and the small, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned?"

And when once the great cathedral of the theatre is erected, then others may come who will build within its walls the many chapels where the more devout, leaving the crowd after the high dramatic service common to all, will go to kneel at their ease and burn a candle to divine poetry, holy literature, venerable philosophy — or simply drop their offering into the box of blessed vulgarity. In the raising of this splendid edifice, my own work, I feel, is one of construction; it is the rude task of the mason, who must first lay the foundation, but who intends, if God gives him life and strength, to rise slowly with it, as one stone and the next are handed from mason to mason, perfectly aware that the lines of the temple which he is helping to build must lose their heaviness and gain in grace as they mount towards the spire.

I hope I shall never forsake this task for any other, however glorious.

## BECAUSE MY CALLING IS SUCH

*by*

Irving Layton

Because my calling is such  
I lose myself whole days  
In some foul cistern or ditch,  
How should mere woman's love reach  
Across the lampless silence  
For the sake of that craze  
Made blind Homer dance —

I, crouched in the rainless air  
And choking with the dust?  
Yet so bowed, the readier  
To kiss your palm, my finger  
Touching your fabulous face  
Beyond all error and lust  
In all that dark place.

For the trove of images  
One gathers in the dark,  
The dark that's piled with refuse  
I shall not curse the bright phrase,  
Coronal of my eclipse;  
Though had you wed a clerk  
He'd have your red lips.

Not driven like a lazar  
From his house and children,  
His embraces as he were  
Frog on your white sheets, my dear,  
Made mock of and rejected:  
Who'd turn had you chosen  
A prince on your bed.

# Strangers In Britain

— Perspective on the "Race Riots" —

by

SHEILA PATTERSON

---

*Britons awoke to an unfamiliar phenomenon last summer, when xenophobic anti-pathies erupted into violence. Were these really "race riots"? Has the "colour problem" spread to Britain? An anthropologist who has made a special study of West Indian migration offers an informed interpretation of these events.*

---

RACE RIOTS IN BRITAIN" — "Hooligans in Car go 'Nigger-hunting' in London" — screamed the headlines in the late summer of 1958. It was news that gave a number of interested persons, from Governor Faubus to South Africa's architect of apartheid, Dr. Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd, a welcome opportunity to retaliate for years of British criticisms with some tongue-in-cheek comments on Britain's "colour problem".

Considered objectively, the events in Nottingham and Notting Dale could with more justice have been presented as the outcome of social and economic clashes between recent immigrants and local people in an overcrowded area, or correlated with the rising tide of hooliganism in the West. Presented as they were, in terms of black-and-white, of colour prejudice and race hatred, the disturbances have dealt a considerable blow to Britain's status and prestige in the new multi-racial Commonwealth. They have caused friends and enemies alike to overlook the fact that these events were abnormal. In dozens of other towns and districts in Britain, relations between the West Indies or other coloured migrants and the local population have for several years been developing in a humdrum and relatively peaceful way. These areas and these uneventful relationships are not

usually newsworthy, but they are far more characteristic of the overall situation in Britain today than are the fists and broken milk bottles of Notting Dale.

Fairly typical of such areas is the South London district of Brixton. Here, the new West Indies migrants have for the last seven or eight years been passing through the same processes and stages of adaptation in their acceptance by the local population as do most working class economic migrants — the same processes as the Puerto Ricans in New York, the Ukrainians and Italians in Canada, or the Poles, Balts and Southern Irish in Britain since the end of the war. For the fact is that the situation in Britain is emphatically not a colour or a race situation — it is an immigrant situation. This immigrant situation is undoubtedly complicated by the factor of skin colour, which makes these particular immigrants, whether they be West Africans or Asians, more noticeably different than the thousands of other immigrants who have entered the country since the war. But the difference is one of degree, rather than of kind. In Britain, that ancient, conservative, homogeneous society, xenophobia is extended in varying degrees to all outsiders, from Poles and coloured people to people from the next village or street.

It is therefore erroneous, and indeed harmful, to compare the British situation with that of South Africa or the Southern States, where the colour bar has for generations been fixed in law, in custom and in the way of thinking of individuals. The proper comparison is not with coloured-white relationships in Johannesburg or Little Rock. It is with the recent Puerto Rican immigrants in New York, where very similar problems have arisen in connection with employment, housing, and social and cultural differences. There, as in Britain, there is a set of dynamic and highly fluid situations. In both cases too there is the added political complication that the newcomers, despite the great difference between their economic, social and cultural background and that of the complex urban societies that they have just entered, carry the same passports as their hosts, and expect acceptance and equal treatment on this basis. A difference between the Puerto Rican and the West Indian situations is that the New Yorkers who are most closely in contact and sometimes in conflict with the Puerto

Rican newcomers are the settled Negroes of Harlem. This means that the essentials of the New York problem are not befogged by such tags as "racialism" and "colour prejudice".

Moreover, Britain is less prepared to face immigrant problems than the New World societies. Both Canada and the United States are countries of immigration, used to the process by which group after group of immigrants enters the society, usually at the bottom of the social and economic ladder, gradually moving upward, and ultimately being assimilated. Great Britain, on the contrary, despite her huge intake of political refugees, European contract workers and Commonwealth migrants, is not a country of immigration. She has no Department of Citizenship and Immigration, nor has she immigration offices and selection teams working overseas. Neither are her citizens accustomed to correlate regular immigration with the needs of an expanding frontier or a developing economy, much less to accept any outside contributions to their static, insular way of life.

Britain has been able to control and select her intake of non-British immigrants and has in the main taken in temporary migrants, those who are easily assimilable, or those who, like the Jews and Poles, prefer to be integrated through their own ethnic organizations. So far as the Commonwealth countries are concerned, the "Mother Country", unlike Canada and other member countries, has maintained an open door policy. Anyone with a British passport can enter Britain, whatever his age, education or economic qualifications, mental or physical condition, criminal record, or financial status. Or can he be deported.

Until recently, this open-door policy presented no particular complications. Those who came were mainly from the older Dominions or from the more educated or well-to-do classes in the colonies. They shared a similar social and cultural background with the local population. If they stayed they were easily assimilated. In the early 1950's, however, the "Mother Country's" open-door policy faced a major challenge. The McCarran Act had closed the last opening in the New World for thousands of West Indian migrants, and a large-scale influx on the classic pattern began, this time from West to East, from the New World to the Old. This new migration has been complicated



not only by colour and by official British unfamiliarity with immigrant problems, but by objective factors such as differences of economic and cultural background, matters of climate and health, Britain's vast shortage, and a growing surplus of unskilled workers. Subjective factors such as British xenophobia and "Little England" ignorance of the rest of the Commonwealth, West Indian loneliness, unpreparedness, and frequent lack of adaptability have contributed to the problem.

Let us see how the general situation has developed between West Indians and local people in one of the older-established of the new settlements, that of Brixton, one of the three districts of the Metropolitan Borough of Lambeth in South London.

Brixton itself was built about a century ago. It had many wide roads lined with merchants' fine houses, held on long leases. By the 1930's, however, it had become a shifting, cosmopolitan area. Its population included, as it still does today, the residents of theatrical and other boarding-houses, Soho waiters, Whitehall charwomen, a few relics of the old carriage-folk, some West End prostitutes and petty criminals, and a solid nucleus of artisans and white-collar workers. It is this nucleus which still constitutes the effective public opinion of the area. And it is a public opinion that can make itself felt, for Lambeth Town Hall is right in the centre of Brixton.

In general, community feeling and organization is as weak as in most parts of London. There are, however, certain informal but generally-observed rules of behaviour, and perhaps even sanctions. Certain things are not done in Brixton. It is felt that Brixton is, or should be, a respectable place, a place where people keep their front steps scrubbed, put clean lace curtains in their windows, show a television aerial, dress respectably, and do not brawl or behave noisily in public. Of course, things do not always work out like that, but it is felt that they should.

The attitude of Brixtonians to foreigners and outsiders generally is that of the average lower or lower-middle class Londoner — it consists of a vague aversion and an insular but often tolerant superiority. They say: "After all, they've got to live — can't help being what they are", or "They'll be all right once they've learned our ways". Most



of their opinions have been acquired second-hand, from books, comics, the movies or television. Some have had a few superficial contacts from which they generalize largely. But the majority of people in Britain, and even in Brixton, have still not met a foreigner or a coloured person, except perhaps in casual contacts in the street or a bus. And so Brixtonians, like other Londoners, still retain a lot of vague and erroneous notions about coloured people. Britain's colonial past, perpetuated until recently in outmoded history and geography books, has left an impression that coloured people live in African jungles, and are primitive, savage, promiscuous and inferior. Missionary efforts still promote the idea that most coloured people are heathens.

Before the war there were relatively few foreigners or coloured people in Brixton. But the war, with its bombings, evacuations and requisitions, gave residential Brixton another push down the road to dilapidation. The number of absentee landlords increased, letting of furnished rooms became the rule, and the leases became so short that few house-purchasers would look at the area as an investment. After 1945, this central area, with its good communications and shopping facilities, was an obvious magnet for newcomers. Into it moved a steady stream of transient Southern Irish workers, Poles, Cypriots, Maltese and Italians. By 1948, a handful of West Indians had arrived. They either found landladies who were willing to take them in, at a price, or house-agents who were quite pleased to sell them, for a couple of hundred pounds deposit, the dilapidated houses that had no investment value to others. Brixton soon became an unofficial reception centre for West Indian migrants arriving in London. By 1958, West Indians owned several hundred houses in the area, and were letting furnished rooms to thousands of their own compatriots. No exact statistics are available, but today there must be well over 6,000 coloured residents in Brixton alone.

This area has attracted the more respectable working class migrants, many with their legal or common-law wives and children. Almost all are West Indians, the majority from Jamaica. Brixton holds few attractions for the "wide boys", most of whom prefer to spend their time north of the river, in the cafes and jive-clubs of Soho,

Paddington or the old-established seaman's quarter of Stepney. The Brixton police compare the coloured newcomer's crime rate quite favourably with that of the local population. Domestic quarrels and week-end violence are the main source of trouble. Only in the two long streets near the Labour Exchange, streets which had an unsavoury name long before the West Indians arrived, are there to be found a sprinkling of gamblers, dope-runners, and men living on the earnings of white prostitutes. But these streets have acquired a bad name amongst West Indians themselves.

Until recently, housing was usually stressed as the main area of friction between migrants and British in Brixton and elsewhere. Today, the migrants have for the most part found their own short-term solution to the problem of physical shortage of accommodation. The social aspects of housing still constitute a long-term problem — but since the Suez crisis and the credit squeeze it is employment that has become the most immediate source of friction in many areas of Britain. This is particularly important in areas that suffered most in the depression, and in areas with a long history of bad industrial relations, where workers have deep and bitter memories of the dole, of poverty and injustice, and actively resent and fear the presence of all outside competitors for work.

It is true that Brixton scarcely comes in this category, for at least half the working population usually works outside the borough, and there are no strong communal memories of past unemployment locally. Over the years, the employment exchange has become an efficient exporter of labour to other London boroughs and to the provinces. This exchange therefore took the West Indian migrants in its stride. And under a succession of well-disposed and energetic managers it has so far been able to prevent the formation of a permanent pool of West Indian unemployed. Recently, however, the situation has deteriorated considerably. The overall number of unemployed in Brixton rose from just over 1100 in September 1956 to about 3,000 in the Autumn of 1958 — and the proportion of coloured unemployed rose from approximately one-quarter to one-third of the total. In late 1958, placing of West Indian workers was taking con-

siderably longer in this area than it did in 1955 and 1956, when a fortnight or less was the norm.

The sight of increasing numbers of West Indians waiting for hours outside the employment exchange does of course tend to arouse local resentments. Resentment is found amongst the migrants as well. Many, if not most West Indian work-seekers, are unaware of the overall situation. They tend to attribute their troubles to discrimination at the employment exchange, though the evidence in Brixton and the surrounding districts does not bear this out. But the employment exchanges cannot make jobs that do not exist, nor can they bring about radical changes in the attitudes of private employers and of British labour, organized or otherwise. The accommodation and ultimate integration of West Indians in the employment sphere depends on the amount of work available, on the attitudes of British employers and workers – and, finally, on the skills, adaptability and attitudes of the migrants themselves.

Let us see how the process has developed in Brixton and the surrounding districts. The observations that follow are based on information given by some thirty South London firms, amplified by accounts of general employer reactions provided by seven South London employment exchanges.

In the early 1950's, employers were short of both skilled and unskilled labour. Most employers seem to have had misgivings about taking on coloured labour, just as they had been doubtful a few years earlier about taking on Polish labour. Nevertheless, a considerable number were persuaded to try out coloured workers, mainly in seasonal work and in poorly paid, dirty, or otherwise unattractive industries, particularly those which required a large semi-skilled or unskilled labour force. But by the autumn of 1956 most avenues of this kind had been explored in such areas as Brixton. Some employers still continued to refuse coloured labour, backing their refusal with accounts of the unfortunate experiences of their neighbours. Many of those who had originally taken coloured labour now felt they had given it a fair trial. Some were no longer willing to employ coloured workers; others were rather grudgingly willing to continue, but were

limiting their intake to an unofficial quota of between 5 and 10 per cent.

This unofficial limitation was attributed by most managements to union or employee pressure. "If we take on too many Jamaicans, the men won't buy it", was a common remark. Some smaller employers, and firms with a long local tradition, also stressed their desire to preserve the general character and tradition of their labour force. Frequent reference was made to "our own people", and the priority of their interests was stressed. All representatives of management who were interviewed began by saying: "Of course, we don't recognize or apply a colour bar here". But few were enthusiastic about West Indian workers as a group. The general picture evolving amongst employers seemed to be roughly the following one:

The men tend to be semi-skilled at best. Some speakers recognized the existence of a minority of more educated or skilled individuals, whom they defined as "the nurse or student type" and "the old-timers or ex-R.A.F. types", but most of the men were thought to be slow, though usually able to learn and perform a repetitive job; in groups they tend to be lazy, and sometimes aggressive; they require more supervision than other workers; they are prone to make exaggerated claims about their skills, and so expect far higher wages than they are worth; many are touchy about colour: ("If they are sacked, it's always the colour bar, never their own fault" said several informants); many stay away for days or leave their jobs without notice. Some employers found West Indians irresponsible, difficult to understand verbally or psychologically; others complained of their eating and personal habits. In a number of instances, however, informants were prepared to make exceptions of an individual skilled worker or old-timer whom they regarded as "one of us".

Management's views on West Indian women employees were rather more unfavourable than those held about the men. In most cases they were regarded as lacking in industrial experience, slow, unadaptable, over-particular about the type of work they did, over-optimistic about wage-levels, touchy, lacking in stamina and often hypochondriac. Unpleasant personal habits were stressed more frequently than in the case of the men — either because so many women

are employed in food processing and similar work, or because women fellow-workers tend to pay more attention to such matters than do male workers. Most informants regarded West Indian women as unreliable and impermanent — not worth training because of their habit of “making a baby” every year or so.

And so enquiries in South London suggest that in the majority of cases, West Indian workers had not as a group won acceptance from management or fellow-workers over the years of full employment. As a group, they were not regarded as part of the permanent labour force, but rather as stop-gap labour, expendable in the event of a recession. The reiteration by so many West Indian migrants of their intention to return home after a year or so worked against their interests, giving employers a valid reason for regarding them as temporary workers whose interests should be considered after those of settled local workers. Most informants suggested that the West Indians would be the first to go, whether the basic criterion was “first-in, last-out” or relative efficiency. In taking on new workers, too, many firms were finding themselves, by early 1957, in a position to pick and choose, and were giving preference to local people.

The overall situation in South London was not, however, without some hopeful features. The proportion of coloured unemployed to the total was undoubtedly higher than the local average — but the great majority were still in work of some sort despite the recession. It has already been said, too, that a number of individual coloured workers, mainly skilled men and old-timers, were highly regarded by their employers, and were accepted as part of the permanent labour force, and several of the larger firms, with more time and money to experiment with selection and training methods, were well satisfied with their West Indian employees. Most encouraging of all was the situation at one firm, a specialized engineering establishment employing mainly skilled workers, which had successfully trained quite a number of West Indian artisans to its particular requirements. In general, it was noticeable that where the management had taken a positive and persistent line on the employment of West Indians, worker reactions had been more favourable, and the experiment had been fairly successful.

In times of full employment in Britain, labour-hungry employers have on the whole followed a policy of expediency that has tended to assist the accommodation of all migrant workers. The attitude of British workers, on the other hand, has been a powerful factor working against the newcomer in industry, be he Pole, Italian, Hungarian, Anglo-Egyptian or West Indian. On this subject, organized labour speaks with two voices. Over half a century ago, Ben Tillet told immigrant Jewish workers in the East End: "Yes, you are our brothers and we will do our duty by you. But we wish you had not come to this country". At the top level, the unions still call for equality and justice for all working men. But at branch level and on the factory floor, the old fears of unemployment, dilution, under-cutting and lowered status can sometimes be more powerful. In times of full employment these fears were less acute, though resentment was often felt by team-workers who found their earnings lowered by a West Indian's slowness, and by workers in undermanned industries who had come to count on overtime pay as part of their regular income. In such areas as Brixton, these economic fears were sometimes reinforced by social prejudice, and by individual resentment over housing troubles.

But the attitude of South London workers is by no means set hard in hostility. Many an individual West Indian, like the poles and Balts before him, has already been accepted as "one of us". It is also noticeable that the situation has varied enormously in similar firms, or even in different departments of the same firm, as a result of the influence of certain individuals. A strongly prejudiced shop-steward or foreman, or indeed a strongly prejudiced management, could create a prejudiced atmosphere throughout the shop. In other cases, a positively unprejudiced individual could act as a sort of sponsor, and ensure the acceptance of a number of West Indian newcomers. Undoubtedly the lot of the West Indian workers would be easier vis-à-vis their fellow-workers if they joined the unions wherever this is possible. But here again, their West Indian experience works against them. They are accustomed to think of union organization as a recent, fragile growth, — weak, confused and beset with political rivalries and ambitions. Acceptance by local workers must be ac-



accompanied by the will and capacity to adapt on the part of the migrants themselves. In this connection it is perhaps worth quoting the words of a high trade union official whom I interviewed in 1957:

"The men spend most of their working lives in the factory environment, and a feeling of community is evolved. The West Indian is a worse outsider than most. He may be more intelligent, but often he doesn't smoke — he doesn't stand his round of drinks in the pub after work — he may work too hard — and he doesn't know or bother to learn the factory gossip or protocol of behaviour, or use accepted forms of swearing. Factory life is a hard one and each newcomer is judged and classified before he realizes it. And in times of unemployment all outsiders are barred. In the early thirties, my own Tyneside accent nearly caused a riot in a Labour Exchange queue in Birmingham . . ."

Differences like these can be overcome, as individual migrants have proved. A more stubborn impediment is found in the average West Indian worker's educational background and industrial experience, or the lack of it. Since 1953, the trend has been for an increasing number of migrants to have less education, to come from rural areas or the smaller, less industrial islands, and to be unskilled or semi-skilled by their own account. A large number were unemployed for a considerable period before they migrated, while many more were seasonal migrant workers, unemployed for a considerable part of the year. Nothing in their experience has prepared them for the speed and mechanization of British industrial life. Even men who considered themselves skilled, by West Indian standards, are often resentful because they are unable to get similar status and work here. This is not altogether surprising in the light of a report on industrial training methods in Jamaica published in 1953. This stated that for all practical purposes there is no apprenticeship in Jamaica, and recorded that in 1950 there were only 538 day students and 707 evening students at the one technical school on the island. The disparity of standards is highlighted by the fact that, in the period 1953-5, twenty-five per cent of the small group of migrants classed as illiterate claimed on their exit forms to be skilled men.

Without a job, an economic migrant cannot begin to accommodate himself to his new life. Without reasonable accommodation,

the same thing is true. In Brixton, the West Indians have over the last five or six years found their own solution to the physical problem of housing. A West Indian newcomer in Brixton no longer has to face the ordeal of a door-to-door search and the possible snubs of white landladies. He can be fairly sure of some sort of accommodation amongst his own people, at a price, from the day he arrives. So many houses in South London are now owned by West Indians that the more particular of the migrants can even choose their accommodation and their district. The coloured quarter in Brixton is no longer uniform; it has evolved in three definite stages. The original coloured settlement near Lambeth Town Hall has now become a concentrated unofficial reception centre. It houses the new arrivals, the poor, the unsuccessful, the lonely, the restless, and the small minority of anti-social or criminal types. Those West Indians who become settled and financially secure usually move out of this area after a year or so — they move to streets with a better social standing within a two or three-mile radius of the centre. Finally, there is a third group, consisting of a handful of professionals, white-collar workers, old-timers and artisans, living with their families in their own flats or suburban houses in predominantly white areas.

Certain problems arising out of the social aspects of housing in coloured residential areas seem to be common to most new West Indian settlements throughout the country, and they are well in evidence in Brixton. Most immediate and acute are the problems arising from social and cultural frictions between English tenants and their West Indian landlords or fellow-lodgers. Social and cultural frictions may arise out of different ideas on domestic noise, use and care of shared sanitary facilities, attitudes to women, and so on. Such frictions are usually resolved by the departure of the English tenant. Some hard cases arise, however, in the case of elderly people who lack the capital or the energy to move. A further immediate source of friction is found in the belief that coloured infiltration into an area means lowered property values. Though rarely justified, this notion is frequently repeated by local property owners.

Another aspect of the housing situation affects the immigrants themselves. They are housed, but most of them are poorly housed,



in a way that is unlikely to increase their working capacity or general well-being. In addition, they pay rents that are higher than the local average and out of all proportion to their weekly income. In Brixton, the weekly average for a large room is £2.10 to £3, for a small or shared room £1.5 to £1.10. An unskilled worker's average weekly wage would be £8.10. These high rents mean that most of the migrants can do no more than meet their weekly commitments here and to their families at home. They can rarely accumulate any capital to repay borrowed fare money, to buy a return ticket, or to buy a home of their own. In the meantime, they fall under the influence of the powerful new élite of West Indian landlords. The latter have come to constitute virtually the only source of social control among the West Indian group. Some such controls are essential, but this new power of the landlords has not always proved an unmixed blessing.

Other housing problems are likely to arise at a future date. One is that of over-concentration, resulting in the gradual creation of a coloured ghetto. In Brixton, no coloured-owned house has been known to pass back into white ownership or tenancy. This concentration has its advantages in the early years of settlement. It reduces the chances of friction with the local population and eases the migrants' lives by providing them with a familiar and congenial environment in which to relax from the day's strains. Later, however, a ghetto type of settlement may perpetuate segregation long after the inhabitants have ceased to wish for it. This is most likely to happen in the case of a highly visible group such as the West Indians. Fortunately, however, the Brixton settlement is not geographically isolated as was the coloured dock area in Cardiff. West Indians are moving away from the central reception area all the time — and even the latter has a limited life, because it is on land marked for re-development. As time goes on, local authorities will face an increasing problem in the housing of West Indians. At the present time, few of them have been in Brixton long enough to qualify for public housing. There are some 8,000 families on the Lambeth list, and re-housing usually takes 8 years or longer. Very few of the houses bought up by West Indian landlords are in bad enough condition to qualify as slums, whose inhabitants would have a priority in re-housing. Moreover, local

authorities have a noticeable tendency to ignore over-crowding in West Indian houses, for the serving of an over-crowding notice would commit them to the embarrassing necessity of re-housing many of the tenants.

The relatively large proportion of West Indian women living in Brixton has contributed to an improvement in living standards and accommodation, and the fact that so many of the West Indian men have what a local councillor described as "their own ladies" has also ensured a relatively smooth development of social relationships with the local population. In most immigrant situations everywhere, close social relations, particularly between the sexes, always mark the last stage of local acceptance. This is particularly so in an area like Brixton, where the settled local population belongs to the artisan or white collar class and is highly status-conscious. As in other parts of Britain, they not only regard the bulk of West Indians as outsiders but also rank them at the lowest social level. As a consequence, informal and intimate social relationships rarely develop, and intermarriage is regarded as declassing for the girl. Working-class coloured migrants are often forced to associate with white misfits and declassed women. This in turn helps to reinforce the association of colour with low class, setting up a vicious circle. In the central reception area of Brixton there are a number of such white women, mainly from other areas, though there are also a few respectable and respected white wives of successful migrants and old-timers.

Brixtonians, however, are more accustomed to see local West Indians walking with their own women-folk, and often with their children. The presence of these West Indian women has dispelled much of the vague antipathy and fear felt by many local people. As for the children, they are now entering the day nurseries, nursery schools and primary schools along with local children. In these early years there is no differentiation or prejudice, and this process of growing up together, rightly guided, may contribute far more than any academic instruction to a closer community feeling in the second generation. At present, social relations between the local population and the West Indians in Brixton are mainly restricted to casual contacts. This should surprise nobody in the early years of any settlement.

The West Indians have as yet little time, money or energy to devote to non-economic ends. A West Indian welfare worker commented, describing their life: "Most of them live rough and send their spare cash home . . . They just move between their rooms and their jobs, and rarely see more of London than the streets and shops in between. Most of them don't even go to church, as they used to do in the West Indies".

West Indians sometimes complain of getting a cold or hostile reception if they go to church or join local associations. In Brixton, however, a fair number of doors have been open for years now without any noticeable response. Even clubs and associations catering expressly to the migrants' needs, or devoted to inter-racial contacts, tell the same story — one of initial enthusiasm, followed by a prolonged struggle against apathy. But it has to be remembered that West Indians are not great "joiners" even at home. They have so far evolved no stable associations of their own in the Brixton area, with the exception of a couple of pentecostal congregations and a number of small informal economic partnerships. In their leisure time most Brixton West Indians do not really want to be involved in alien organized activities. Like most recent immigrants and indeed, like most South Londoners, the West Indians prefer to make their own amusements: they eat their accustomed food, gossip, listen to jive-music on their radio-phonographs, and do the football pools. Occasionally, they go to watch or play cricket, or dance and drink rum at a lavish wedding or christening-party.

In Brixton, therefore, social relationships between local people and West Indians remain predominantly casual — in streets, shops, buses and pubs — or official, in employment exchanges and local government offices. There have been West Indians in Brixton for over eight years now, and they no longer attract any attention. As one Brixtonian said to me: "We didn't fancy them at first, but we've got used to them now. After all, they've got to live somewhere. They can't help the colour of their skin. Some of them aren't bad chaps at all". In shops and offices, staff take all comers in turn, and address them alike as "Madam", "Sir" or, in Brixton Market, as "dear". To quote a member of the local Chamber of Commerce: "The Jamaicans

have been a shot in the arm to local trade". A number of food-shops in the Market stock West Indian foods; the record shops have calypsoes and expensive radio-phonographs on the instalment plan; the smaller tailors advertise: "Suits made to measure in English, American, Edwardian or West Indian style".

In the pubs, those "cliquey" refuges of the elderly Cockney, acceptance has been slower. Some years ago there were one or two incidents. By now, however, the West Indians have found "locals" where they are sure of a welcome. Last year, a fight started outside a local pub. The landlord came out at once to give evidence against the white man: "He was looking for trouble" — he said — "Joe here is a regular and a gentleman, and he was only defending himself".

Most of the violent clashes between immigrants and the local population occur in the early years of a settlement. They occur on the streets or in places such as pubs, cafés and dance-halls — places which attract a number of unsettled and anti-social individuals and groups. Brixton has not escaped such clashes. There was a brawl in a pub in May 1958, and there have been a number of recent disturbances over women at a large local dance-hall. Such episodes occur frequently between individuals of all races all over London, and the fact that these happened to involve whites and West Indians did not get reported in the national press nor start a chain reaction of mob-violence, as was to happen in Nottingham and Notting Dale.

Brixton has been cited more than once by way of contrast to these two areas. A number of factors might be adduced to account for the relatively peaceful relations there, and the fact that the August and September disturbances elsewhere did not spread to Brixton. One of these factors is that the Brixton settlement is some years older and considerably more settled. Some sort of *modus vivendi* has been worked out with the local people. For another thing, the great majority of the migrants, and also of the local population, are law-abiding people. Although community feeling and organization are not strong in either group, both sides are to some extent restrained by certain generally-accepted rules of behaviour and certain informal sanctions. In addition, the very density of West Indian settlement in

the central Brixton area would discourage casual forays by small hooligan groups.

In Notting Dale, an area of very recent "overspill" settlement by coloured people, no such sanctions appear to have operated among the local population. A *Times* special correspondent on September 3rd, 1958 described this area as poor and rough, with a long-established core of gypsy stock, hostile to the police and with a lawless fringe. The law-abiding coloured migrants in this area seemed to lack any social cohesion; a small minority had made itself conspicuous and unpopular by commercialized relationships with white prostitutes. In such a situation local and imported hooligans could and did create far more trouble, and meet with much less public censure, than in an area like Brixton. These hooligans chose to attack coloured people, but coloured people are the most easily identifiable targets. Any other identifiable minority in the same position might have provided a target for the juvenile ruffianism that is a far greater problem in Britain at present than any so-called colour or race problem. Notting Dale is the sort of area in which disturbances of one kind or another can always be expected to flare.

The same would not have been said about Nottingham before late August 1958. Although the bulk of the West Indian settlement had taken place over the previous two or three years, the majority were law-abiding workers, with a fair proportion of women, and Nottingham had been one of the first centres to set up a Welfare Committee for its new coloured population. Here, tension seems to have risen amongst local people and migrants as a result of increasing unemployment. In the Chase area, where most West Indians had settled, and where the August-September disturbances occurred, there was an additional cause of ill-feeling. A small minority of coloured men had for some time been damaging the reputation of the rest by carrying knives, behaving aggressively in the employment exchange and elsewhere, and by organizing white prostitutes. The tough conservative colliers who make up the bulk of the district's older population regarded these activities with great disfavour.

The first incident took place on a Saturday night at closing time, when a coloured man, never subsequently identified, jostled a white

woman. This incident seems to have been characterized by greater aggressiveness on the part of West Indians than the Notting Dale troubles. Some of them are reported to have used knives, a weapon not regarded with favour locally. In Nottingham the Teddy Boys only entered the scene in later incidents. Many of them were not local, and were presumed to have been excited by the reports of the Notting Dale affair. In the second large-scale evening of fighting, the coloured population stayed indoors and the disturbances raged without them. In this connection it would be interesting to know to what extent the wide and prolonged news coverage of the disturbances and the constant arrival of reporters looking for stories helped to focus the target of hooliganism and to extend the violence.

As for political incitement, there is no evidence of open extremist activity prior to the troubles in Nottingham. In Notting Dale, on the other hand, there had been a fair amount of "Keep Britain White" activity by the Union Movement, with political meetings, pamphlets, and slogans chalked on walls. But similar activity had been a feature of the Brixton scene for some years, without any apparent effect, so it can hardly be saddled with primary responsibility for the Notting Dale incidents.

This detailed account of the first years of West Indian settlement in Brixton may serve to illustrate the point that the situation presents experiences similar to those encountered by various economic immigrant groups in the New World. The West Indians in Britain, like the Italians, Irish and Puerto Ricans in the United States, are still in the early stages of accommodation to their new environment. They are still oriented towards their homes and their former way of life. They are preoccupied with dreams of a speedy and successful return; and they are unwilling or unequipped to make more than a minimal adaptation to their new surroundings and neighbours. It is not altogether surprising that the bulk of the untravelling English working and middle class still regard the West Indians as outsiders and strangers. They would do so even if the West Indians were not physically distinguishable. It is not even surprising that some amongst them, including a number of M.P.s on both sides of the House, talk of limiting immigration from the Commonwealth.



Such limitation would, however, be a confession of defeat, an abdication by Britain of her special position and prestige in the new Commonwealth. There is no real reason why Great Britain with her 50 millions cannot integrate and absorb the 110,000 West Indians and the 100,000 other coloured Commonwealth immigrants, just as she has absorbed Celts, Huguenots, Flemings, Jews, and is now integrating Poles and Balts. Such integration needs patient effort and education amongst hosts as well as migrants. Part of this education should be an appreciation of the basic facts of the situation. It cannot be too often repeated that the situation of the West Indian migrants in Britain is not primarily a colour situation but an immigrant situation. Those who, obsessed by South Africa and the Deep South, speak in the same breath of Britain's "colour problem", are in fact helping to create one. Local xenophobia and migrant resentments must be prevented from hardening into a rigid pattern of black and white. The experience of an area like Brixton suggests that this can be done. There is no need for the frictions characteristic of most migrant situations to become irrevocably associated with a difference in colour, as has happened in South Africa and the Southern States.

# Hume's "Ruling Passion"

— The Language of Philosophy —

by

H. M. ESTALL

---

*Must philosophers write like that? Recalling that Descartes, the father of modern philosophy, has been a model of style for French schoolboys, the author, himself a professional philosopher, seeks to bridge the gulf that has opened between "technical" and "literary" philosophy.*

---

## I

SCHOLARS can sometimes be more clannish and less neighbourly than tradesmen. No doubt it is a good thing to stick to one's own last. But one may heed this sound advice and still keep a shrewd eye on the rival cobbler down the street or even keep up a nodding acquaintance with the tailor across the way. In the nineteenth century German theologians read and criticized each other's work, and so did philosophers. But even when both might be working along comparable lines or in common areas of enquiry, there was little exchange of ideas between them. The one notable exception was perhaps Schleiermacher, who commanded the respect of scholars in many different disciplines.

A similar situation obtains today between what we may call, not too happily, technical and literary philosophers. Bergson, Buber and Heidegger are all writers with established reputations as philosophers, in the large and not too precise sense of this designation in the world of letters. Fifty years ago Henri Bergson was *the* contemporary French philosopher, and enjoyed a reputation far beyond his own land and language. Forty years ago in Berlin, in the midst of a war that had drastically curtailed the flow of ideas between Germany and the rest of Europe, Martin Buber was hammering out his philosophy of dialogue. Unknown to him, as indeed to each other, Ebner and Marcel and Rosenzweig were struggling to express strik-



ingly similar ideas, though all were cut off from publication and communication by the hard exigencies of war. Thirty years ago, well before existentialism had come into vogue, Martin Heidegger established his reputation as Husserl's most brilliant and original pupil with the publication of *Sein und Zeit*. Yet no one of these authors comes through with flying colours if we apply the singularly provincial criterion recently adopted by Passmore in his *A Hundred Years of Philosophy*:

"My criterion was: to what extent have the ideas of this writer entered into the public domain of philosophical discussion in England? Would the reader of *Mind* or the *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society* be likely to encounter his name?"

All three become minor or marginal philosophical writers. This is in fact how Passmore treats them. He devotes a few paragraphs to Bergson, chiefly in order to show his closeness to William James; Heidegger is considered briefly in a concluding postscript on existentialism ("In England, Heidegger is most often referred to as a horrible example of just how meaningless metaphysics can be."); Buber is not mentioned at all.

In striking contrast to this virtual blackballing from that narrowly restricted circle which Passmore curiously calls the public domain of philosophical discussion in England, we find that each of these three men has been given a place and a title in a distinguished series of "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought" published under the general editorship of Erich Heller. Moreover, if we scan the list of nearly forty volumes in the entire series we shall find very few thinkers whose name Passmore's specialized reader would be likely to have encountered; possibly three, in addition to those already named: Nietzsche, Croce, and Sartre.

It will be useful to quote Passmore on each of these three, for the cumulative effect of the relevant passages is to establish the major point of this discussion. Concerning Nietzsche: "a man of remarkable insight and brilliant literary gifts, although not at all a systematic academic philosopher." Concerning Croce: "Croce's interests, it is important to observe, were at first literary and antiquarian; he only gradually turned to philosophy. Nor did he ever cast off his attachment to historical and literary inquiry. Indeed, he

has made his mark in England as an aesthete, a critic, a philosopher of history, a spokesman for Italian liberalism, rather than as a metaphysician." Concerning Sartre: "Sartre, in English-speaking countries, is not uncommonly dismissed as a pamphleteer, a 'literary man', interesting, perhaps, as illustrating the decadence of post-war European culture, but of no consequence as a philosopher." What is the cumulative effect? Surely that a literary man, a man of brilliant literary gifts, a man who fails to cast off his attachment to literary inquiry — such a man can with difficulty, if at all, enter into the kingdom of academic philosophy. No wonder that Passmore can begin a sentence in a footnote about T. S. Eliot: "Eliot began as a philosopher . . ." Nowadays literary gifts and philosophical competence stand in each other's way.<sup>1</sup>

It has not always been so, though Berkeley found out how hard it was to "think with the learned and speak with the vulgar." Descartes is not only the father of modern philosophy; his prose style has been the model for generations of French schoolboys. David Hume's "ruling passion" was his love of literary fame. He could turn his back on law, on business. He could, he said, "regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature." Like Croce later, he never cast off his attachment to historical and literary inquiry. And yet he remained a philosopher (though never in an academic post) — a philosopher, moreover, who today enjoys the approval of the strictest sect of philosophers. How is it that in the mid-eighteenth century Hume could do with conspicuous success what in the mid-twentieth becomes the mark of the dilettante and the pamphleteer?

## II

A remark of Jacobi's may be helpful: "Always there is something between us and the true essence: Feeling, image, and word." Literature, broadly construed, works with all three — feeling, image, and word. Words evoke images instinct with feeling, all three incorporating more or less inadequately for the writer (and conveying more or

<sup>1</sup>J. Passmore: *A Hundred Years of Philosophy*, Duckworth, London, 1957. The criterion is formulated in the Preface; the estimate of Nietzsche occurs on page 99, of Croce on page 301, of Sartre on page 472; the footnote mentioning T. S. Eliot occurs on page 72.

less inexactly to the reader) 'the true essence' or theme. The image is not mere ornament; the feeling is not alien or collateral; the word is not picked at random. The craft of the writer lies in matching each to other and all together so that in and through them the light shines. The demand on the reader is to respond to this array of radiance as sensitively as he knows how, letting the word conjure up in him the variable counterparts of imagery and feeling appropriate to his own experience. In some such fashion as this — though this account is more metaphor than description — the miracle of communication is wrought.

It has recently come to be held that imagery and feeling are uncertain and unreliable indicators of 'the true essence'; if they are to be used at all in philosophical discourse, it should be with the greatest care and circumspection. But at least in aesthetics and in ethics a distinction has to be drawn between the primary discourse of ethical and aesthetic communication, and the critical discourse engaged in by philosophers concerning these matters. This point emerges clearly from an exchange of views between G. E. Moore and C. L. Stevenson. Stevenson has proposed definitions of 'right' and 'wrong' when used in their distinctively ethical sense. The definitions specify that calling an action 'right' is equivalent to registering approval of it, together with a recommendation to others to approve likewise, and that calling an action 'wrong' is equivalent to registering disapproval coupled with a recommendation to others to disapprove. Moore, following Stevenson, distinguishes within these definitions a 'cognitive' and an 'emotive' meaning. He is inclined, he says, to think that 'right' in such a sentence as "It was right of Brutus to stab Caesar" does have emotive meaning — presumably the sort of meaning that might awkwardly be carried by the imperative or petition: "Do approve of Brutus' stabbing of Caesar!" — but that it has no cognitive meaning at all, except perhaps the incidental factual one to the effect that Brutus stabbed Caesar. Moore says that he is inclined to think this, but then immediately goes on to say: "I am also inclined to think that it is not so; and I do not know which way I am inclined most strongly."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup>P. A. Schilpp (ed.) *The Philosophy of G. E. Moore*, Northwestern U., Chicago, 1942. Stevenson's article is entitled: Moore's Arguments against Certain Forms of Ethical Naturalism (pp. 71-90). Moore's comments are to be found in A Reply to my Critics (pp. 536-554).

The issue between Moore and Stevenson concerns the emotive and the cognitive functions of ethical terms like 'right', 'wrong', 'ought', 'duty', etc. Yet it is plain that neither thinker is himself making any explicit appeal to 'emotive meanings' in his analytic discourse about ethical terms. Occasionally, and presumably by inadvertence, these may slip in. Thus at one point Moore writes: "Perhaps there are other alternatives . . . how on earth are we to tell which Mr. Stevenson means?" Here Moore's patience is evidently a bit tried and he betrays this to the reader in the verbal form of his question. But this is surely a momentary lapse which the philosophical reader should ignore as having no bearing on the argument.

Comparable considerations would apply to the critical examination of any other subject-matter — that of aesthetics, for example — in which emotive meanings occur. Recognition of them as present, even as central, need not entail intrusion of emotive meanings into the language in which the philosopher himself records what he has to say about them. Need not; and yet one is left wondering whether this quite disposes of the problem. Blanshard has put the difficulty plainly and wisely. The philosopher, he says, "is pledged to discuss these issues with scientific detachment and dispassionateness. Yet . . . his problems — at least the greatest of them — engage very deeply men's hopes and fears . . . Because they feel these issues to be so important practically and emotionally, they are not contented unless the philosopher shows some sense of this too . . . It is not that they want him to give up his intellectual rigour and scrupulousness — at least they do not think that it is; it is rather that when men with hearts as well as heads are dealing with themes of human importance, they should not deal with them as if nothing but their heads, and somewhat desiccated heads at that, were involved."<sup>3</sup>

It accords with one's sense of fitness that great themes be greatly, not trivially, presented. But this expectation is not easily translated into a rule of procedure. The matter need not be matched by the manner. Who feeds fat oxen need not himself be fat. And yet there is a roundness that leads on to ripeness.

---

<sup>3</sup>Brand Blanshard: *On Philosophical Style*, Manchester, 1954, pp. 6-8.

Provisionally, then, one of the marks of a philosophical as distinct from a literary style would appear to be the writer's austere adherence to a strict ordinance against any expressions evocative of feeling or imagery in himself or his reader. All graven images are proscribed. "Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." But this austere proscription is neither iconoclastic nor puritanical. It is not that men, as men, are directed altogether to abjure these things, nor even that they are devoid of interest to the philosopher. It is simply that they are to be renounced as instruments of philosophical discourse, as once it was hoped that nations would solemnly renounce war as an instrument of national policy.

The analogy is doubly instructive. On the one hand, in spite of protests to the contrary, an imputation of seductive impropriety attaches all too readily to the proscribed instruments. And on the other hand, it is an open question whether the price of their renunciation may not be to restrict unduly the legitimate domain of philosophy itself. Modern nations are willing enough to admit in international conclave that war is an evil thing, but they have been hitherto reluctant to abandon it if they thereby surrender any portion of their sovereignty, any claim to secure and advance their own legitimate interests. Is it so certain that the evocative and emotive dimensions of language come of evil, and is it established that they can be set aside without narrowing the scope of legitimate philosophical activity?

### III

Let us see what a practising writer has to say about his craft. I choose some sentences from a recent piece by Erskine Caldwell:

" . . . I strive, with the use of words and the meanings of words and the arrangement of words, to communicate with the reader by way of the shortest possible distance and the most meaningful implications . . . Communication through fiction is simply a process of using the right words to attract the reader's attention and then attempting to hold him spellbound. To accomplish this, the writer relates a series of events in such a way that the reader is not unwilling to be transported to the heights or lowered to the depths. And then, in the end, the dextrous writer will gently return the reader to the solid firm-footed ground of his own reality and familiar surroundings. After that, if the reader

has been lastingly impressed and has had his character fortified, the communication has been a successful one. It might even be called art. . . . Fiction . . . is a process of discovery and description of the human spirit in stress and duress, in success and failure, in love and hate. This implies, in my mind, the creation of imaginary people who are lifelike, but, more than being merely lifelike, who become in printed words more lifelike than the living person."<sup>4</sup>

These remarks seem instructive for a reason which has nothing to do with acceptance or rejection of the author's conception of the art of story-telling. In this piece he is not practising his craft, but reflecting on it and sharing his findings with a reader whom he is not presently seeking to transport to the heights or lower to the depths, but whom he is rather addressing as one seeking information and understanding. And though the phrase might sound a bit high-flown to Erskine Caldwell, it would surely not be misleading to say that he is here formulating something of his "philosophy of writing". Naturally, and without artifice or strain, the writer simply states what is there to be found out and to be made sense of. He uses a style appropriate to his present task; discursive, explanatory, reflective — philosophical indeed. Once again, our sense of fitness is satisfied, even though no explicit rule of procedure has been formulated or applied.

Consider, by way of further instructive example, a typical passage from Bergson's *Introduction to Metaphysics*. Bergson essays to describe what he finds "when I direct my attention inward to contemplate my own self."

"I perceive at first, as a crust solidified on the surface, all the perceptions which come to it from the material world . . . Next, I notice the memories which more or less adhere to these perceptions and which serve to interpret them . . . Lastly, I feel the stir of tendencies and motor habits — a crown of virtual actions, more or less firmly bound to these perceptions and memories."

But these are still surface phenomena:

"There is, beneath these sharply cut crystals and this frozen surface, a continuous flux which is not comparable to any flux I have ever seen."

Bergson then offers the reader an array of similes:

"This inner life may be compared to the unrolling of a coil . . . But

---

<sup>4</sup>Erskine Caldwell, *A Writer Looks at Writing*, in *The Saturday Review*, Aug. 9, 1958, p. 10.



it may just as well be compared to a continual rolling up, like that of a thread on a ball . . . But actually it is neither an unrolling nor a rolling up . . . It would be better, then, to use as a comparison the myriad-tinted spectrum, with its insensible gradations leading from one shade to another . . . Let us, then, rather, imagine an infinitely small elastic body . . . Let this be drawn out gradually in such a manner that from the point comes a constantly lengthening line . . . The inner life is all this at once; variety of qualities, continuity of progress, and unity of direction. *It cannot be represented by images.*"<sup>5</sup>

The whole passage should be read; as telescoped here, one image crowds the next, and all are less sharply in focus. And then one should turn to the strikingly different findings of David Hume, undertaking a like exploration, reporting that he finds "nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement", and then, almost as an afterthought, offering the reader an arresting simile of his own:

"The mind is a kind of theatre, where several perceptions successfully make their appearance; pass, repass, glide away, and mingle in an infinite variety of postures and situations. There is properly no *simplicity* in it at one time, nor *identity* in different, whatever natural propensity we may have to imagine that simplicity and identity. The comparison of the theatre must not mislead us. They are the successive perceptions only, that constitute the mind; nor have we the most distant notion of the place where these scenes are represented, or of the materials of which it is composed."<sup>6</sup>

It would be pleasing to stay a while in the company of Hume and Bergson. Manifestly they are in disagreement as to their findings. Formally this disagreement can be stated quite explicitly, using their own terms: Bergson finds in the inner life "variety of qualities, continuity of progress, unity of direction;" whereas Hume finds "no simplicity at one time nor identity in different." And yet do we not grasp more clearly the difference between them just because both illuminate what they have to say through their recourse to images? Even more important, do we not catch at least a hint as to how their differences might be reconciled? For all Bergson's devices are moving

<sup>5</sup>H. Bergson: *An Introduction to Metaphysics*, trans. T. E. Hulme, The Liberal Arts Press, New York, 1949, pp. 25-27. (My italics.)

<sup>6</sup>D. Hume: *A Treatise of Human Nature*, Book I, Part IV, Sect. VI.



images — images, that is, of things in flux — and the unity he finds is one of direction, whereas Hume despairs of making all the myriad perceptions stand still long enough to be identified. Once we have grasped this clue, we are well on the way to realizing that perhaps Hume's queer notion of time as a discrete succession of atomic impressions is at fault, that Bergson's very different doctrine of time as vectoral and cumulative deserves our candid and careful examination, and that their quite different introspective reports concerning the self reflect their differing conceptions of time. A leaner style might well have robbed us of these clues.

#### IV

It is time to draw some threads together. Philosophers today are fully prepared to *recognize* various non-cognitive uses of language, but as their own concern is mainly, if not exclusively, cognitive, this recognition remains distant and aloof. Recognition is one thing; participation another. One may recognize that the rightness of an act is inseparable from the obligation to approve it, and that approval is something larger, more full-blooded, than intellectual assent. One may recognize that the vigour and freshness of a symbol transcend in power its aptness or convenience as a pedagogical device. One may allow that myths have power to move men (or to root them so that they cannot be moved) against or beyond any plain account as to how the facts stand. But shall the philosopher, *qua* philosopher, go further than this? To move men, actually to move them to laughter or tears, to love or hate, to give or forgive, is to make common cause with the treason Marx espoused: "The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways, whereas the point is to change it." The academic philosopher seeks neither to change the world, nor to change men, but simply to know them and — oh, how much more timidly than Socrates! — to bid them know themselves.

But when one has said this one has not yet said quite all that in charity needs to be said. Let us listen to Sherwood Taylor, trying to assess the impact of geological science on early Victorian thought:

"There was still at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria an established and accepted history of the origins of the universe and part-

icularly of man. It was a history based on the early chapters of *Genesis*, a little mixed with *Paradise Lost* — a history bound by a thousand sensitive roots to literature, to art, and above all to simple nursery piety."<sup>7</sup>

This history was shown to be in error, but damage was thereby done or threatened not alone to the history but to all the other dear things with which it had long lived and moved. What happened, it seems, was this. For better or worse, many of the most articulate students of philosophy found themselves no less bound than the historians by a thousand sensitive roots, if not to "simple nursery piety", at any rate to literature and art. Most of the contemporaries of Lyell and Faraday and Darwin deserve the estimate made by Whitehead: "Either they lacked Kant's background of scientific knowledge, or they lacked his potentiality of becoming a great physicist if philosophy had not absorbed his main energies."<sup>8</sup> And so philosophy and science tended to drift apart. A real effort is now being made to overcome this separation. In the process literature and art suffer some disparagement and neglect. This is a pity.

The final word on a good philosophical style might well be left to George Orwell, addressing himself, it is true, not to philosophers in particular, but to all who speak and write:

"To write or even to speak English is not a science but an art. There are no reliable rules; there is only the general principle that concrete words are better than abstract ones, and that the shortest way of saying anything is always the best . . . Whoever writes English is involved in a struggle that never lets up even for a sentence. He is struggling against vagueness, against the lure of the decorative adjective, against the encroachment of Latin and Greek, and, above all, against the worn-out phrases and dead metaphors with which the language is cluttered up."<sup>9</sup>

Orwell may not, like Eliot, have begun as a philosopher, but whether the goal be literary power or philosophical clarity, he is dead right. A little of Hume's "ruling passion" can do the philosopher no harm.

<sup>7</sup>*Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians*, Sylvan Press, London, 1949, p. 189.

<sup>8</sup>A. N. Whitehead: *Science and the Modern World*, London, Penguin Books, p. 163.

<sup>9</sup>George Orwell: *The English People*, Collins, London, 1947, pp. 33-4.

# The Social Sciences in Canada

— An Appraisal and a Program —

by

DAVID CORBETT

---

*Whence Canadian indifference to excellence in the social sciences? Must our "national inferiority" persist in this important area? A Canadian social scientist challenges the intellectual climate of the universities and proffers some provocative suggestions.*

---

CANADIAN social scientists are wont to lament the indifference with which the public appears to greet their endeavours. The engineer, the doctor, the business man, rarely feel the same compulsion to plead their case. Their contributions to the general welfare are widely understood; — of late, indeed, even the artist and the playwright have come to enjoy their share of public esteem. But the economist, the political scientist, the sociologist and the anthropologist remain in a dubious category. They tease the layman, annoy him, preach to him about his business affairs, his prejudices or his politics. The citizen has his own opinions, and he values them more than those of so-called experts. In a democratic age he knows that the important thing is what he and his neighbours think, not what some professor or pundit says.

Yet the social scientist has his revenge. Keynes, in the *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, puts it this way:

" . . . the ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influence, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back . . . "

If Keynes is right, then it matters greatly which social scientists our future politicians are listening to. If they are intellectually flabby,

thinking muddily about minor issues, so will our politicians be in a generation's time. If they are clear-sighted, those they influence will be clear-sighted too. If Canadians learn their economics and sociology out of flaccid text books written for mass markets (and American text books at that) their minds will be rotted by it. That is why writing and research in the social sciences is desirable in Canada. First of all, there is the hope that we can help improve the social sciences for all nations; if, moreover, we have social scientists in Canada who are themselves writers and researchers and scholars, they will know the difference between good and bad writing in their subjects. They will demand superior standards and set a superior style, and this will encourage our public men in the future to think more subtly and profoundly about society and its problems than they do today.

This article is based on a paper read at the first National Seminar of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, at London, Ontario, in September 1958. The discussion of the social sciences is confined to four subjects, economics, political science, sociology and anthropology. It excludes history, geography, social work and psychology, because the author is unfamiliar with their development in Canada.

## I

The social sciences have another function which is just as important as the inspiration of future statesmen, and that is the contribution of iconoclasts to the world. Veblen is a notable example. He flogged the conventions and institutions of his day. In the United States William Whyte, David Reisman and J. K. Galbraith (a Canadian expatriate) are some of today's blander exponents of the same caustic discontent. These writers, whose intellectual foundation is the social sciences, bestow upon our time the gift of a salutary mockery. Can Canadians seriously assert that we do not need their kind? Do we so subscribe to the creed of positive thinking as to repudiate articulate malcontents? It is a pity if we do, for solemnity and self-satisfaction are surely Canadian foibles, and a little well-planned subversion of the national dignity would be good for us.

Mere literary satire is not enough; there has to be disenchanted scholarly analysis of social institutions before there can be thorough, radical social irony. It may be argued that a society afflicted with mockery, a society that listens to doubts about itself and its eternal verities, loses its momentum and declines in productive efficiency. If so, is this an unrelieved evil? Once a certain level of national income is attained, assuming it to be fairly evenly distributed, so that poverty is eliminated, should the love of learning — and not merely more prosperity — not then become the grand objective? If the choice be forced between more material development and more progress in the social sciences, then I take the position that man's needs are likely to be better served by the dispassionate study of societies both local and international, than by opening up new northern resources or diversifying our industries.

If that proposition cannot be accepted as sufficient argument for the importance of the social sciences, there is a further obvious consideration: the need for more and more trained economists, administrative analysts and sociologists in the growing research staffs of governments and businesses. This matter of usefulness, however, does not end there. Social scientists, I am prepared to argue, are often better employed in elaborating the cobweb theorem, or refining some other equally abstract theory of social behaviour and teaching it to their students, than in conducting field trips to the slums, deploring the consequences of broken homes, or propounding so-called principles of municipal administration.

At this point the argument loses support from all ardent young national developers and reformers. Let there be no mistake. The social sciences can help train workers for the community chest and administrators for the municipalities, but that is incidental to their main function. Their main use is in civilizing their students, a more difficult and more valuable operation than merely training them. Social workers need training, of course, and can get it from the experienced case worker. But above all they need civilizing, and this they can get from the scientist, the social scientist and the humanist. This civilizing process can come through disciplining oneself in a rigorously scientific study and so playing some humble part in man's

age-long search for knowledge. It can come through enlarging one's imagination and aesthetic appreciation in a humanistic study. The social sciences can help to civilize students whether they are heading for social work, or business, or the arts, or the professions, or public service, or any other calling. Both as scientific disciplines and as humanistic studies the social sciences can civilize, but in this they assert the same claim as any other well-worked field of learning. It is essential that a subject have a good literature, the product of fine minds, a literature winnowed of chaff by careful criticism. Only a subject that can pass this test has value as a civilizing agent.

Finally — and why blush at it? — the social sciences are valuable in the selection of youthful ability. Universities are designed to put young people to the test, rejecting those who lack intellectual capacity, developing the gifted. This important function should be fearlessly discharged, and here the rôle of the social sciences is equal to that of the humanities and the natural sciences.

How, then, are we to account for our national inferiority in so valuable an area of study? Why have we not had more really great work done in the social sciences? Several rather unsatisfactory explanations have been offered. We are said to be a pioneering nation preoccupied with wresting a living from an iron land in a cold climate, with no time for the soft culture of pampered classes in cosmopolitan cities. There may have been some truth in this once, but it is largely nonsense now. Our cities are rich; they have a considerable pampered class and a lot of soft culture, but very little social science.

If social scientists want a place in the Canadian sun they will have to earn it by their own brilliance. Good work, solid work, conscientious work is not enough. It must be better than that. Brilliance is needed. Can it be cultivated? or does it happen at random and prove itself despite any adversity? This is the old controversy about art and garrets. But the material conditions in which brilliance can develop seem to me of secondary importance; it is the intellectual climate that matters. Brilliance in the social sciences will not be thwarted in Canada by lack of money. There are, after all, funds available; salaries are improving in the universities; and money can



be earned from broadcasting, writing text-books, and advising governments, unions and business firms, though the cost is dear in precious time. It remains to be seen whether a Canadian social scientist can make money by writing a sufficiently interesting and discussable book; it should not be impossible. One way or another the social scientist can make money, and as long as he does not let the money buy too much of his time and energy, or cripple his convictions, there is no harm in it.

Intellectual climate is the problem. The social scientist who goes to work on Bay Street or in Ottawa takes his chances about the intellectual climate he lives in. He does not expect much, and is usually pleasantly surprised at the breadth of mind and sharpness of wit he finds around him. But most of those who want seriously to pursue the social sciences join university faculties. And how do they fare for intellectual nourishment? Can one say they enjoy a feast?

Universities in English-speaking Canada are in danger of becoming, like H. L. Mencken's South, "The Sahara of the Bozart". Anti-intellectualism has a firm foothold in them. It takes two main forms, one more dangerous than the other. To deal with the less dangerous first, it is the emphasis on social success, making money and spending it on a gay time. Among the exponents of this form of anti-intellectualism are a few career-minded deans, professors and instructors, who seem more intent on standing well in the community than on cultivating their own or their students' minds. Other exponents are the small number of dance-crazy, clothes-crazy girls and car-crazy boys. But these old familiar menaces are not likely, by themselves, to destroy the intellectual life of the better universities.

The second form of anti-intellectualism is more alarming. It is the overemphasis on vocational courses and technical faculties, concerned with training first and liberal education second if at all. In the eyes of a university dedicated to vocational training the ideal student is the "good all-round man" with a retentive mind — hard-working, reliable, uninspired. This image of the ideal student sets the intellectual tone of the class room. A professor lecturing to a class of one hundred students does not lecture to individuals but rather to an artificial image of the ideal student. In a vocationally-inclined



university, how can he avoid picturing the ideal student as a young career-maker whose path through life is to rise and shine through vigour in action? There is little response, in such universities, to the professor who addresses himself to a different sort of ideal student, the student whose path through life is one of contemplation, speculation, doubt and intellectual creation. University presidents and their faculties, in optimistic moods, have gladly acceded in the past to petitions for some rather weak vocational courses carrying credit toward degrees. Only strong statements from faculty members on the academic dangers involved, and strong recommendations for the better use of university time, money and energy, can encourage presidents to be less acquiescent in the future.

One example of creeping vocationalism, one which intimately affects the interests of the social scientist, is the rapid growth of commerce schools competing with the social sciences for funds and students. Jealousy of their success will get the social scientist nowhere; but it is not mere jealousy to point out the difference between a course in practical techniques of business management, on the one hand, and, on the other, a course in the social sciences, where the question is not how to manage a business, but why? to what end? with what social, cultural, political and economic effects?

It is easy enough to say that Canadian society demands this vocational emphasis in our universities, and that Canada wants a productive economy even at the cost of an artless and shallow intellectual life. But is it Canada, or the universities who are obsessed with the material and social success of their students? Certainly in the large universities one gets the impression that the career failures of the individual are to be hidden or denied, while career competence is to be boasted about. Rare is the spokesman of a Canadian university who regards failure as a necessary part of the experience which equips an individual for self-expression. How many dare to affirm that perception and expression are higher ends in life than career efficiency and social success?

The career-minded student sets the intellectual tone in the class room, in campus debates, in campus newspapers and in campus discussion clubs. These good people are not hostile to intellect so much

as condescending toward it. They see no need for standards of excellence higher than their own. In faculty members the corresponding type is the willing chore-horse, the diligent teacher, committee man and community servant. He is interested in his students' success outside the university, in the jobs they get, and the impression they make on successful people. To him the intellectually preoccupied faculty member seems an amusing, even praiseworthy campus accessory, someone to be encouraged, but not to be taken seriously on important questions of policy. Anti-intellectualism of this condescending kind is an attitude university presidents must find it hard to avoid. Its exponents are so useful to the university as an institution, and so eagerly available for tedious jobs, that it must take an effort of will on the president's part to avoid relying on them exclusively for advice and help.

In an anti-intellectual university atmosphere the social sciences will wither. No doubt much worthy work will be done by social scientists in such places. Thousands of students will be taught, and some fairly good, if rather pedestrian books may be written. But the new theories, the bright ideas, the original points of view that make brilliant books, will seldom emerge. For these the essential thing is concentration, total devotion to the development of the intellect. The necessary atmosphere is beautifully summed up by Jonathan Kozol in *College in a Yard*:

This, indeed, is the very core of the Harvard greatness — the compelling urge that a certain group of incredibly brilliant students feel to do incredibly brilliant things in the single field of study. Whatever fine things may be said for the well-rounded, smoothly adapted, broadly interested boy, something especially fine must be said for the student whose sole reason for being is to study long hours of intense concentration . . .

This atmosphere of concentration, of total commitment to intellectual ends, is not dominant on many of our campuses, and the lack of it, I suggest, will stunt the development of the social sciences.

## II

It is true that the condition of the social sciences in Canada has improved in the last twenty years. In most of the English-speaking universities in Canada (and this discussion is confined to the English-speaking ones) the manpower of social science departments has roughly doubled since before the war. The calendars of these universities now list a varied selection of courses in economics, political science, sociology and anthropology, and although some calendars resemble the false-fronted shops of a frontier town, the new offerings are often genuine, reflecting the special interests and training of new staff members, and being enthusiastically and proficiently taught. Two hopeful portents are, first, the specialized training and the vigour of the young members of social science staffs in the universities (if one who has been of their number may be excused for saying so) and, second, the growing audience of practicing social scientists in government services and to a lesser degree in business. Civil servants now provide a market for books and journals, membership for the learned societies, and criticism and discussion on a professional level. Civil servants write some of the best descriptive and informative articles for the academic journals, though the leaders in theoretical and controversial discussion still come from the universities. The writings of social scientists, once hardly sufficient to justify the existence of the *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*, spill over into American and British journals as well as other Canadian journals of a less formal kind, like the *International Journal*, *Queen's Quarterly*, *Proceedings of the Institute of Public Administration of Canada*, *Canadian Bar Review* and *Canadian Forum*. A new Canadian journal of public administration has just emerged, and there are plans for a sociological and anthropological supplement to the *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science*.

But these encouraging developments tell only part of the story; the fact remains that the social sciences are advancing more rapidly elsewhere. Relatively speaking, Canada is a backward area. We need and receive technical assistance from more advanced countries, particularly the United States. Most of our professional social scientists

receive their graduate training abroad, not only for the sake of foreign travel and experience, but also because Canadian universities cannot offer high-quality graduate teaching and supervision in many of the new specialized branches of the social sciences. Almost as much research on Canadian affairs is being done by American social scientists as by Canadians themselves; Canadian research leans heavily on American funds; and Canadian scholars travel abroad to study in London, Boston, Oxford, Cambridge, Chicago, San Francisco or New York, using grants from British or American foundations. From now on the Canada Council will be a major source of funds for these purposes and will help scholars from other countries to come here, a long-due return for their hospitality to us. In the past our main form of reciprocity in the social sciences has been the export of economists, political scientists, sociologists and anthropologists at two main stages in their careers, either immediately after graduation, or when they have reached full professional maturity and are looking for lighter teaching loads, better libraries, more chance to specialize, or more expert colleagues to sharpen their wits.

The main weakness of our national contribution to the advance of social science is the scarcity of Canadian writing. True, we fill several journals, and we publish occasional books. One thinks of the post-war series of books on Social Credit in Alberta, the Canadian Government Series, the series of Canadian Economic Studies, and the two or three other books each year that could be said to represent Canadian scholarship in the social sciences. By what standard ought one to measure these Canadian contributions? There are perhaps two fair tests to apply: how does Canadian written work compare in quantity, quality and international reputation (a) with work done by Canadians in other main branches of learning, and (b) with the work done in the social sciences by nationals of other countries comparable in size and level of education? While admitting that either test is subjective and impressionistic, and that each critic speaks only for himself, I would say Canada's contribution to the international development of the social sciences is less significant than our contribution in medical research, or physics or plant genetics or metallurgy. We have produced perhaps one writer in the social sciences with an inter-

national reputation. (I do not mean Stephen Leacock, but rather H. A. Innis.) Yet it seems unlikely that his written work, fact-ridden and murky except for occasional passages, will long be remembered. His great contribution was to inspire a whole generation of students. Research in medicine and in the other sciences, on the other hand is represented by a respectable number of Canadians of high international reputation.

By the second test, that of comparing our efforts in the social sciences with those of other countries, I think we do less well than we should. The Scots, the Swedes, the Austrians, and now the Dutch, have made greater contributions than ours. We would perhaps rank as equals of the Australians, South Africans and New Zealanders, whose contributions are not, as far as I know, of outstanding importance.

Thinking and writing have to be done all the time, not saved up to be done later. The young man in the social sciences who has the inclination must also have the time to study, write and do research, or else he never will fulfill his promise. He needs time while he is young. Sir William Osler, nearing sixty, said, "As it can be maintained that all the great advances have come from men under forty, so the history of the world shows that a very large proportion of the evils may be traced to the sexagenarians". Perhaps youth is more important in the natural sciences than in the social sciences, where maturity adds to wisdom; but to be wise at sixty, one has to begin thinking hard as a young man.

The outlook for the next five or ten years is for a weakening of Canada's contribution to writing in the social sciences. The main obstacle to the progress of research and writing in the universities is the shortage of university teachers and the rapidly increasing number of students. Many classes will double in size, with a corresponding load of essay marking, examinations and consultations with students. Standards will tend to go down, the harassed professors will feel guilty of bad teaching and will spend more and more energy in the unequal struggle to keep standards from sinking further. Some will have the determination and callousness to shut their office doors or hide at home to get on with writing a book, but if they are sensitive

at all to their colleagues' opinions they can hardly avoid feeling that they have shirked their share of the load.

There are long summers, of course, and such writing as is done will be done in them. But seven-and-a-half months of total teaching cannot be followed by four-and-a-half months of total research. There must be time first to clear one's desk of overdue correspondence, then to finish up committee work, then to relax and read for enjoyment, then to refuel for next year's teaching. This takes at least two months, and can easily take the whole four-and-a-half. At most one can put aside two-and-a-half months for research. Some people succeed in keeping a long-range project going for years, spending their summer on it each year and never going stale, never tiring of it, never letting their enthusiasm die. But many cannot work this way; they either abandon their research, or else they cut it down to fit the time they have available and turn out a succession of short articles rather than books. The articles are sometimes very good, but reach a very limited audience of professional colleagues and are not reviewed. Another common use of the summer months is to do a piece of commissioned work, a report for the government, or a chapter in a book or report jointly undertaken by a group of colleagues. These undertakings are seldom fully satisfying to the writer, and he is likely to regard them as not requiring his best professional effort. In these ways we produce reams of words but little lasting literature, little that anyone but the captive audience of students, colleagues or the sponsoring government officials would choose to read or need to remember.

The alternative to short bursts of summer research is steady work throughout the year, a quiet hour or two each day, or two or three full uninterrupted days each week, interspersed with teaching. This is a rhythm of work in which long-range research projects can be steadily improved. But the outlook for social scientists in the Canadian universities offers little hope for steady work of this kind. A few determined individuals may discipline themselves to write steadily despite the pressure of teaching, but hardly enough of them to produce a national efflorescence in the social sciences.



## III

Some solutions to the problem of Canada's infertility in the social sciences are implicit in what has already been said. It is time now to make them explicit and to add some further suggestions.

One of the things this country needs is research fellowships to release faculty members from part of their load of teaching and administration. The Canada Council and the Canadian Social Science Research Council offer an impressive and useful variety of grants to help faculty members use their summers for research and take sabbatical leaves abroad. However, I do not know of any Canadian equivalent of grants provided by the Social Science Research Council in the United States, grants which, for three years, with the consent and co-operation of the university and department, pay most of a man's salary, cut his teaching load to about three hours a week, and let the university use the funds it saves to hire a substitute while the recipient of the grant gets on with some worth-while piece of writing. The effect of such a grant is to make a social scientist's terms of appointment roughly similar to those enjoyed by some faculty members of English universities, where lecture loads are light and research work is a normal part of an academic job. The advantage of this kind of research fellowship is that the man stays at his home university. Going away to a research centre in another country is stimulating, but valuable time and energy are lost in the move itself and in adjustment to the new environment. On the other hand, a man working on a book at his home university is vulnerable to appeals to do committee work or community work, and he needs a strong will to keep busy with his main task.

Another improvement would be the development in Canada of a research centre like the Australian National University, the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, or the Institute for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto. Canadian social scientists who get a whole year off once or twice in a lifetime should probably go abroad to travel, to study and to gain perspective. It would probably be unwise for them to spend their rare sabbaticals at a Canadian research university. On the other hand, a national research university



could offer them two-year or three-year appointments, and a scheme could be worked out with the teaching universities to permit their men to leave for such appointments and then return to teaching. A national research university could attract back to Canada some of our able scholars who have gone to other countries, and could attract foreign scholars here, as the Australian National University is doing in that country. It could supplement the existing graduate schools and provide fellowships for foreign graduate students as well as Canadians. Its main purpose, however, would be research and writing by its own faculty members.

So far, two suggestions have been made, both calling for action on a national scale, outside the scope of any one university. There are also some worth-while internal reforms which any of the universities could initiate on its own. My argument here has been that our universities have an anti-intellectual atmosphere. Surely this is something they can change. To the economic determinist it may seem impossible for the universities to change unless the society surrounding them changes first. But I take the opposite view that the universities can change themselves, and can change society with the ideas they generate.

The future of the social sciences depends to a large degree on a dozen university presidents. True, the social scientists themselves must do the work; but the intellectual climate is the result of academic policy, and academic policy is controlled by the presidents, for the form of university government is essentially autocratic. There are limits to a president's powers; he rarely goes beyond policies that will win support from faculty, board of governors and the community; but he could go further if he wished. He is restrained legally by a University Act or Charter, but there is no electoral or legislative machinery to control his executive prerogatives, except for a board of governors, which a strong president can usually dominate, and a rather weak academic senate. The power he enjoys is not responsible in a strict political sense, though presidents feel psychological and social responsibility. In practice a president has power so great, if he cares to use it, that he can make drastic changes in the working methods, the priorities, and the intellectual atmosphere of his university.

There are various possibilities for the constitutional reform of universities. Professors Keirstead and Clark end their excellent diagnosis of the state of the social sciences in Canada<sup>1</sup> with a quite utopian prescription. Senior social scientists, they say, are too much involved in committee work and university administration: the way to cure this is to give university faculties more authority, and make the administrators their servants. But faculty meetings and faculty committees are often slow, argumentative and cranky. Could these be the ideal form of government to make universities more fruitful by releasing faculty time for research? To believe this requires a faith in democracy like Tom Paine's: give a community the direction of its own affairs and its very freedom will make it virtuous. Those with this faith believe that a self-governing faculty, whether efficient or not, would at least give high priority to scholarship and intellectual excellence. But this depends on whether a majority of the faculty in any given university believes scholarships and intellectual excellence to be the university's highest aims. This is a moot point; many faculty members are lured by the siren song of public relations, community service and vocational training; in some universities the majority might prefer these aims to scholarships.

On the whole, I would be optimistic about the results of faculty self-government. I think the experiment of faculty self-government is worth making, and to the extent it is now practiced it encourages and strengthens intellectual values in our universities. But whatever one's optimism about constitutional reform, it is probably more practical to accept the powers that be, and to suggest policies that could be adopted and carried out under the status quo. A university president in Canada could do much in one month, with no more powers than he has already, to improve the university's intellectual climate and stimulate the social sciences. The deans could be asked to revise their curricula so that each student studies half the present number of subjects each year, — three subjects instead of the present

---

<sup>1</sup> B. S. Keirstead and S. D. Clark, "Social Sciences", in *Royal Commission Studies*, a selection of essays prepared for the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences; Ottawa, King's Printer, 1951.

five or six. Each subject could then be studied and taught more thoroughly and at a higher level. The president could call the public's and the student's attention to the superiority of the honours degree over the pass degree, and the deans could be asked to get the best students into honours courses, by counselling or by the more devious but more effective methods of shifting time-tables, shifting instructors, and arranging first and second year course patterns which lead the students naturally and painlessly into honour work. These changes should give the teacher a more stimulating job with more serious students. They should also give the students what they have a right to expect but sometimes do not get: an enthusiastic teacher.

To the same end, deans of arts and science faculties could arrange for half as many lecture hours per week to be given in each course as at present. Each faculty member should be required to put twice as much thought and preparation into what he says. Each lecture in upper year courses should reflect research the man is doing or has recently learned about. The deans would be asked to instruct their department heads to see to it that all their staff are carrying on some worth-while scholarly work during the summer and as a regular part of their duties during term. By scholarly work is meant improving their lectures, reading new books and periodicals in their fields, doing research or writing. No one should be promoted on the basis of mere publication, but rather on the basis of scholarship evaluated by men who are themselves scholars. The department heads would be asked to discuss with each member of their staff the program of scholarly activity on which he is engaged, his progress in it, and his plans for carrying it further by travel, field work, study in other centres, or additions to the university's laboratory equipment, library or staff. The treasurer would be told to stretch the budget to the limit for these essentials: additional staff, staff travel, study leave, field work, research assistance and research facilities. The staff would be asked to reject some of their invitations to broadcast, or to speak, or to write reports on matters of practical importance to someone but of negligible scholarly significance. Efforts should be made to raise salaries and to provide summer research grants, in addition to those already available to social scientists through Queen's Univer-

sity, the Social Science Research Council, the Nuffield Foundation, and the Canada Council.

It may also be necessary to jolt some faculty members into accepting it as their first duty to do scholarly work. It would also be helpful, and set a powerful example, if several deans and presidents should decide, in spite of all the pressure on them to do otherwise, that some of their own time is better spent in scholarly work than in advising industries or governments, campaigning for funds, or exchanging formal courtesies.

A president who launched a month-long reform campaign like this would have a glorious and angry month. Fists would clench and tempers would break. But our universities need to be shaken up by angry scholars far more than they need to be steadied and gentled by the wise caution of academic politicians or administrators. A month-long reform campaign might be checked by dead weight and institutional inertia. Wounded interests would fight back and might reverse it. But such is the university's habit of accepting presidential direction that a new regime might just as easily win complete victory in one vigorous and determined month. This is not democracy, granted; but our universities are not now constituted for democratic government. If there must be autocracy in the universities, let it at least be intellectually inspired. One longs for the autocracy of a Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, as he is depicted in the jingle

First come I. My name is Jowett  
There is no knowledge, but I know it.  
I am Master of this College.  
What I don't know, isn't knowledge.

Classical scholar, translator of Plato, heretic against the establishment, effeminate, shy, witty, this man reformed the Oxford curriculum and boldly moulded a college. Through Balliol, facetiously called a finishing school for liberal pro-consuls, Jowett influenced the statesmen of an empire. But he considered himself, was considered in his day, and is still considered, a scholar first of all. It was by virtue of his scholarship that he earned power as an administrator.

In this, he may still serve as a model. When considering presidential appointments, boards of governors will do well to ponder the choice between the doer and the thinker. While recognizing that the ideal administrator is both at once, we dare not forget that only the president in whom the thinker's qualities predominate can cultivate true intellectual excellence within his university; and only such an atmosphere as this can call for the brilliance in the social sciences which this moment in our history so urgently demands.

# "The Editor Regrets . . ."

— A Short Story —

*by*

DONALD G. CROSSLEY

★ ★ ★

22 rue Papineau,  
St. Cuspidor,  
Quebec,  
January 3, 1959.

Mr. H. G. Klinkenhof,  
Publisher,  
Exploitation Press Inc.,  
345278 West Nomad,  
New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Klinkenhof:

In the January issue of "Allswell Magazine" there appeared an advertisement from your firm asking for book manuscripts. Each manuscript, you said, would get a thorough reading by a member of your staff, and the writer would in turn receive an evaluation.

I would very much like to avail myself of your services. I have just completed my first novel. It comprises some 967 pages — altogether about 483,500 words. I realize that the average novel has about 80,000 words; however, I feel that I have a real message for the world. I feel that the world is in a shambles and needs persons, perhaps like myself, to lead them through the shaky days ahead. I might mention, in apology, that I did not double-space the typing. At page 833 I learned that publishers like to have manuscripts double-spaced. I hope you will overlook that oversight, along with the few pencilled-in remarks in the margin. These were necessary, as a person in your position would understand. The true artist is never satisfied, is he?

Now, a few words about the story itself:

First, we have a young man called George Hempstead, who is a modern Raskolnikov. You will recall that he is the character in Dostoyevski's book "Crime and Punishment". He kills an old lady to find out what effect the crime will have on his thinking. It's a study of human emotion of the most intimate order. Well, I've taken this modern misguided fellow, and had him kill not just one person, but three — each in a devilishly different way. He manages to keep his emotions bottled up through the main part of the book until he meets this young, maltreated girl called Hilda. Here, George comes in contact with fond human emotion for the first time, and the crimes he committed in the past cause him mental anguish. I'm sure you're looking forward to what happens to George — but I'll leave the last chapter of the book as a surprise for you. I'd hate to spoil the impact.

More than likely you'll want a description of myself, possibly for the back of the book jacket. Also, I have a number of excellent photographs of myself from both side-angles. I have my personal preference, but of course your choice will be the final decision.

To begin with, I began work as a stationery clerk. Of course that type of vocation hardly provided me with enough challenge, and I went out into the world to see something of life (in the description of me for the jacket, you would possibly make this sound a bit more eloquent). After a few jobs of little importance, I finally joined the Mincy Paper Company, where I handle statistics. As to my formal writing experience — I had a short, but considered to be quite interesting, article in the company newspaper. It has a circulation of well over 2,000. Then I had several items placed in the local newspaper (the Hemptown News, Ontario).

Since then I have been living in the colourful province of Quebec, and devoting my spare time to my novel rather than churning out that usually uninspired type of literature the big magazines are publishing. I have very high standards, and I absolutely refuse to have my name attached to the weak type of literature seen in these popular publications. Of course, this makes it hard for the artist — but I am



willing to struggle through and perhaps be remembered in future generations.

I think that this pretty well tells my story. In anticipation of your reply, I am,

Yours very truly,

SILAS H. PINKWELL

★ ★ ★

EXPLOITATION PRESS INC.

(Our Books Are The Best of The Best)

January 7, 1959.

Mr. Silas B. Ponkwell,  
22 rue Papineau,  
St. Cuspidor,  
Quebec, Canada.

Dear Mr. Ponkwell:

Book publishers in general are not looking for new novelists.

But for 53 years EXPLOITATION PRESS has been. We have discovered and launched more than 8,300 authors from around the world.

Our brochures are on their way to you now. A long, careful reading of these will be your best investment for publishing your novel.

We are particularly receptive to first novels. In them are found the seeds of truth, sown by a man or woman who has just learned the meaning of suffering in the throes of composition.

We hope that your next communication to us will be in the form of your novel. I have a professional hunch that it will not be your last book published in our presses.

Yours very truly,

H. G. KLINKENHOF,  
Publisher.

Dear Mr. Punkwell:

Just a little note to inquire whether you've had a chance yet to read over our literature. We have received your book, **TRAGEDY IN MY MIND**, and our editors are reading it now. You will be hearing from us within a short time.

Yours very truly,

H. G. KLINKENHOF,  
Publisher.

★ ★ ★

Dear Mr. Pankwell:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your manuscript, **TRAGEDY IN OUR MINDS**. For a limited time only, we are offering, as a service to writers and editors, a three-volume, exciting and colorful story on the writing career of Morgan S. Winterwater, known around the world for his exploits in the African jungles. We are sending these handsomely-bound volumes to you on your approval. If you are not completely satisfied with them, you may return them to us after three days — *with absolutely no obligation*. We are sure that you will enjoy these works, now on special sale to you for the ridiculous price of \$18.98. The price includes shipping and packaging.

THE EDITORS,  
EXPLOITATION PRESS

★ ★ ★

GOVERNMENT OF CANADA — CUSTOMS

To: S. P. Bonkwell.

Enclosed: three books, value \$18.98.

Duty: \$3.63, payable upon receipt. Please arrange through local customs office for payment.

Dear Mr. Pankwell:

When your manuscript came in last month, I ordered an editorial and sales report, even though it did not go through the usual preliminaries. By now, of course, you are aware that we are fully authorized subsidy publishers. We often publish books without financial assistance from authors — when the book appears to have good potential.

Recently my staff's report came in. It was so favorable that I took *TRAGEDY IN MY MIND* home for a personal reading.

This dedicated book should be of deep interest to all who are unafraid to face the realities of the human condition. First, I should like to commend your powers of analysis. No one will be foolish enough to deny that we live in an age of "success-mad" people. It is the search for the almighty dollar that has come to dominate our lives; the search for truth and meaning in existence, the search for a greater reality — these are left to the few men unafraid to question and probe — like you, Mr. Pantwell.

Your character George Hempstead is basically one of those "misfits" in society. He is driven by an inner force which will not allow him to "run with the herd," and he slashes out at the world. He is on the verge of finding some meaning in life when his unfortunate past catches up with him.

George Hempstead comes to life with a clarity and completeness that is outstanding in modern fiction. Generally, it is difficult for the reader to sympathize with a murderer, but you have put much humanity into your protagonist. Your material is organized with unusual skill, and the development of the plot is forceful and dynamic.

Two facts strike me. *TRAGEDY IN MY MIND* is directly in the mainstream of an important new literary trend here — chiefly imported from England — the "Angry Men" school of fiction. Secondly, your work is readable, obviously publishable, and, I sincerely feel, important.

You already know you are a good writer, of course. Mr. Puntwell, what I want to say has nothing to do with ego. You want a working relationship with a publisher. Well, even though *THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV* is a big item on TV just now, United States book

publishers just aren't in the market for an unknown young Neo-Dostoyevski.

The alternatives would seem to be throwing your novel back into the trunk or examining the very good investment of launching your own work. We have worked out a table of prices for you, in which you will find that to have TRAGEDY IN MY MIND published for a practically guaranteed profit, it would cost you about \$9,500 — which is really very little when you consider the possible profits. We guarantee 40 percent royalties, the best promotion advertising, and at least 100 advance copies. To have and to hold your own published book is a wonderful feeling, and we at EXPLOITATION want you to have that tingle of accomplishment. A contract for agreement is enclosed.

If you feel you can visit New York in the near future, we would like you to meet the people who will be working on your book. Best regards!

Yours with best hopes,

HARRY KLINKENHOF.

★ ★ ★

Dear Mr. Klinkenhof:

I received your highly interesting letter and contract today regarding my novel, TRAGEDY IN MY MIND. As I mentioned, I am looking forward to seeing my novel in print like any other author-elect.

Your appraisal of the book is remarkably good in my view, and I hope that it has not been contrived that way for my benefit and possibly your gain. I understand that the situation is that unless one writes the confessions of Jayne Mansfield he is relegated to the ranks of the unprofitable eggheads or total incompetents. I like to think of myself as being in the former category, as that would be some compensation for finding out that the possibility of publishing a novel rests on the ability to raise some nine thousand, five hundred dollars.

I failed to tell you that I am up to my ears in payments — new car, washing machine, television set, Canada Savings Bonds, new

stove, billiard table, and many other necessities. I couldn't raise your suggested amount of money in twenty years.

Besides, in your advertising, you said that you publish books of merit without the financial assistance of authors. Your comments on my work of sweat and tears — yes, Mr. Klinkenhof, tears — lead me to believe more than ever that *TRAGEDY IN MY MIND* is a work of destiny and worth publishing without my assistance. Why keep such an important work of art from the vast, ignorant public? Have you tested your conscience?

Out of all the books you publish, mine might be the one that marks you as a man of deep understanding of the world's problems. This may be your only chance for this — don't miss it.

As I said before — I cannot pay for my book's publication. Please consider my argument, and consider the possibility of putting out this possible classic in the world of literature with your own presumably ample financial resources.

Best regards,

SILAS H. PINKWELL

P.S. — I am returning the three volumes sent to me the other day. I did not ask for them, and (like most creative people) I resent having things pushed on me. S.H.P.

★ ★ ★

Dear Mr. Pantwell:

We are happy to learn that you saw fit to retain the three volumes on the colorful writing career of Morgan S. Winterwater. We expect that you have already sent us your cheque or money order covering the cost.

Perhaps you would also like to look at the companion volumes, these being an account of the Boer War, written by the well-known war correspondent Harrisbury Lovell Grimm-Smith. We have taken the liberty of sending these along to you on the same terms as the

previous volumes. We hope you like these as much. The cost, now at its lowest, is only \$33.50.

THE EDITORS,  
EXPLOITATION PRESS

★ ★ ★

GOVERNMENT OF CANADA – CUSTOMS

To: S. P. Bonkwell.

Enclosed: three books, value, \$33.50.

Duty: \$7.66, payable upon receipt. Please arrange through local customs office for payment.

★ ★ ★

Dear Silas:

I hope you don't mind my calling you by your first name, but I think we've become pretty well acquainted. Well, Silas, you've talked long and you've talked well, and you've told me quite a bit about yourself and your motives. Now it's my move.

The things you said about your book are absolutely true. But there is a principle involved here. I was one of the first subsidy publishers, and I believe in it. James Joyce's first works were printed by a subsidy publisher, and many other well-known writers' books have been. There is no reason why you shouldn't become famous too. Obviously the royalty publishers don't see fit to publish your work, and we have to take the same position. If we were to depart from our way of business for one author, then why not for all of the others?

You left me with a proposition, and I'll do the same. Money is the question. We have payment plans and a royalty waiver which can make the cost of publishing your book as reasonable as possible. I've enclosed a booklet on that subject. Let me know your feelings. I like the way you talk.

"KLINK"

★ ★ ★

Dear Mr. Klinkenhof:

I am getting to the point where I will be at a loss for words. I will repeat my previous statements by saying that I will *definitely* not pay a cent to have my book, TRAGEDY IN MY MIND, published by you or anyone else. And please get together with your editors. My wife, on two occasions, paid duty charges for books I did not order. And now I am getting bills for them. It will cost me money to return them — have your editors ever thought of that? Besides, what are editors doing in the book distribution business? If I want books, I'll go to my bookstore and buy what I want. Desist.

And please reconsider my previous plea for you to publish my book on your own.

Yours,

SILAS H. PINKWELL

★ ★ ★

Dear Silas:

I too am getting rather at a loss for words—and my editors would laugh at that statement, because we get millions of words in the mail every month.

Anyhow, we know what it is like to be an author of an unpublished work — especially one such as yours — one full of depth, tragedy and warmth. Never have we seen such a book as I'LL DIE IN MY BOOTS. You have put your soul into every word.

And all of us have read it — almost memorized it — with great affection. We know that I'LL DIE IN MY BOOTS would be a big



success — but we all have to take a chance, don't we? After all, the publisher takes half of the cost — and why wouldn't he try to push sales?

However, I feel that we should let matters rest for a while. We will keep your original manuscript on file for a few months and this will give you a chance to reconsider our offer with greater perspective. When you look at your cherished manuscript again, and realize what the world is missing because of mere money matters, we feel that you will have a change of heart.

We are here to help you — all new authors. We want to see the truth, in fiction, spread everywhere — especially in these days of tension.

Hoping to hear from you within a few weeks,

I remain, your good friend,

"KLINK"

★ ★ ★

Dear Mr. Pintwell:

Again, we were most pleased to see that you enjoy our three-volume literary series. It was gratifying to learn that you enjoyed both sets of books. We couldn't miss telling you that as a BONUS — for those who take the two first volumes — we have a limited edition of Admiral Karl von Fritzenhaffen's memoirs of the sea battles of the First World War. These are already on their way to you, and again you will have time to approve them. You are under no obligation, as before.

The cost? — only \$97.45. A real bargain!

We like to hear comments about our volumes. Perhaps you have formed some opinions on them which might be useful to us. If so, please do not hesitate to write.

THE EDITORS,  
EXPLOITATION PRESS

★ ★ ★

OFFICE OF THE CROWN ATTORNEY  
Montreal, Quebec.

Crown Attorney: F. S. Marshall

Mr. H. G. Klinkenhof,  
Publisher,  
Exploitation Press, Inc.,  
345278 West Nomad,  
New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

(STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL)

Dear Mr. Klinkenhof:

It has come to our attention that you have in your possession a novel written by Mr. Silas H. Pinkwell, of St. Cuspidor, Quebec. We learn this through an investigation of correspondence on his desk.

I am not at liberty to give you full details, but I must inform you that Mr. Pinkwell is being charged with the murder of at least three women in Ontario and Quebec Provinces. It has come into my jurisdiction to find all the facts pertaining to these crimes and other possible crimes committed by Mr. Pinkwell. I tried to contact you on the telephone yesterday, but your editors told me that you have been in Florida for the past six months.

Unable to fly to New York immediately, I despatched this letter by airmail at once. I hope that you will not discuss this matter with anyone until we get in touch with each other. You may consult your legal counsel, however.

It is vitally important that you send us the manuscript submitted by Mr. Pinkwell. We know for certain that this was the full confession of a murderer, and it will be of great value as evidence when the case comes to court. Unfortunately, we were unable to locate a copy of the book, and even if we did, it would not hold up as evidence as well as the original, which presumably is signed.

Please advise as quickly as possible.

Yours very truly,

FOSTER S. MARSHALL,  
Crown Attorney.

Mr. Foster S. Marshall,  
Crown Attorney,  
City of Montreal, Box 19956,  
Quebec, Canada.

Dear Mr. Marshall:

Your letter of two days ago took me by complete surprise. I have been conducting correspondence with Mr. Pinkwell for some time now, and your discovery as to his character leaves me completely at a loss.

Naturally I am always under an obligation to cooperate fully with the law authorities, as I most certainly will in this case. The manuscript, *TRAGEDY IN MY MIND*, is being forwarded to you under separate cover today. Since Mr. Pinkwell's exploits will ring loud and clear in the annals of crime, we have taken the liberty of reproducing the entire text of the book with minute care, so that we will be able to publish it as a true story right away. I have my editors working on the manuscript at this moment, and the book should be at the bookstores shortly after Mr. Pinkwell's case is heard.

I have consulted our legal counsel, and they have informed me that we have every right to go ahead with the publication. The book was forwarded to us with the idea of having it published, and as we had intended all along to do so, there is no legal impediment. I'm sure that you will see our point clearly.

If we can be of any further help to you, our services are fully at your disposal.

Yours very truly,

H. G. KLINKENHOF,  
Publisher.

Mr. Foster S. Marshall,  
Crown Attorney,  
City of Montreal, Box 19956,  
Quebec, Canada.

Dear Mr. Marshall:

For a limited time only, we are offering, as a service to members of the legal profession, a three-volume, exciting and colorful story on the writing career of Morgan S. Winterwater, known around the world for his exploits in the African jungles. We are sending these handsomely-bound volumes to you on approval. If you are not completely satisfied with them, you may return them to us after three days — *with absolutely no obligation*. We are sure that you will enjoy these works, now on special sale to you for the ridiculous price of \$18.98. The price includes shipping and packing.

THE EDITORS,  
EXPLOITATION PRESS.

★ ★ ★

GOVERNMENT OF CANADA — CUSTOMS

To: Foster S. Marshall,

Enclosed: three books, value \$18.98.

Duty: \$3.63, payable upon receipt. Please arrange through local customs office for payment.

Dear Foster:

By golly, it worked! Won't they explode when they find out about our little scheme? I hope you don't get into trouble over the business of calling yourself a crown attorney. I don't think the editors at EXPLOITATION would breathe a word, because they'd look so silly. That was a good idea about using a box number with your mail. Good thing the letters didn't go to a real crown attorney.

As I said before, I'll share the royalties, if any, with you. I've signed the contract with EXPLOITATION, crossing out the part about the payment on my part, and they can do what they want with it. Whether or not I get any money out of the book, at least I got her published!

Now the tables are turned. This is one deal that I'll bet "the editor regrets" for the rest of his life.

Thanks again!

Your old pal,

PINKY.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Foster S. Marshall,  
Crown Attorney,  
City of Montreal, Box 19956,  
Quebec, Canada.

Dear Mr. Marshall:

We are happy to learn that you saw fit to retain the three volumes on the colorful writing career of Morgan S. Winterwater. We expect that you have already sent us your cheque or money order covering the cost.

Perhaps you would also like to look at the companion volumes . . .

# Combines Legislation

—An Examination of Proposed Amendments—

by

L. A. SKEOCH

---

*Rumours of changes to come in Canada's anti-combines legislation raise important questions of public policy concerning price maintenance, collusive agreements and mergers. An expert in the field takes a hard look at these proposals and offers some suggestions.*

---

IN Canada the anti-combines legislation is part of that rather considerable body of laws which almost everyone admires and supports in principle but which many groups are convinced should not apply to the "special circumstances" of their own business or occupations. Special cases undoubtedly exist, although the points of similarity are more numerous than the points of dissimilarity between these sectors of the economy and those that come within the reach of the legislation—particularly in the eyes of those expected to compete. In consequence, there is continuous pressure for extension of the area of exemption. To the slightly cynical first-hand observer it sometimes appears that no one believes in adjustment to changing market circumstances.

Fortunately, this is an exaggerated impression. There are still substantial areas of the economy in which the competitive spirit remains vigorous, even if the business men concerned are too often mute in proclaiming their faith. Certainly anti-combines legislation would not have been passed if belief in the efficacy of competition as the controlling force in the economy had been lacking; or, if passed, it would not be accorded anything more than token enforcement. It should be added that competitive spirit and behaviour can atrophy from disuse and abuse, particularly where the burden of adjustment is concentrated on the competitive industries by those confirmed in non-competitive modes of behaviour.

Perhaps the time has come to meet further requests for the power to eliminate competition—requests based on the argument that other groups already enjoy such immunity—by counter-suggestions that the present legislation be more effectively enforced and that certain sectors of the economy, such as the “regulated industries”, professional associations and some labour groups, be opened to at least a moderate degree of competitive pressure. The government itself could provide some useful leadership in such a reversal of trend by eliminating many of its own practices which directly or indirectly promote monopoly or restrict independent initiative. However, it is not intended to argue here the general case for or against competition. In proposing amendments to the combines legislation the government apparently considers that the changes involve no appreciable departure from the régime of competition; and so this article is concerned with the limited question of the significance of these amendments.

The government has not yet given any clear or detailed statement of the changes which it proposes to make in the legislation. The Minister of Justice did, however, give some “hints” about changes contemplated in a speech to the New York Bar Association on January 28, 1959; “sources close to the government” have also been reported in the press as authority for other proposed changes. It would be unfortunate if, in so important and so complex a matter as combines legislation, an adequate opportunity were not provided for full debate of the issues involved.

The sources of information indicated suggest changes in combines legislation will relate to two general issues; loss-leader selling, and “good” and “bad” combines.

Loss-leader selling, a matter that is never far below the surface of concern in the distributive trades, became the subject of lively, even bitter, debate at the time resale price maintenance was banned in December, 1951, and it has continued to receive more or less continuous attention since that time. The exhaustive study of loss-leader selling by the Combines Branch, culminating in the report by the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, did little to settle the debate, particularly among tobacco distributors, or those engaged in the drug trade and the electrical appliance industry. With the election of the Conservative government, which in opposition had protested vigorously



against the resale price maintenance legislation, the campaign to eliminate the legislation or ban loss-leader selling took on new life. Trade association journals in the distributive trades have recently forecast success in this campaign.

On this issue the argument that is emphasized both in trade association writings and by "sources close to the government" is that legislation banning loss-leader selling is needed to protect the small independent merchant against his large competitor. There is a superficial attractiveness about this argument—we all favour some protection for the weaker party in any contest—which too frequently prevents critical evaluation of it.

It is implicit in this position that resale price maintenance, or a ban on loss-leaders, provides a check on the growth of chain stores or other large distributors. Stated briefly, there is no basis for such a belief. Dean E. T. Grether, who has made very careful studies of resale price maintenance in action in both Great Britain and the United States, reached the following conclusion on this point:

"Thus, in Great Britain it is clear that price maintenance has not made it impossible in the drug and chemical business for large chain systems to grow and thrive. In other words, successful chain-store systems can be established without "loss-leader" price cutting of nationally advertised brands. In fact, the remarkable financial success of the Boots Pure Drug Company lends considerable support to the generalization that price control may benefit rather than handicap chain-store systems. The moral as relating to the problem of the small dealers is that it is well for them not to pin too much faith upon price maintenance as a check to their large competitors. Conversely, judging from American experience, the chains often to appear to have overestimated the gains of 'loss-leader' price cutting . . . ."

It is true, of course, that in the early days of their growth the chains resorted to price cutting on national brands to attract customers. Today they are quite prepared to observe resale prices on national brands while cutting prices on their own widely-known private brands—products, it should be noted, that are not available to the small retailer. This condition does not apply exclusively to the chains; whenever price maintenance on manufacturers' advertised brands puts too much sand in the distributive machine, the aggressive distributor

turns to private brands with a distinctive name and package to lubricate sales. Competition, when checked in one direction, tends to break out in others, although frequently in directions that contribute little to consumer satisfaction. This "rule" is exemplified by the tendency for the array of merchandising services to expand unduly when competition is diverted from price by public or private prohibitions.

The most effective argument against the protective value of price maintenance, or for a ban on loss-leaders, is that such protection will, in most cases, merely encourage a vicious spiral in which profitable and stable margins attract newcomers to the trade, producing an intensified struggle for turnover, new attempts to obtain wider margins, and so on around. This process has been effectively described by Mr. K. C. Johnson-Davies, for years secretary of the Motor Trade Association of Great Britain, an organization which operated a strict price maintenance scheme.

"If, however, the functions of the association are limited to retail price maintenance in the narrower sense, this object will, for this very reason, be defeated.

"It seems reasonable to assume that a static policy of rigid and effective price maintenance will ultimately destroy itself, because the increase in numbers under the price protection umbrella will eventually produce the same low profit and no-profit conditions which arose under price-cutting . . .

"Profit margins, adequate at present, when no longer seriously prejudiced by price-cutting, may easily lose their virtue as a source of livelihood when volume is whittled away between the overabundant dealers. Increased margins offer no solution, for they merely germinate a similarly destructive cycle of reactions.

"The control of numbers in the trade is the crux of the long-run aspect of price and profit protection, and therefore demands the attention of all trade associations . . .

"It follows, therefore, that some form of limitation is to be advocated whereby a control may be exercised on those seeking to enter the retail side of a protected industry. This is by no means novel."

More precisely, the profits of those in the protected trade are maintained in the short-run, whilst in the long-run, if there is ease of entry, larger numbers will be maintained than under competition but very probably at the cost of high rates of turnover. If entry is not

easy, as in the drug store field, where a degree in pharmacy is required, or in the wholesale tobacco trade, where tobacco manufacturers tend to resist the recognition of new wholesalers, the profits resulting from the prohibition of price cutting will be longer maintained, subject to the erosive effect of the cost of increased services used as a competitive device.

The distribution of large electrical appliances constitutes a special case since many sales involve "trade-ins". Here, price maintenance, or a ban on loss-leaders, is likely to prove ineffective without elaborate controls on the valuation of the item taken in trade. To be workable these controls would have to be both onerous and expensive, and in any event have not been employed. Nevertheless, the decline in the numbers of appliance dealers from their post-war peak is currently being adduced by trade journals as evidence of the disastrous impact of Section 34 on the small dealer.

Memories, perhaps inevitably, tend to be short. The issue of July 18, 1953, of the *Hardware and Metal and Electrical Dealer* carried a lengthy report on the problems of the electrical appliance retailer, from which the following sentences are quoted:

"Premiums, Trade-Ins and price cutting are such familiar features of appliance retailing that it might seem unnecessary to bring up the subject again, but from a recent survey conducted among dealers across the country it appears that there has been a change of opinion as to the causes of the chaotic conditions prevailing in the trade. Not so long ago the government's repeal of resale price maintenance was generally considered to be at the root of the trouble . . . In reply to a *Hardware and Metal* questionnaire little or no reference is made to resale price maintenance, the consensus being that, if anything, manufacturers, for one or another reason, must accept the main responsibility for the retail trade's plight.

"Every appliance dealer, or hardware retailer selling appliances, who responded to the request for opinion stated emphatically that there are too many dealers."

The influx of excessive numbers into the trade was the direct result of maintained prices which guaranteed substantial mark-ups during the period of post-war scarcity. To attribute the dealers' difficul-

ties of survival to the ban on price maintenance is surely to confuse cause and effect.

For most categories of retailers it seems clear that the protection promised by prohibitions on price cutting is likely to be temporary at best. To this the dealers might reply that they would be willing to take their chances on the permanency of the protection. But this mistakes the point at issue. If the protection were of a permanent nature, consumers would be justified in insisting on an assessment of the costs to them of the restraint on competition that would be involved. Where the protection is temporary, and essentially wasteful of resources, they can reasonably insist that no such protection be granted.

Finally, the question should be raised as to what degree of price cutting would be prohibited by a ban on loss-leader selling. If only those prices below net invoice cost were proscribed, with the necessary exceptions for perishable products, end-of-season sales, and the like, then few cases would be encountered, and these would be of little interest to the trade associations. The representatives of retailers and wholesalers made it clear in their submissions during the loss-leader inquiry that what was wanted was a prohibition against selling below the average mark-up for the particular trade. The adoption of such a policy—which seems unlikely—would be far more dangerous than repealing the ban on price maintenance since it would be vastly more comprehensive. Resale price maintenance was important in relatively few fields—notably drug products, hardware, jewellery, electrical appliances and tobacco products. Even within these fields, there were manufacturers who failed to maintain the prices of their products, sometimes in the face of considerable pressure from retailers' associations. To impose an "average" mark-up on all items in a given field of distribution would be a big step backward. But it is impossible to determine where to draw the line between net invoice price and the full mark-up.

The difficulties and dangers of attempting to determine the level of a "reasonable" mark-up were clearly demonstrated in what is probably the most ill-advised investigation yet undertaken by the Combines Branch—the Edmonton Wholesale Grocers' case. In this case,

the Director of Investigation and Research undertook to establish that an Edmonton wholesaler was selling cigarettes, chocolate bars and chewing gum at "unreasonably low prices", with the effect of lessening competition and eliminating competitors. Despite the fact that the wholesaler demonstrated that the margins on these items were highly profitable, the case was taken to the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission. The Commission in its report quite properly refused to adopt the Director's view of the matter but the wholesaler could not know this in advance. To quote the report:

"At the conclusion of the Commission hearing in Edmonton on July 29, 1958, it was stated by counsel representing Macdonalds Consolidated Limited that the company intended on August 11, 1958, to change the prices at its Edmonton branch for cigarettes, chocolate bars and chewing gum to the prices which it had in effect prior to January 6, 1958 [the date on which the price reductions were made] and that it hoped that the prices so adopted would become the prevailing prices in the Edmonton territory."

In other words, fear of a combines investigation resulted in the withdrawal of perfectly legitimate price reductions and in a suggestion that the higher prices be adopted generally by the trade. One is obliged to wonder whether the Combines Branch is interested in encouraging or discouraging price competition.

All this is not to argue that the small operator is not entitled to some reasonable degree of protection in a competitive world. The combines legislation is not concerned solely to look after consumers' interests. However, the protection for the small operator, whether distributor or producer, should be found in effective legislation against unfair price discrimination. Given such treatment, he should not expect any further favours on strictly economic grounds. If, for social reasons, it is considered desirable to maintain a small business sector which cannot hold its own in a fair field, then direct assistance, the cost of which can be kept under review, would be much preferable to further controls on competition, for the long-run cost of these will be hidden in waste and in duplication of facilities, and cannot be even approximately estimated.

These considerations touch only one major aspect of the loss-leader issue, an issue that is of basic relevance to the proposed change

in combines legislation. Those who are interested in the further exploration of this topic will find a wealth of information in the Report of the MacQuarrie Committee on resale price maintenance and in the Report of the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission on loss-leader selling. Perhaps one of the most fascinating aspects of the entire loss-leader controversy is the apparent impossibility of identifying precisely what a loss-leader is. Indeed, a perusal of the attempts at definition reported in the material collected by the Director of Investigation and Research in connection with the loss-leader inquiry, suggests the following quotation from *Through the Looking Glass* as the only appropriate comment:

"'Well, not the next day', the Knight repeated as before: 'Not the next day. In fact', he went on holding his head down and his voice getting lower and lower, 'I don't believe that pudding ever was cooked! In fact, I don't believe that pudding ever will be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent.'"

The second area in which the government is reported to be planning changes in combines legislation is that relating to "combines"—particularly collusive agreements and mergers. The Minister of Justice in his New York Bar Association speech, as reported in the press, suggested three changes which "it may be desirable to make".

The first of these would be "to bring some combines to court and seek only a court injunction against their operations instead of full prosecution, conviction and fines". Although it is not clear in what circumstances this injunctive procedure is likely to be employed, there will be widespread support for the change provided its use is limited to cases where the law is unclear, as in price-discrimination cases, or where its use will speed up the handling of cases and thus increase the effectiveness of combines administration. One area to which this latter consideration would apply would be price-collusion cases. The elaborate and prolonged procedure presently employed in handling such cases, each of which requires a report by the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, has demanded that far too large a proportion of anti-combines resources be devoted to this limited area. Anything that can be done to reduce the resources required



for such cases must be considered a major step forward in combines policy.

But the Minister seems to have brought off a not inconsiderable feat by taking a step forward and a step backward at the same time. As a second possible change, the Minister argued that "many co-operative practices which in fact are not harmful but would indeed be beneficial to the public interest, are not followed because businessmen fear they would be subject to criminal prosecution and conviction if they were party to any such arrangements. Exchanges of statistics and agreement on product standards and specifications are given as examples."

This argument has been put forward repeatedly, but it is difficult to find a single example of a combines case in which exchanges of statistics or agreement on product standards were condemned unless they were part of a broader price-fixing arrangement. It is well established, however, that when pressure against direct collusive price agreements becomes heavy, price arrangements tend to shift to other devices—price leadership, statistical systems for allocating market shares, and the like. Among the more rigid (and hence the less desirable) of these are the statistical systems which make it possible to detect, not changes in total production and sales for the industry, but changes in production and sale of the individual members. Such systems can be made particularly effective as devices of market control where a standardized product is produced. If one were obliged to choose between such statistical systems of market sharing and price collusion without market sharing, the latter would almost certainly be preferable, since there would be scope for a good deal of jockeying for market position and for secret price cutting to develop from time to time. The plausible suggestion put forward by the Minister could, in fact, legalize a highly rigid form of market control.

Finally, the Minister suggested that "some mergers might be allowed on the grounds they were essential to achieve savings in production or distribution of goods beneficial to the public and that a 'substantial' degree of competition still remained in the trade."

It is not easy to determine the precise element of novelty in this proposal. A merger is now contrary to the Combines Investigation



Act only if it "has operated or is likely to operate to the detriment or against the interest of the public, whether consumers, producers or others". Mergers which are necessary in order to achieve economies of scale in production or distribution would presumably not fall foul of the Combines Investigation Act even if, as a result of their formation, a "substantial" degree of competition did not remain in the trade. On the other hand, so long as a "substantial" degree of competition remained, it would be a matter of indifference whether the mergers brought about economies of scale or not. As it stands, this last reported "change" in the legislation appears to involve only an interpretation of part of Section 2 of the Act. This interpretation, moreover, is unwisely rigid and restrictive.

On the whole, apart from the proposed use of the injunction, the changes in the combines legislation, as reported in the press, give much cause for concern. It is to be hoped that a full opportunity will be provided the public to explore their implications before changes of such magnitude are undertaken.

# French Writers at Work and at Play

— Ten Days at Royaumont —

by

GABRIEL GERSH

---

*To the intellectual community of France a medieval abbey has long afforded a retreat for reflection and exchange of views. An American writer observes one such conference in its lighter and in its more serious moments.*

---

THE center of international culture at the Abbaye de Royaumont held its ninth annual congress early last summer. Its major event was a ten-day conference on "The Preservation of Literature," attended by most of the younger novelists and poets who count in France, and by a number of foreign delegates. I arrived by bus from Paris, trundling through the sunlit, poplar-lined roads past the sedate, stone villages of the Seine-et-Oise. It is scenery of the calm and meditative sort, very suitable for the peaceful exchange of ideas, and the half-ruined abbey, with its spires and cloisters, still keeps an atmosphere of Cistercian peace and gravity. St. Louis used to make his retreats here and Richelieu came here to rest from politics and court intrigues.

It was late in the afternoon when the bus stopped beside the wide, pearl-grey lake that borders on the grounds. From the gothic windows rose the hum of discussion, for the afternoon *entretien* was in progress. Each day, indeed, a bell — silencing the singing of birds at three o'clock sharp — was to remind us that we were here on business. Then the members of the conference rose up from the grassy lawns where they lay discussing Flaubert or their love lives and repaired to the pillared hall, ready to come to grips with the subject for the day . . . "The Influence of Politics and Philosophy on Literature" (a dangerous subject in a country where political cleavages are profound and differences bitter); "Music and Literature"; "The Short

Story"; "Relationship between Poetry and Prose"; "The Influence of Foreign Literature".

On the afternoon of my arrival, the subject under discussion was: "Will the Novel Survive?" As the majority of the writers present were novelists the debate was lively and well-informed. As I slipped into my seat, a lean young man named Jean Duvigneau, whose first novel, *Quand le Soleil se tait*, has just appeared and is causing a good deal of comment, was saying:

"The interest of the novel lies in the choice that the author has made, the way in which he throws his spotlight on certain moments of life in such a way as to reveal the maximum of their intensity. This intensity can often be obtained by showing the event in a number of different perspectives . . . that is, as viewed by a variety of different temperaments. In this manner it is possible to reveal to the full the concealed lyricism of such moments . . ."

After him André Dhotel, whose delicate and poetic novels belie his dyspeptic appearance, rose to speak of the element of *évasion*, which is for him the essential element of the novel:

"The novel is the realization of the impossible. You see a man riding down the street on a bicycle. Suddenly the bicycle rises in the air, flies away, the rider still pedalling . . . It is the author's task to carry his readers in pursuit of that bicycle."

The bald-headed man, with the secret smile, was Francis Ponge, author of *Le parti pris des choses*. He spoke from the point of view of the poet, suggesting that the novel consists of the quest for a perfect form in which to express an idea, which may be lyric or realistic.

Two Italians, moved by a simultaneous impulse, now began to explain the background of the Italian novel. For a moment there was an uncomfortable feeling that they were going to talk politics. There had been a tendency the previous day, I gathered, to stray from the paths of pure literature and the result had been a bitterly polite argument between the sole Communist present and a poet of Trotskyite tendencies. Marcel Arland, who was the chairman, had smoothed things over, but the incident had made everyone nervous. The Italians did not let us down. With the help of much gesticulation, they spoke in rolling accents of plot technique, but avoided the mention of politics.

On this first day, I was almost stunned by the fluency, the verbal output of the assembled writers. Perhaps it was the fact that so many French writers are teachers, either in schools or universities, that has bred in them this facility in the spoken word. The French intellectual is a rhetorician, assembling his arguments with rapid logic and expressing them in language as choice as that which he would use in his work. This very brilliance of presentation tends, perhaps, to obscure fragilities inherent in the argument, and I found that the most impressive performances sometimes concealed a certain lack of matter. My colleagues at the conference, when I suggested tactfully that this might be so, agreed with disarming readiness. The actual discussions, they admitted, were largely an opportunity for displays of dialectic, for drawing upon oneself the spotlight that consecrates a brilliant young writer in the running for the literary prizes of the Autumn. The real exchange of ideas — the disinterested exchange — took place during the morning walks when we would wander through the forest or drink weak beer in the village *bistro*. Then it was possible to speak with Francis Ponge of the frontiers between reality and fantasy, of the almost imperceptible instant at which prose slides into poetry; to hear from Emilie Noulet what Paul Valéry had told her of the relationship between himself and Monsieur Teste; to hear Raymond Guérin defending the obscenity of *L'Apprenti*, by arguing that the domain of the writer must be totally unrestricted and that nothing which exists must be left unsaid.

It struck me, during these morning wanderings, that the representatives of French culture, thus unloosed in nature, looked a little disarmed, as if lost in hostile surroundings. This seemed to be specially true of the novelists. The poets were dreamier and hardly seemed to notice the presence of so much grass and trees, so that they might almost have been at home in Paris. It was at breakfast time that people were at their brightest, ready to slip into their seats at eight-thirty a.m. with a penetrating remark about the philosophical background of the Cardinal de Retz ready on their lips. By the evening the strain was beginning to tell, but we played clever games relentlessly until midnight. A favourite was that in which two players, representing each a character in fiction and unaware of each other's identity,

started a conversation. He who first guessed the other's identity had won the game; if the audience guessed first it was a draw. There were also charades of a sternly literary character, in which one had to guess that a certain mime represented Kafka's *Castle* or Claudel's *Satin Slipper*. Only a few bad characters slipped away after dinner for a drink at the Lion d'or.

The chief dissidents in this unremittingly cerebral atmosphere, were the representatives of the youngest generation — Marcel Bisiaux and the team that produces the interesting little revue "84". All under thirty, all taciturn and resolutely anarchic, they reacted violently against the "writer-professor" type of their elders and were determined to earn their living by writing alone. As this is practically impossible in France, they were apt to be worried and aggressive. Their state of mind seemed to me to vary between the disinterested and the disgruntled. During the discussions they maintained a rather sullen silence, as if to protest that our approach to literature was meaningless to them. When appealed to directly they were apt to reply with the air of one tossing a hand grenade into an enemy stronghold, but uncertain whether it will go off. During the discussion, for instance, on the connection between music and writing, the chairman appealed directly to Marcel Bisiaux for the point of view of writers in their twenties . . .

Answer: Music does not concern us. We are not interested, at least in regard to our own art, which is literature. (Cries of protest. "What about Bach?" asks someone.)

Answer: Bach crushes us. We want to be left alone with words, which are our own material.

On the whole, this group of young writers — fairly representative, since they are all protégés of Arland, Jean Paulhan and, in general, of the powerful publishing firm of Gallimard — seemed to constitute a reaction against intellectualism. Perhaps they are nearer than their elders to the English conception of the place of the writer in society. Perhaps, too, they are more tinged with the backwash of Surrealism than they would care to admit.

I think everyone admired the way in which Marcel Arland contrived to keep the discussions as smooth as possible for ten whole

days in spite of the disparate element of the conference. He is chiefly known for the important novel *L'Ordre* which he published in 1930, and for his many years as chief literary critic of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Now he is one of the chief pillars of the Maison Gallimard, and thus exercises a good deal of influence in the world of letters. He has a perfectly round, bright pink face and an intimidating manner and was treated with tremendous deference by the younger members.

On the last day of the conference, Marcel Arland told us a story which he had discovered in the manuscript of an eleventh century sermon, unearthed among the records of the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. It seemed to all of us both so charming and so important, that it is perhaps worth quoting *in extenso*:

"A monk was reading in his cell, when a bird of bright and beautiful plumage flew through the window and alighted on his bed. When the monk rose and would have taken it in his hands, it slipped from him and disappeared again through the window.

"The monk left his cell and, going out into the grounds, found the bird, which seemed to be awaiting him. It flew slowly before him and the monk followed it some way into the woods, where it flew into a tree and there began to sing in such exquisite strains that the man forgot everything in the delight of listening.

"Presently the bird ceased singing and the monk turned to retrace his steps to the abbey. After a little while, it seemed to him that the landscape had altered in certain ways, but his head was full of the song and he paid little attention. When he arrived at the gates, a porter, whose face he did not recognize, barred his passage and refused him entry.

"'What does this mean?' asked the monk, 'I am Brother Ambroise, and I live in this abbey.'

"'There is no brother of that name here,' said the porter.

"'Nor do I know you,' said the monk angrily. 'Where is the porter, Brother Clément?'

"'There is no porter of that name,' was the reply.

"'Bring out the Abbot, then. He will tell you that I have lived here for many years.'

"When the Abbot came, the monk saw that he was as strange to him as the porter had been. Nevertheless, he began to explain his case, naming the Abbot he had known, and a number of the monks. The Abbot then said to him:

"I recognize all these names, but they belonged to men who lived in this abbey three hundred years ago."

"The singing of the bird had been so beautiful that the listening monk had been plunged into rapture for three hundred years, which had passed like a few minutes."

The bird — which, for those who had heard that old sermon, must have symbolized the joy of religious meditation — had become in the allegory of Marcel Arland, the quality of style which draws the reader in its train, making him forgetful of all but its perfection.

It would be nice to leave it at that, for the monk and his bird are surely the most fitting end-piece possible for an account of ten days given over to the imagination and the intellect. However, neat and congruous endings are few, and in real life it is the *queue de poisson* or the anti-climax that rounds off most of our experiences . . .

On this last afternoon, then, we visited the Château de Chantilly, which houses the Condé Museum, with its famous collection of paintings and miniatures. The museum was closed at the time, but we were admitted by special favour of the director. Everybody was in good spirits. We were met at the entrance by a guide with a powerful *auvergnat* accent, but he was quickly submerged in the surge of some fifty intellectuals, all stimulated by the prospect of a couple of hours spent in confronting a rival art. Occasionally the poor man's voice could be heard, desperately trying to recite his set piece about the Connétable Anne de Montmorency or the history of the panelling, but it was soon drowned by inspired aesthetic parallels . . .

"The line of this Ingres drawing reminds me of the passage in which Proust . . ."

"One detects in the painting of Géricault something of the Balzacian approach to contemporary society . . ."

And so on, from room to room, from Botticelli to Poussin, from Delacroix to Renoir. The guide had given up hope and followed in grim silence as Marcel Arland swept his flock toward the Miniature Room.



We were examining the portraits of the Ducs d'Aume when a larger and fiercer guide entered, bedecked with epaulettes and medals, and accompanied by our own guide, who wore the grimly happy expression of one who is about to get his own back. The bemedalled guide clapped his hands to draw our attention, then announced portentously that the valuable silk cover of a sofa in one of the rooms had been barbarously damaged by one of our members.

We followed him to the scene of the crime and contemplated in crushed silence a very small tear near the seam at the arm. The culprit was then invited to own up.

After a moment's deathly hush, a successful young novelist — whom we will call X in view of the circumstances — admitted that he had leaned against the sofa in order to get a better view of a Delacroix battle scene, and that the silk had split under his hand. He produced his card, bearing the mention of an impressive position at the Foreign Office and added hastily that he was prepared to pay for any repairs considered necessary.

"That is all very fine," said the guide, "but a sofa has been damaged and Monsieur Arland, as leader of the party, is responsible for your conduct . . ."

Marcel Arland is not a patient man. Apoplectically he commenced the recital of his chief works, the associations of which he is a member, a long list of his claims to fame. The guide contemplated him with a face of granite, waited for him to finish, then remarked woodenly:

"That is all very well, but a sofa is a sofa."

The director now arrived on the scene and concurred in this summing-up of the situation. He was a peppery old gentleman who evidently disliked writers as a class, or at least writers who disturbed his holiday. We were lectured on our behaviour and treated to his own views on people who had no respect for art treasures. We were one as bad as the other, we were given to understand, and quite unfit to be trusted in any museum. X — now looking about two feet tall — stood apart and forgotten, still protesting pathetically that he was an important civil servant, a distinguished novelist, and that he was ready to pay.

"Sir," said the director, turning upon him suddenly, "you do not appear to comprehend the situation. A sofa is a sofa!"

We trailed out in silence and, until we were well out of the grounds, not a word was said about Proust or Gide.

On the whole, and after time for reflection, it occurs to me that this story is just as moral as the story told by Marcel Arland earlier in the day. Everything is relative, it seems, even the importance of literature.

## NO FACE

*by*

JOHN DAVID HAMILTON

I have been looking into the face of the faceless  
And I am appalled by what I did not see  
Including pity terror and cruelty;

I wonder

who maimed this Image of God.

Whether it was the sociologist

The anthropologist

Or simply

The Mass.

There is something I cannot understand:

There is a saying:

"Give me a place to stand and I will move the world."

But the anthropologist and the economist

And the population trends analyst

Do not believe that they should try to move the world.

They point to trends.

The world is falling

Falling upon us.

The scientist reports it. That is his function.

That; and nothing more.

For God's sake is there not one man who will say:

"I stand against the falling world?"

"I.

"I alone.

"I stand.

"I do not adjust. I am not made

"For Massification, Suburbanization or Salaryization.

"I stand for me.

"I may not stop the falling world

"Or move it

"But here I stand."

I have not seen him

But I think he has a face.

# The Dilemma Of Greater Leisure

— Threat or Opportunity? —

by

PETER C. NEWMAN

---

*Accelerated automation in industry holds the immediate promise of further progressive reductions in the time devoted to earning a living. How will our time be spent in the new Age of Leisure? The author seeks an answer in an examination of trends already visible.*

---

ONLY a hundred years ago, man struggled for a little time to see the sun without having to squint at it through factory and office windows. Unless our recent elbowing into heaven culminates in an exchange of nuclear missiles, Canadians now stand at the edge of an age when scientific achievements will be rewarded by a spectacular increase in leisure time.

To some this represents an opportunity and a dream. To others it is a threat and a nightmare. But we can't escape it. Assembly line techniques gave us the current forty-hour week; no less inevitably will automation of our productive processes bring the thirty-hour week.

The multiplication of leisure time could introduce a fresh way of life. The frets of work would no longer dominate the emotional landscape of our waking hours. The ownership of free time would become more satisfying than the possession of things. On the other hand, the extra free time might create a fallow pattern of living, characterized by the national collapse of Canadians before their television sets, occupied mainly with the doctoring of new martini formulas.

The leisure we already have poses the problem of escape from boredom. The signs are all around us — reflected cheerfully in the galloping sales of hunting and fishing licenses, pleasure boats, golf clubs, tennis rackets, sports cars and aqua lungs, and somewhat less cheerfully in multiplying alcoholism and mental illness. Some Canadians enjoy their spare time; others find it boring and oppressive.

"Many Canadians", says Claude T. Bissell, President of the University of Toronto, "have difficulty in accepting the gift of self-directed time, and fill their leisure with massive extra-curricular activities that create as many tensions as their work". The full consequences are unpredictable, but the trend is certain.

Working time has been shrinking at a rate of about two-and-a-half hours per decade since 1900, when most Canadians laboured six ten-hour days a week. The free Saturday afternoon began to appear at the end of World War I. Imperial Oil, in 1932, was the first major Canadian Corporation to introduce the five-day week, as a share-the-work depression measure. Nine out of ten working Canadians — twice as many as ten years ago — now have the five-day week. Quebecers generally work the country's longest hours; British Columbians the shortest.

After cross-examining experts in every field, the Gordon Commission concluded that the thirty-four hour week will be spread throughout the non-farm Canadian economy by 1980 although some industries will be down to thirty weekly hours long before that. Canada's union executives, claiming that automation will breed unemployment unless the available work is spread around through shorter hours, have placed the winning of the reduced work-week (with the same or more takehome pay) at the top of their current bargaining agendas.

The weekend, set at one day by the Fourth Commandment, will for at least part of the working lives of the twelve million Canadians now under forty, become a three-day weekly vacation. "We think the four-day week is practical and is coming very quickly", says George Burt, Canadian Director of the United Auto Workers.

If the rate of shift from work to fun over the past century were to continue during the next hundred years, Canadians, by 2059, would be working less than fifteen hours a week. But those who have studied the implications of such a compressed working life doubt that shop and office time will drop much below twenty-five hours a week. "Man", says Stuart Chase, "is, among other things, a biological machine designed for work". Some social scientists foresee a swing toward the folk-society technique of integrating labour and leisure

in an irregular harvest-and-fiesta pattern. "Work and play", says Professor E. C. Hendry of the School of Social Work at the University of Toronto, "will no longer be in tanks separated by watertight bulk-heads".

Dr. Bissell points out that "leisure in itself is simply a period of time, and is neither an evil, as puritan zealousness has averred, nor a pure gold, as some soft Utopian philosophers have declared". The mentally productive use of leisure time has already become a serious national dilemma. Research by Dr. D. O. Hebb, Chairman of the Department of Psychology at McGill University, has demonstrated that people become inattentive, careless and irritable not because their minds have been overworked, but because they haven't been worked enough. "We have found that boredom is a malady itself", Dr. Hebb concluded. "To help relieve his boredom, man has invented games which purposely place him in dangerous and puzzling situations".

Canadians now wash away some of their leisure-time tensions by gurgling down an unbelievable billion dollars' worth of hard liquor a year. Our per capita beer consumption has more than doubled during the past decade to become the world's seventh highest. This country's rate of alcoholism has jumped twenty percent since World War II. Every fiftieth Canadian is now an alcoholic. By quite a wide margin, the largest portion of our off-work waking hours is spent slouched in front of the TV set. J. A. Ouimet, President of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, estimates that every person in Canada's two-and-a-half million television-equipped households watches an average of three hours a day.

For some Canadians increased leisure will merely mean more television-viewing time. But for most of us, and certainly for most of our children, the shrinking work week will have much more weighty implications, including significant changes in the character of this country's political life. Dr. R. E. G. Davis, Executive Director of the Canadian Welfare Council, predicts that clerical and industrial workers, previously kept out of politics by their occupational demands, will provide many more of our MLA's and MP's, for they will enjoy

the biggest cut in working time. The professional groups, busier than ever, will decline in political importance.

The national pursuit of recreation will eventually become so intense that some form of leisure legislation will become necessary. The Canadian Conference of Education, held in Ottawa in 1958, advocated the establishment of a federal Ministry of Leisure. The responsibilities of such a department would probably parallel those of similar European organizations.

France has a Secretariat of Leisure which subsidizes and coordinates amateur sports, sponsors hobby exhibitions, and helps to finance arts. Norway has a State Office for Athletics. Germany has replaced its Nazi-inspired "Strength Through Joy" movement which once chartered Mediterranean luxury liners for the spare-time pleasures of party members, by a Ministry of Family Affairs, responsible, among other things, for the distribution of advice on leisure activity. British Columbia set a North American precedent last spring, by appointing Earle Westwood, a Nanaimo undertaker, as its first Minister of Recreation.

The provision of leisure facilities will gradually become a major concern of Canadian municipal administrations. "By 1980", says Walter Herbert, director of the Canada Foundation, "Canadian municipalities will become deeply involved in the business of catering to cultural and recreational needs". He forecasts that within two decades, Canadian cities may be operating five hundred large swimming pools, eleven thousand tennis courts and twenty-two outdoor theatres. Another municipal-provincial impact of extra leisure will be the new highway construction required to accommodate the multiplication expected in Canadian car ownership and travel. The Gordon Commission, in a recent study of the Canadian automotive industry, predicts that by 1980 nearly one out of three Canadians will own a car, compared with just under one in six now. Without the accompanying invention of a spectacular safety device, this will at least triple the highway death rate, currently running at a daily nine.

The fact that automation techniques will allow a reduced proportion of the country's workers to turn out goods in much larger quantities is being used by the unions to justify their battle for the



reduced week. "Shorter working hours are inevitable if the machine is to remain the slave of man", says Claude Jodoin, President of the Canadian Labour Congress. Labour leaders contend that the Canadian economy can only be held in balance if workers get their share of automation's benefits through more cash and more time to spend it. In a situation where one worker can produce more than several consumers can use, they claim, more leisure is essential for employees to practice the arts of consumption. But cost-conscious corporation executives insist that labour is demanding too much too fast, placing dangerous inflationary pressure on business. "The savings made possible by technological improvements have not caught up with the steadily rising cost of human labour", says Theodore J. Emmert, executive Vice-President of the Ford Motor Company of Canada. "Any further increase in cost, resulting from paying for labour that isn't performed, could only be an added burden for the industry and for the consumer".

Despite management objections, labour is already reducing its week below the accepted forty-hour standard. The six-hour day now touches some of our printing trades. One in ten unionized Canadian office workers works thirty-five hours a week or less. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union in Winnipeg recently signed a contract for a 37½-hour week by 1960. The International Association of Machinists and the United Steel Workers have approved convention resolutions demanding five six-hour days a week.

Not all occupational groups will have or want shorter hours. Fishermen and farmers will likely continue their present sunup to sundown labours. Business executives may not be able to disengage themselves any further from the decision-laden obsessions of their work. School children, if homework time is included, are already working longer hours than most of their parents. This imbalance, fantastic as it appears, will grow much more pronounced.

Faced by increasingly tough demands for less working time, some businessmen may decide that the most economical solution is the six-day operating week, with employees on staggered three-day weekends. This would offset part of the extra labour costs by an extra day's utilization of company machinery, buildings and trucks. M. M. Sumner,

the head of a large Windsor printing plant, leads a movement among Canadian management men advocating a dramatic substitute: keeping a forty-hour week, but granting workers a sabbatical leave of six paid months off every seven years. "For some industries", says Sumner, "this would not only deal with the problem of overproduction of machines and the unemployment of men, but would also allow employees gradually to re-educate themselves in their skills and occupations". Another alternative is to shorten the working year through lengthened vacations. Two-thirds of Canadian industrial employees already get three-week holidays with pay after various periods of service.

In addition to the coming compression of daily, weekly and annual hours, our total working life will gradually become much shorter. We will stay in school longer — the Canadian Chamber of Commerce predicts that current university enrollment will double by 1965—and the average retirement age will slowly slip down to fifty. The administration of corporate pension schemes, which already account for an investment portfolio of nearly a billion-and-a-half dollars, will become one of Canada's major financial businesses.

Most union executives scoff at the assumption of some social scientists that their members don't have the background for using to good advantage the added leisure gained by earlier retirement and shorter working hours. "The argument that workers do not know what to do with their time off is indefensible", says Cleve Kidd, Canadian Research Director of the United Steel Workers. "Our people have been able to develop much better habits of life as they have gone from the seventy to the forty-hour work week".

Organized labour is determined to prevent workers from spending their newly liberated hours in second jobs. "We discourage all our members from holding more than one job, and in some locals enforce this attitude with disciplinary action", says Neil Reimer, Canadian Director of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International. Unionists advocate federal legislation against moonlighting, as the practice of holding more than one job has become known, because it narrows employment opportunities, and sometimes has unfortunate social consequences.

Canadians now spend their spare time expensively, if not always usefully. Leisure-time activities last year cost an estimated three billion dollars. Our growing leisure has also been reflected by multiplication in the numbers and assortment of club activities. The astonishing club loyalty of some Canadians showed up recently in an elaborate, hand-sewn design for a new national Canadian flag, submitted to the Department of State in Ottawa by a Hamilton businessman. (The prototype featured a large Rotary Club emblem on a blue background, because the designer felt this expressed the best in Canadian life!) Prince George, B.C., is typical, with ten service clubs, a Flying Saucer Watchers' Club, an Astronomers' Club, and recently an Outer Space Club. Dancing schools used to serve mainly as a chapter in the finishing process of well-heeled boys and girls. Now twice as many students as are enrolled in all Canadian universities, are taking lessons in everything from the waltz to the Lancashire clog hop and the grapewine twist. The added free time we already have has brought the hobby shop, a new type of retail establishment, to the main streets of most of our cities.

The current leisure fad with the most adherents is the do-it-yourself impulse released by Canadians in their basements and garages. Do-it-yourself plans are now available for log cabins, gymnasiums, gas stoves, igloos and barn roofs. Simpson-Sears Limited has a full-time staff of eight handling catalogue orders for do-it-yourself plumbing installations. Peter Whittall, the CBC's "Mr. Fixit" claims a television audience of a million-and-a-half for his half-hour Saturday evening program, including, he says: "Apartment dwellers who can't possibly have a workshop and won't ever build things, but like to create recreation rooms in the air".

Probably the most popular project of the basement artisans is the assembling of boat kits. The collapsed, unpainted vessels cost half of the put-together product. Last summer Arthur Leadbeater was fined in a Toronto Magistrate's court after his neighbour, Robert Kinnimouth, complained that he had made an unreasonable racket while building a dinghy in his garage. "It's my way of life", Leadbeater indignantly told the court. "Some people go down to the beer houses; I stay at home and build sailboats". Boating, once the pastime

of millionaires, has since the war become a national sport of such proportions that Canada now has the highest ratio of part-time seadogs in the world. One Canadian in twenty owns some kind of pleasure boat. The sale of outboard motors has leaped a fantastic 684% since 1948. To increase the cruising fun of the boating enthusiasts the B.C. Government is planning the construction of "marinas" — protected anchorages with outdoor fireplaces and running water—along the Pacific coast and around some of the inland lakes. Canada's small boats armada is gradually acquiring many of the fun outlets available to automobile drivers. At the Grand Bay Drive-In at Martinon, N.B., a three-hundred seat dockside grandstand has been built to accommodate the salty movie-goers.

The hypnotic effect of television has closed more than two hundred downtown Canadian theatres since 1950, but the number of drive-ins has simultaneously increased from six to 230. A special spray has been invented for rainstorms, so that patrons don't have to watch Jayne Mansfield through windshield wipers. While TV has trapped many Canadians in living room armchairs, the appeal of the outdoor has not diminished. The number of Canadian bird watchers has doubled in the past five years. Last fall more than eight hundred thousand hunters—twice as many as ten years ago—shot at animals and each other. Dr. Eugene Grasberg of the University of New Brunswick estimates that anglers now contribute twice as much money to the province's economy as commercial fishermen, despite the disproportionately larger catch of the professionals.

Canada's newest outdoor pastime is parachute jumping. Members of the four sky diving clubs already operating — one each in Kingston and Merriton, Ont., and two in Vancouver — try to control their free descent from aircraft before opening their parachutes at the strategic moment, to try and hit the ground as close as possible to a predetermined point. Last summer Vancouver airport officials objected when Phyllis Miller, a thirty-year-old stenographer and only woman member of the Vancouver Parachute Club wanted to use their runways for a jump. "They seemed to look on it as a weird idea. I don't see why they're so squeamish", Phyllis complained and jumped at nearby Sumas instead.

Despite such mad new fads, the old game of golf still prompts the fiercest loyalty among its half-million Canadian participants. This was most apparent at the Edmonton Golf and Country Club, in March 1948, when an oil strike came in two miles southwest of the clubhouse. Several oil firms made large bids for the 420-acre course but the golfers voted not to let such mundane matters interfere with their game. After three years of argument the club executive agreed to allow some drilling in the rough, where only duffers who play far off the fairways would find the derricks a hazard. Edmonton Country Club No. 1 was spudded on Nov. 27, 1951. (The oil struck at 4,100 feet was not enough to warrant further exploration.)

But extra leisure has also meant rising interest in cultural activities. Fifty years ago projects like the Stratford Festival — attended so far by three-quarters of a million Canadians — would not have been possible, because not enough people had enough free time. "There is an encouraging growth of interest and activity in many if not all the major arts in Canada", concluded Dr. A. W. Trueman, Director of the Canada Council, after a recent cross-country tour. Certainly Canada is becoming a more musical country: amateur musicians last year bought instruments (including ten new harps) worth eighteen million dollars — just double the annual sales of a decade ago. Canadians rank only behind the British and French in the world per capita book reading tabulations of UNESCO. We also read fourteen million magazines a year and four million newspapers a day. The idea of terminal education is gradually disappearing as more and more Canadians are continuing their studies after graduation from high school or university.

This kind of enthusiasm will become increasingly essential as new factory and office machines drain creative pleasure from the working lives of more and more Canadians. "In a mechanized society", says Dr. R. E. G. Davis of the Canadian Welfare Council, "personality development must come through leisure time activities". Our ancestors glorified constant work, relating leisure to fox hunting and falconry. Now, we have all become candidates for the "leisure class" which they derided; soon we will have not only more leisure for more pleasant living, but a great deal more free time than we will know

how to kill. The manner in which we utilize this extra leisure could either vitalize or destroy our society. "It doesn't take a psychologist," said Clifton Fadiman recently, "to predict that if we try to fill our newly gained leisure by gawking at television's crooners, we will as a people, go quietly or noisily nuts".

# Restriction of Output in Canada's Oil Industry

— An American View —

by

HUGH G. J. AITKEN

---

*The import restrictions recently announced by the United States government have been met in Canada by expressions of official concern. In this closely-reasoned analysis, an American expert comments on these import quotas in their relation to the total position of the industry.*

---

**S**HUT-IN production is nothing new in the history of the Canadian oil industry. In the past, however, it has been caused primarily by the absence of transportation outlets to carry western Canada crude to markets outside the prairie provinces. This lack no longer exists: the Transmountain pipeline furnishes Alberta crude to British Columbia, the Pacific Northwest and northern California; the Inter-provincial pipeline serves Ontario as far east as Toronto as well as refineries in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. Restriction of output in the oil fields of western Canada now reflects not inadequate transportation facilities but price competition with oil from other sources.

The appearance of this problem could have been, and in fact was foreseen. It is implicit in the geographical location of Canada's principal oil deposits. Located far from ocean transportation, western Canada crude relies on pipelines to reach the refineries. At these refineries it meets the competition of crude from fields in the United States and — more important — in overseas countries. Its ability to compete in terms of price depends first on the relative cost of transportation from well-head to refinery and second on the relative cost of finding and lifting oil. In both these respects Canadian crude is seriously handicapped as compared with oil from Indonesia, Venezuela and the Middle East.

Canadian oil has certain "protected" markets in which it has a decided advantage, primarily for locational reasons. These are the



local market in the prairie provinces, the small but growing market in the Yukon and the District of Mackenzie, and the market in southern Ontario. British Columbia is currently using Canadian oil exclusively; over the long run, however, it must be classed as debatable ground since refineries in that area (and also in the Pacific Northwest and California) can secure oil from overseas sources if the price differential favours that decision. Much depends on the level of tanker freights, which tend to fluctuate sharply, but much also depends on the comparative cost of finding and producing oil in other parts of the world. In the absence of government intervention, a refinery in British Columbia or the State of Washington will draw its crude from the cheapest source, provided the technical difficulties of switching the refinery from one crude to the other are not too serious. This will in general be true no matter what the pattern of corporate ownership; competitive pressures make it an expensive business to stick with a more expensive crude when cheaper sources are available. Similarly the North Central area of the United States is a doubtful market. Shielded in this area from overseas crude, Canadian oil nevertheless has to meet competition from domestic sources in the United States and expansion of sales is a matter of close competitive pricing. The Montreal area and the Maritimes are at the time of writing not a market for Canadian crude at all, since their refineries can secure their inputs more cheaply from Venezuela or, if necessary, from other overseas sources.

In non-protected markets Canadian crude competes at the refinery with other sources of supply on the basis of price and to a minor extent on the basis of quality. Testimony given recently to the Borden Commission, for example, makes it clear that Canadian crude cannot compete with Indonesian crude at Californian refineries, at present levels of tanker freights. California, a state with no oil conservation laws, supplies most of its demand at present from intra-state sources; the margin is drawn from whatever source can deliver a suitable crude most cheaply. At present that source is Sumatra. Refineries in the Puget Sound and Vancouver areas are confronted with similar options and will make their decision on the same basis.

The ability of Canadian crude to compete with imported oil at refineries having access to tanker supplies depends on the costs that

must be borne to find, lift and deliver oil from western Canada to those refineries. Pipeline tariffs vary approximately as a function of distance and are, from the point of view of the individual producer, a fixed cost that he can do nothing to change. Costs of finding and lifting oil depend upon such geophysical factors as the size and structure of the oil reservoirs and the amount of reservoir pressure, and also on "institutional" factors such as the cost of oil leases, the level of royalty payments, and the return on capital regarded as reasonable, proper and necessary in that area. This last factor — the return on capital regarded as appropriate — is reflected in the well-head price at any given field and usually is related to the costs of marginal producers in that field. Conservation regulations, where they are in effect, accept total market demand as a datum and allocate that total among all producers in the form of economic allowances. These economic allowances are in effect production quotas adjusted so as to yield to every producer a return sufficient to meet operating costs and yield a reasonable return on investment. If there still remains, after the allocation of economic allowances, any difference between the total of such allowances and the estimated market demand for the field in question, this is "pro-rated" among all producers in that field in proportion to their maximum production rates as determined by engineering formulae. Conservation regulations of this sort, then, serve to prevent competitive price cutting by individual producers. Total market demand (at some going or desired price level) is taken as given and apportioned quantitatively among producing wells. In effect, since production quotas are set so as to yield a reasonable rate of return on every producing well in the field, the marginal producer is preserved at the cost of maintaining a set price for the oil which that field produces. This introduces a further element of rigidity into the price structure.

It must be emphasized, despite general impressions to the contrary, that the current cause of shut-in production in the oil fields of western Canada is not the system of import quotas recently instituted in the United States. Evidence of this lies in the fact that, during the first year the quota system was in operation, crude oil imports from Canada were substantially less than the amounts permitted by the quotas. Exports of Canadian crude to the United States

are at present limited not primarily by the interference of the United States government but by the inability of Canadian supplies to compete with imported and domestic crude at many United States refineries. The limiting factor is not the neo-mercantilist device of import quotas but the operation of the price system. As far as the United States as a whole is concerned, Canadian oil is a marginal source of supply. This is not because it is Canadian: it is because other parts of the world can supply oil more cheaply. For a number of the larger United States oil companies, indeed, investment in Canadian reserves has been primarily a matter of hedging investments in the Middle East.

Precisely the same problem as now afflicts the Canadian oil industry hit the United States oil industry several years ago, though its impact was temporarily obscured by the Suez crisis. In that country the problem is if anything more acute because many United States oil fields are old and nearing depletion and because the cost of finding and developing new oil reserves is higher than it is in Canada (and much higher than in the Middle East and Indonesia). It is nonsense to say that the United States is running out of oil; the correct statement is that the incremental cost of finding new oil reserves in that country is very high, relative to other parts of the world. The cost of finding new oil reserves in Canada is less than in the United States, but in this country too it is very high by world standards. Recent estimates set the cost of finding and developing a barrel of oil at about \$1.50 in the United States and 95 cents in Canada, as compared with 21 cents in Venezuela and 20 to 30 cents in the Middle East. Both Canada and the United States are confronted with essentially the same problem. Texas is no less afflicted with shut-in production than Alberta.

In the United States the reaction was the restriction of crude oil imports by a scheme which, until recently, was "voluntary" in the sense that the importing companies were asked rather than compelled to restrict their imports to the extent the government wished. The threat of direct government intervention, however, was obvious from the first. The objective of this scheme was not to conserve American oil reserves but to conserve the American oil industry, and in particular the so-called "independent" companies that lacked the world-wide

sources of supply available to the "majors". The hope was that restriction of imports would make a large share of the domestic market available to domestic producers, and that this would maintain the rate of exploration and development and thus — as the President's special Cabinet Committee expressed it — preserve a "dynamic mobilization base". Justification of the scheme was expressed largely in terms of national defence and security. As far as imports from the Middle and Far East were concerned there was something to this argument, but it made little sense as applied to Canada. Application of restrictive quotas to all oil imports, no matter what the source, reflected primarily the political power of the domestic "independents" and their desire to bolster oil prices in a period of slack demand.

It now seems not unlikely, in the absence of another Suez crisis or a very substantial rise in the world demand for oil, that Canada will follow the example of the United States and impose oil import quotas of her own. Certainly current discussion of the feasibility of a crude oil pipeline east from Toronto to Montreal makes little sense except in combination with some kind of import restriction scheme. The Montreal refineries currently draw their crude from Venezuela by way of the pipeline from Portland, Maine. Alberta crude cannot compete with imports in this market, given current well-head prices in the producing fields, unless either the movement of crude east from Toronto to Montreal is subsidized by the government or — what amounts to the same thing — the importation of Venezuelan crude is seriously restricted. There is no doubt that, by some such measure, the market for Canadian crude would be substantially enlarged and shut-in production on the prairies somewhat reduced, at least temporarily. There may be political advantages in this, as there were in the case of the American import quotas. The economic advantages are less clear.

It may be well to point out that there are other possible courses of action. These may be less attractive, but they should at least be considered. One is the acceptance of a lower well-head price by producers in western Canada; this would entail a slower rate of exploration and development and probably financial difficulties for the higher-cost producers. Another is the abandonment of pro-rationing. Pro-

rationing is a form of restriction and allocation of output very much like a cartel. It limits and apportions production and maintains a more or less stable market price. From the point of view of oil producers it has many advantages, particularly in fields with a multiplicity of owners, obviating a morass of legal entanglements regarding rights of capture. But there can be little doubt that it protects the marginal producer and sets a floor under the price at which oil can be delivered from any given field. The question whether the western Canada oil industry is in the present state of the world market over-expanded — whether the speculative boom of the last eleven years has not overshoot the mark — deserves serious consideration. Economic theory gives no warrant for believing that every enterprise or every oil well, once it enters production, is entitled to a rate of return sufficient to cover its costs. Nor does the national interest necessarily require government subsidies to maintain a price high enough to yield that rate of return. The abandonment of pro-rationing — which does not mean the abandonment of conservation in the sense of exploiting oil reservoirs by the best known engineering practices — might cause considerable temporary distress, particularly to the smaller independents; but it would at least serve to squeeze out the marginal high-cost producers and leave the industry as a whole in a healthier state to resume expansion when expansion becomes economically attractive.

Restriction of oil output in western Canada is maintained by the provincial government of Alberta through its conservation board. The construction of the pipeline to Montreal and the restriction of imports that must accompany it will be the responsibility of the federal government. It is probably completely visionary to conceive of the Alberta government acting in a manner certain to cause violent protests from the most vocal sector of the province's industry. But Canadians should at least be aware, if and when the federal government sponsors the Montreal pipeline, of the process by which this intervention has been made to seem necessary. The contemporary problems of the oil industry in western Canada have very little to do with the import quotas of the United States; they have even less to do with the dominant rôle played in the industry by subsidiaries of United States corporations. Basic to the situation are, first, the loca-

tion of Canada's oil reserves in the continental hinterland remote from water transportation, and, second, the practice of pro-rationing output in the interests of "orderly marketing" and the preservation of marginal producers. Restriction of imports in central Canada, and abandonment of restriction of output in western Canada are, in the short run, alternative solutions to the problem. Restriction of imports will entail higher prices to the consumer but will maintain the revenues of the producers. Abandonment of restriction of output will reduce revenues to the higher-cost producers but will obviate raising prices to the consumer. In the long run, barring the interruption of supplies from the Middle East, Indonesia and Venezuela by war, Canada's oil industry can attain healthy growth only by serving the markets in which it has some positive locational advantages. Such markets at present are the prairie provinces themselves and the peninsula of southern Ontario as far east as Toronto and perhaps Kingston. Access to markets in British Columbia, the Pacific Northwest and California depends on the level of tanker freights and the well-head price acceptable in Alberta. Sales in the Minneapolis - St. Paul area depend on United States import policy and the well-head price acceptable to producers in the Mid-continent fields.



# Man Of God

— A Short Story —

*by*

NORMA JEAN BECK

THERE was a springiness in Bradley Aden's step as he walked along Main Street, bestowing hearty greetings on nearly everyone he met. His Golden Retriever walked beside him obediently at heel. They made a nice picture, the handsome young parson and his pedigreed dog.

It was wonderful what an interest Bradley took in everyone, calling people by name and insisting that they call him Bradley, knowing just the right thing to say to each of them, and listening sympathetically to their versions of disagreements with their neighbours. Not at all like his predecessor — a colourless man, shabby as a singed cat, who frequently pointed out to his parishioners that they were as much in the wrong as the neighbour about whom they were complaining.

And it wasn't only the ladies who liked Bradley the moment they met him. The men too felt the power of his personality; even those who had never set foot in a church would say, "Now there's a man I could talk things over with. He'd see things my way."

As for the teenagers, you'd think he was one of them, joining them for a soda at the drug store after school, using their jargon, arranging dances and parties for them in the Parish Hall. "Bradley doesn't seem at all like a minister," they enthused. No wonder the Young People's Union at his church flourished, while those of the other churches dwindled. "You're welcome here no matter what denomination you belong to," he told them all broadmindedly.

Bradley was happily married, which made Mrs. Peterson's complaint against him all the more ridiculous. Not that she made an issue of it, but she did seem to resent the fact that her thirteen-year-old daughter, Emily, had such a crush on him that she was losing weight and cried if you looked at her. You'd think Mrs. Peterson



would be grateful to Bradley for getting Emily interested in church affairs. And it wasn't as though Emily were the only girl who melted at his glance. Heaven knew it was more healthy for them to have a crush on a Man of God like Bradley than on Elvis Presley.

A middle-aged woman on the other side of the street crossed over eagerly when she noticed Bradley. He waited for her to catch up to him, then took both her hands in his, frowning slightly as she talked in a low voice. His own tone was light and encouraging. His hand rested lightly on her shoulder for a moment as he said goodbye. "See you in church on Sunday," he said. That sentence had become his trademark.

The woman nodded, and watched him as he strode along. She had been attending his church for the last month. His sermons always left her feeling a better woman. She had told her husband this when he upbraided her for leaving the church of which they had been members for years, and of which that stodgy Mr. Henderson was minister. Her husband had stupidly replied that a sermon ought to make one feel worse, not better. Bradley had urged her just now to forgive her husband for this narrowminded remark.

"If someone hits you with a rock," he had said, pressing her hand, "hit him with a wad of cotton." She must remember to tell her bridge club that remark of Bradley's. They were always quoting him. And she would tell her husband, too. It would make him feel small.

It was quite plain to almost everyone that Bradley was eminently suited for the ministry, and he made it plain that he found great personal satisfaction in the work. Once, with engaging frankness, he had confided to the congregation from the pulpit that he had given up a promising career on the stage to study theology, and had never regretted his decision. "Although my stipend would hardly keep a bearded lady in shaving lotion," he had quipped, "I have countless blessings to make up for that — a purposeful life serving God, a beloved wife and son — and you, my dear friends."

They substantially increased his salary at the next annual meeting. "We can't expect a man of that calibre to stay if we don't pay him well," everyone agreed. Bradley's surprise and gratitude when they told him had been heartwarming.

When Bradley reached home, his wife was in the garden pulling out the weeds around the fence, and his little son was running up and down the lawn riding a broomstick for a horse. Next door some people were sitting in deck chairs on the lawn. Bradley waved gaily at them before turning to his wife.

"I wish I had time to join you out here in the sunshine, my dear," he said. His resonant voice was clearly audible to the audience next door.

The little boy had dropped the broom as soon as Bradley came in the gate, and started quickly around to the back of the house, but Bradley called to him, and lifted him aloft onto his shoulders. His other arm went tenderly around his wife's waist. It made a charming tableau, the people next door thought.

Bradley's parishioners often wondered why he had chosen her. Of course she was rather attractive in a quiet way, but she didn't seem to have much vitality. The lawyer's wife had heard that he had met her at a party to which she had come with his roommate. The other ladies in the club pumped Bradley for further details. Yes, he agreed, that was where he had met his wife, and he admitted regretfully that there had been a few bitter words from his roommate when their engagement was announced. But Bradley was not one to harbour a grudge; he continued to treat his roommate as if nothing had happened between them.

The little boy was struggling to get down from his father's arms. For a moment a blue vein showed on Bradley's left temple, then he released the child. "Down you go!" he said with a merry laugh.

The Golden Retriever, photogenically alert by Bradley's right foot, thumped his tail wildly when the boy passed, but made no attempt to follow. His was a one-man dog, Bradley often explained.

Bradley's wife went back to her weeding while he walked up the path to the rectory. The dog followed obediently and, at a signal, sat motionless on the top step while his master went inside.

Putting down his briefcase, he went into his study, the most pleasant room in the house. "This is my ivory tower," he had said laughingly to the Maintenance Committee when requesting new furnishings. Sitting in the chartreuse easy chair, he took up the novel

he had borrowed from the public library, and reached in his pocket for his cigarettes. A minister, he had often explained to his wife, needs some form of relaxation when he comes home.

There was a sudden scuffling noise outside, and Bradley put down his book and went to the window. His little son was romping on the lawn with the Golden Retriever who, over-excited, was whirling in frantic circles, whisking his tail. The boy's eyes were full of laughter.

Bradley knocked on the window, then, raising it, remonstrated gently, "You're not helping the dog to learn obedience, you know, son. I ordered him to stay on the step."

At the sound of his master's voice, the dog slunk back to the top step, where he sat like a statue.

Bradley's wife looked up from her weeding and wiped her hands on her apron. "Why don't you go for a ride on your tricycle, son?" she suggested.

The boy got listlessly onto his tricycle, and rode slowly up to the end of the street and back. The study window had been lowered again. Silent and motionless the boy and the dog looked at one another over the fence.

# Champlain's Veracity

— A Defence of the *Brief Discours* —

by

MORRIS BISHOP

---

*Is Champlain's account a "fantasy", or the remembrance of an actual voyage? Some competent historians have recently raised doubts. A distinguished biographer of Champlain here gives his own views.*

---

FOR the 350th anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain, some Canadian historians have been treating the Father of Canada most unfilially, giving him, in fact, the lie.

The matter in dispute is the *Brief Discours des choses plus remarquables que Samuel de Champlain de Brouage a reconneus aux Indes Occidentales*. This description of his journey to the West Indies and Mexico in 1599 and 1600 has been accepted as authentic by all modern editors of Champlain and all his biographers. Some students, it is true, taken aback by the errors and fantasies of the text, have uttered doubts — indeed, I think I was the first to do so in print. But most careful readers — and I among them — concluded that the *Brief Discours* is indeed Champlain's work, the remembrance of an actual voyage.

In 1950 the eminent historian Jean Bruchési published in *Les Cahiers des Dix* a sensational article (sensational, at least, to the admirers of Champlain). "Champlain a-t-il menti?" M. Bruchési asked himself and his readers. He refrained from giving a definite reply to his question; but all his allegations and presumptions converge upon the unspoken answer: "Oui".

These, in summary, are his incriminations of Champlain:

---

Portions of this article have appeared in French in *Concorde* (Quebec City) under the title: "Champlain a-t-il dit la vérité?"

1. In the *Brief Discours*, Champlain refers to himself as "*Maréchal des logis* of the aforesaid army during several years". Now, *maréchal des logis*, says M. Bruchési, was "a high rank corresponding more or less to that of major-general in modern armies". If Champlain was a major-general, he would be well known to history, he would not find himself, as he says, "without employment or position", ready to accept subordinate posts with his recent enemies, the Spanish.

2. Champlain, as a high officer in the royal army, could not have gone over to the Spanish, hostile and distrustful, without "furnishing to the Spanish guarantees as to the past and assurances as to the future". Such guarantees and assurances he could hardly furnish.

3. Champlain could not have served as ship's captain in the Spanish armada leaving for America.

4. The captain of Champlain's ship, the *Saint-Julien*, was in fact, according to Spanish records, Guillermo Eleno. M. Bruchési identifies this Guillermo Eleno with Guillaume Hélaine, "of marseillais nationality, a native of the city of Marseille", who made a grant of his "rights, names, and properties" to Samuel Champlain, on July 2, 1601, before a notary in Cadiz, Spain. This Guillermo Eleno, or Guillaume Hélaine, is the same as the *Capitaine Provençal* whom Champlain calls his uncle in the *Brief Discours*. This is a splendid discovery, for which we are grateful. M. Bruchési goes farther, however, to suggest, without proof, that this Eleno-Hélaine-Provençal bequeathed to his nephew his log-books, from which the nephew appropriated the material for the *Brief Discours*.

In April 1954 M. Claude de Bonnault, distinguished archivist and representative in France of the Quebec Archives, published in the *Bulletin des Recherches Historiques* a no less startling article. He repeats the thesis of M. Bruchési, and he adds the following revelations and deductions:

1. In addition to the single manuscript of the *Brief Discours* hitherto known—that in the John Carter Brown Library in Providence, Rhode Island—M. de Bonnault has discovered a second in the Archives of Turin. This he dates after 1613, a dozen years after the presumed date of the first manuscript. After examination, he concludes that both manuscripts were written without the supervision of Champlain.

2. He supposes that the text of the *Brief Discours* was composed about 1612, perhaps on the basis of an earlier original, to help the Comte de Soissons and the Prince de Condé in their policy of rapprochement with England.

3. He reveals that a Samuel de Champlain served in the royal army in Brittany as *fourrier*, something like a corporal in the quartermaster service. He served under Jean Hardy, in 1595. "This Hardy was *maréchal des logis de l'armée du Roi*. Champlain was an obscure subordinate under his orders". Champlain therefore lied, in calling himself *maréchal des logis*.

4. He accuses Champlain of inventing out of whole cloth the *Capitaine Provençal*, who never existed.

In September 1957 the *Revue d'Histoire de l'Amérique Française* published a remarkable article by L.-A. Vigneras: *Le Voyage de Samuel Champlain aux Indes Occidentales*.

He revealed that a third manuscript of the *Brief Discours* exists in Bologna. He proves that Champlain's uncle, Guillaume Hellaine, was commonly called *le Capitaine Provençal*. He follows the account of the journey, real or supposed, in great detail, and finds in it many statements that only an eye-witness could have reported, as well as others that no eye-witness could possibly have reported. He refuses to come to a clear conclusion, affirming only that if Champlain made the journey, he did so as a foremast hand or as a clandestine passenger. (There were six clandestine passengers on this voyage of the *Saint Julien*.)

And finally, in the *Revue d'Histoire de l'Amérique Française* of September 1958, appeared *l'Oncle de Champlain* by Marcel Delafosse, Archivist of the Department of Charente-Maritime. The name of Champlain's uncle (or possibly cousin) was variously written, but most commonly as Guillaume Allene. After serving as a Protestant corsair, sacking abbeys, voyaging to Africa and Brazil and sending his ships to fish off Newfoundland, he shifted religion and allegiance, and, commonly known as *le Capitaine Provençal*, entered the service of Catholic Spain.

Now let us examine the basis of the attacks on Champlain's veracity and honour.

1. M. Bruchési accuses Champlain of passing himself off as a *maréchal des logis*, or major-general. But in fact were the two terms equivalent?

Marcel Marion, in his *Dictionnaire des Institutions de la France aux XVIIe et XVIIIe Siècles*, thus defines a *maréchal des logis*: "An under-officer of cavalry troops, especially charged with stable duties". And A. Chéruel, in his *Dictionnaire historique des Institutions de la France*, distinguishes between an ordinary *maréchal des logis* and a *maréchal général des logis*. The ordinary *maréchal des logis*, a kind of stable sergeant or quartermaster N.C.O., was recognized in organization documents of 1644. The *maréchal général des logis*, also recognized in 1644, was charged with regulating the distance of an army's daily march, of selecting the quarters for the artillery, the supply train and the various corps. This was obviously a post of general rank.

Thus by the mid-seventeenth century the meaning of *maréchal des logis* was double (as a Brigadier may be either a general or, in some armies, a cavalry corporal). Designations of military grades have a tendency to dwindle in importance with time (sergeant, gendarme, bailiff, for example). In Champlain's day, the end of the sixteenth century, an ordinary *maréchal des logis* probably had more rank than a half-century later; otherwise Champlain would not have boasted of it in his book. Unfortunately his phrase: "*maréchal des logis* of the aforesaid army" is open to confusion. M. de Bonnault and M. Bruchési read it as "Chief of the General Staff of the Royal Forces". But how could Champlain make such an allegation in a book addressed to Henri IV, or, according to M. de Bonnault, to the Prince de Condé? Imagine a Quartermaster Captain presenting himself to the King as "Former Chief of the General Staff!" I think we have the right to read the phrase in question as "Billeting Officer in the Aforesaid Army". And if Champlain was carried on the army rolls in 1595 as *fourrier*, or "quartermaster corporal", I see no harm in that. He could well have risen to be *maréchal des logis* before 1598.

2. That Champlain could have made the journey to Mexico, despite the general prohibition against the entry of foreigners, is in fact very extraordinary. But the extraordinary is not the impossible. In 1625, the Englishman Thomas Gage embarked with the Spanish fleet



by hiding in a biscuit-barrel. M. Vigneras, who has examined a mass of documents on the voyage which Champlain claims to have made, asserts that many foreign sailors served in the armada, and that "passengers fallen from heaven", who made a private deal with the captain, were common. M. Bruchési's suggestion that Champlain lied by passing himself off as ship's captain is unsubstantial, for Champlain never says that he was captain. He says merely that with his uncle's support he asked permission of Admiral Coloma to make the voyage, "which he freely granted me".

Champlain says that he wished to embark for the Indies in order to enquire about "the particular facts which the French have not been able to learn, because they have no free entry there". M. de Bonnault sees in this phrasing "a terrible objection", inadvertently uttered, which destroys Champlain's whole story. But not at all; it seems to me quite as possible to see in this frank admission an evidence of veridicity. It was *because* his experience was exceptional that Champlain wished to make his report.

3. M. Bruchési's suggestion that Champlain got the material for his *Brief Discours* from notes left by his uncle is ingenious, but it is merely an hypothesis, on which no secure conclusions can be based. One objection to the hypothesis immediately presents itself: Champlain's uncle did not make the journey of 1599-1600, yet the historic exactness of the *Brief Discours*' account of the pirates' attack on the fleet and other episodes convinces M. Vigneras that whoever wrote the account was an eye-witness.

4. M. de Bonnault makes much of Champlain's dereliction in inventing *le Capitaine Provençal*. But Vigneras and Delafosse make clear that Guillaume Hélaine or Allene was known everywhere as *le Capitaine Provençal*; the nickname had become his commonest appellation. One will remember that Hélaine had bequeathed his "names" to his nephew. Anyway, people changed their names more readily then than now.

To sum up, the four articles in question have greatly enlarged our knowledge of the *Brief Discours*, its background of fact, the itinerary of the Indies fleet in 1599-1600, and the life and adventures of *le Capitaine Provençal*. But they leave unanswered the question which

really concerns us: did Champlain recount a journey made by himself? Or did he pass off another's story, or mere hearsay, as his own experience? Did he lie?

That problem remains unresolved. The *Brief Discours* contains enormous errors, ridiculous misstatements of fact. How could Champlain, a cartographer and later a *géographe du roi*, have fallen into such absurdities, if he had actually made the journey? How could he have combined in one work such shrewd observations and such obvious falsities? Would not a liar at least have checked on some easily verifiable facts?

Can we learn anything from a study of the *Brief Discours*?

Dr. Jacques Rousseau published, in *Les Cahiers des Dix* for 1951, a fine study, *Samuel de Champlain, botaniste mexicain et antillais*. He concluded: "The book is the work of a passing traveller who does not know the country, who is satisfied with meagre explanations, obliged often to fall back on conjectures. That is why we find so much confusion in it. If the account were an adaptation of a Spanish work, some of the errors would have been impossible. These descriptions have no suggestion of a translation; in spite of their imperfections, they are taken directly from nature . . . Who is the author? Basing one's judgment solely on the botanical extracts, one may affirm that the account is the work of a Frenchman who had made the trip to the Antilles and Mexico. There is no objection to the suggestion that the author was Champlain, for several terms from the Saintonge dialect are to be found . . . The botanical analysis of the story furnishes no final solution, and permits only the conclusion that Champlain's voyage remains *vraisemblable*, true-seeming".

Thus there is no assurance here. Where else may we seek it?

Rather surprisingly, M. de Bonnault comes to our aid. He concludes that the two manuscripts of the *Brief Discours* known to him were not supervised or edited by Champlain. But in that case a fanciful or merely stupid reviser may have done what he pleased with the original; Champlain's responsibility is at the least diminished. Camplanophiles (to coin a useful term) are authorized to attribute the errors, otherwise incomprehensible, to the reviser and copyist.

Still, all this is unsatisfying enough. We do not want to leave the case *in dubio*. We want to conclude either that Champlain was a liar or that he was not. We may well be disturbed by the brilliant articles of Messrs Bruchési and Bonnault (the misocamplanites); but if they do not convince us, we want to find a conviction elsewhere.

It seems to me that there is a way of attaining a conviction, if not certitude. The way is to consult our experience of life, our knowledge of men and their behaviour.

Within my experience, a liar is always a liar. (I set apart the man who, in an extremity, lies to escape a menacing disaster.) The liar lies out of weakness, out of habit, or just out of high spirits. He does not reform. The human character is strangely consistent and it is on the assumption that men will continue to do what they have already done that all our life in common rests.

Champlain always regarded the lie with horror. Read again the episodes of Nicolas de Vignau, in 1613. This Nicolas, a young interpreter, had told Champlain that he had made a journey to Hudson's Bay. When Champlain discovered that Nicolas was deceiving him, he was "transported with choler". The Indians shared his wrath; "they cried out that he was a liar, and this name they gave him after, as the greatest opprobrium they could find, all crying together that he should be put to death".

For Champlain, as for the Indians, the lie was the worst of offences. In my study of Champlain, I have never caught him in a lie. Inadvertences, certainly; errors, often; lapses of memory, commonly. But never an outright lie. Add to this testimony the universal chorus of his contemporaries, who acclaim his rectitude, conscience, uprightness of spirit.

To accept the hypothesis that the *Brief Discours* is a hoax perpetrated for advantage, one must suppose that a mature man, aged at least thirty, already a cartographer or "painter" (Bruchési p. 53 n.), would have made a clumsy, dangerous falsification. One must suppose that he would not even have looked up his geography and distances on readily available maps and published route-books, or "ruttiers". One cannot say that he later repented of his misdeed, for in his letter to the King in 1630 he wrote: "Here is a sample of the work of the

Sieur de Champlain who for thirty-five years has continuously rendered service to Your Majesty, both in the armies of the late King and in the voyage which he made thirty years ago to the West Indies". And again, in the *Voyages* of 1632 (Book I, Chapter 7): "Thereupon I found myself at Court, having lately come from the West Indies, where I had been nearly two and a half years, after the Spanish left from Blavet, and peace was made in France, wherein during the wars I had served his said Majesty under my Lords the Maréchal d'Aumont, and Saint Luc, and Maréchal de Brissac".

The hypothesis that the *Brief Discours* is a hoax, that Champlain did not make the journey to the West Indies, does not appear to me to be established. The proofs alleged are not probative. The assertion that Champlain was a liar goes counter to all I have been able to learn about human character and behaviour. One may well retort that that is not a serious argument. Well, it is serious to me.

I shall therefore continue to believe that Champlain did not lie.

# G. B. S. On Literature

— The Author as Critic —

by

CARLYLE KING

---

*Shaw saw criticism as a more exacting task than authorship, and his own forays into the field may unwittingly confirm that view. But despite its limitations Shavian criticism speaks significantly to our grasp of the purposes and processes of the literary art. Professor King assays that contribution.*

---

CRITICISM is a tougher job than authorship, Shaw remarked ruefully in the 1893 Preface to *Widowers' Houses*. The critic has to work harder than the author; he is paid less and he is read by fewer; and he knows that every donkey will assume that he is an embittered man who has taken to snarling at other men's books because he cannot write one of his own. He makes the worst of two worlds. "The truth is," Shaw went on, "that the critic stands between popular authorship, for which he is not silly enough, and great authorship for which he has not genius enough."

By this time Shaw had had a considerable experience in literary journalism. In the period between his production of unmarketable novels and his beginning fame as a playwright he had earned a part of his small income as a book reviewer. William Archer had found him his first job of the kind with *The Pall Mall Gazette*, whose editor was W. T. Stead. Shaw wrote his first review for the issue of May 16, 1885, and he continued over the next year or two to write reviews for the pay of two guineas a thousand words. He reviewed everything from popular novels by Marie Corelli and Hall Caine to works in biography, philosophy, and science. For the most part he found the job distasteful. "Reviewing is hell", he wrote to T. P. O'Connor when resigning in 1890 as music critic for *The Star*; "I had enough of it on *The Pall Mall Gazette*."

Actually he lost his regular employment with *The Pall Mall Gazette* because of his extreme conscientiousness. He made a point

of reading so much about the subject of a book to be reviewed that he was frequently behindhand with his article; finally his editor lost patience and sent him no more books. Shaw did continue, however, for many years to write literary articles and reviews on request from various journals of literature and opinion. The best of his literary journalism he collected in *Pen Portraits and Reviews* (1931). In 1891 he expanded a lecture on Ibsen before the Fabian Society into a book which he called *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, and in 1895 he wrote *The Sanity of Art* in reply to Max Nordau's nonsense about the degeneracy of artists. It is mainly in these three books and in extended passages from the Prefaces to his early plays that one may study Shaw's quality as a literary critic.

The first thing that strikes one about Shaw as a critic of books is his comparative mildness or restraint. He is never so trenchant, so devastating, so tonically brutal as he frequently is in his discussion of musical compositions and musical performances. "The highest business of a critic is to proclaim the man," he remarks in beginning a review of a book by Dean Inge; "his next concern is to indulge the smaller self by nagging at the man's book." Shaw does almost no nagging, and remarkably little fault-finding. He constantly uses the book before him as a peg on which to hang his own social or ethical views, for to him a book to review is an occasion to improve, but he is scrupulously fair about stating his author's thesis or point of view and he is eager to commend whatever he finds to be meritorious. He is generous in his praise of contemporaries, like Wells, Galsworthy, Chesterton, Bennett, Barrie, and Wilde, even when he does not share their views. For example, he underlines Wilde's "wit and his fine literary workmanship" and he credits Chesterton with "enormous humour, imagination, intellect, and common sense." He is judicious in comment on writers, like Samuel Butler, whom he values highly. In reviewing Festing Jones's "great Butler biography" he praises the weapon of jest with which Butler smashed the idols of the nineteenth century but he points to Butler's faults of bigotry and dilettantism. He practises the virtues which in the eighteen nineties he was commending to the young Golding Bright (in letters recently collected in

*Advice to A Young Critic*). Be sympathetic, be accurate, be clear, he keeps telling his friend:

Always find out rigidly and exactly what you mean, and never strike an attitude, whether national or moral or critical or anything else . . . Get your facts straight first: that is the foundation of all style, because style is the expression of yourself; and you cannot express yourself genuinely except on a basis of precise reality.

He urges Golding Bright to study the great critics, among whom he names Lessing, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Ruskin.

The second notable thing about Shaw's discussion of books is that he is rarely concerned with the manner, style, or technical devices of a given author. He is never tired of proclaiming that to him the What is always more important than the How. In judging a book, he proposes the question: has it something to *say*? In the Preface to *Man and Superman* he insists that the main thing in determining the artistic quality of a book is not necessarily the opinions expressed by its writer but the fact that the writer has opinions. The vital qualities of literature are light and heat; beauty is a by-product. Just as a sound body is a product of a sound mind, so the effective style or the significant form of a work of literary art comes from the creative effort to say something important. That style or that form may, of course, remain for the admiration of the world long after the saying has been modified or replaced, so that the field of literature may be strewn with "the magnificent debris of artistic fossils."

Shaw is not ignoring the manner of a work of art so much as he is making clear his sense of the natural relative importance of manner and matter. He is impatient with the fussing about style that is the stock-in-trade of the "mere literary critic". Samuel Butler, he says, "had the supreme sort of style that never smells of the lamp, and therefore seems to the kerosene stylist to be no style at all." And speaking in the Preface to *Immaturity* of his own creative practice, he writes:

I have never aimed at style in my life; style is a sort of melody that comes into my sentences by itself. If a writer says what he has to



say as accurately and effectively as he can, his style will take care of itself, if he has a style.

The literary artist, one might say then, plays his instrument by ear. In creative art there are no rules, in Shaw's view; the writer tries to say what he believes it is important to say, and his only guide to the right expression of his thought is his own sense of fitness and harmony.

In his discussion of literature, then, Shaw is not ignoring aesthetic considerations; he is taking them for granted. Of course a novelist must tell his story entertainingly, or it is no story; of course "a school book is not a work of art" because it has no grace of style; and to read a dull book, he says, is "dreadful". "You cannot listen to a lesson or a sermon unless the teacher or the preacher is an artist. You cannot read the Bible if you have no sense of literary art," he tells us in the Preface to *Misalliance* where he is arguing eloquently for art as the only useful instrument of education. Effectiveness of assertion, which to Shaw is the alpha and omega of style, implies that a given utterance has found its appropriate and adequate form. No one really reads for "style"; it is the illumination, the vision, or the quality of personality in a book which engages the reader, and this is non-existent for the reader unless it is effectively uttered. It is because a book has form and comeliness that it speaks to us. He could be touched, Shaw told Ellen Terry, by seeing a thing done beautifully: "My whole claim to be a critic of art is that I can be touched in that way."

He does not ignore aesthetic considerations, but he has no use for the aesthete and the dilettante. "The pleasures of the senses I can sympathize with and share; but the substitution of sensuous ecstasy for intellectual activity and honesty is the very devil." This is from the Preface to *Three Plays for Puritans* (1900), where he throws down the gage of battle to all those of his generation who were making a cult of the artist and exalting the tricks and tools of the artist's craft to the mysteries of a private religion. He was writing in the period of what William Gaunt has called "The Aesthetic Adventure", the hey-day of Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, and *The Yellow Book*. What they stood for was to Shaw's mind ridiculous, abominable, and idolatrous; against their unhealthy nonsense he ranged himself on

the side of seventeenth century Puritanism:

I am as fond of fine music and handsome buildings as Milton was, or Cromwell, or Bunyan; but if I found that they were all becoming the instruments of a systematic idolatry of sensuousness, I would hold it good statesmanship to blow every cathedral in the world to pieces with dynamite, organ and all, without the least heed to the screams of the art critics and cultured voluptuaries . . .

To make a cult of beauty instead of cherishing a sense of life was, in Shaw's mind, to reduce art to the level of embroidery and the artist to the status of a performing dog. In *The Sanity of Art* (1895) Shaw conceded to Max Nordau that the artist was always in danger of becoming a pandar, a buffoon or a beauty monger to the idle rich and the fashionably cultivated; it was therefore the function of the critic, as distinct from the mere art fancier or the literary voluptuary, to direct attention to the What rather than the How, to the communicated vision rather than the artifice of communication.

This conception of the critic's function grows out of Shaw's notion of how writing is written. To begin with, he has an utter contempt for all contrived writing, "for constructed works of art". A play, he says, is a vital growth and not a mechanical construction; and a plot is the ruin of a novel. He had before him his own experience of setting out deliberately to be a novelist before he had anything important to say. He narrowly escaped being a professional novelist, he tells us in the Preface to *Cashel Byron's Profession*: "I grew out of novel-writing, and set to work to find out what the world was really like." In the Preface to *Widowers' Houses* he contrasts the sterile artifice of Wilkie Collins and Scribe with what he calls the natural artistic activity of writers like Fielding, Goldsmith, Defoe, and Dickens; that is, he is on the side of the apparently artless. What the great masters of fiction have always done, and what he does in his plays, is to imagine characters and spin out a story about them under a strong impulse to express a vision of life. His account of the genesis of *The Black Girl in Search of God* illustrates the point. He was inspired to write the tale when he was held up for five weeks in Kenya in 1932. He intended to write a play, but found himself writing a story about

the black girl instead; then, having written the story, he proceeded to speculate about its meaning. "That is what all poets do," he makes Marchbanks say in *Candida*: "they talk to themselves out loud, and the world overhears them."

In Shaw's view, the significant writer says something about life as he experiences it in his own time and place. That is the meaning of his oft-repeated statement that all the highest literature is journalism. "The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and all time." He is also writing to his own time, and because he believes that he has something important to say he wants to be listened to, he wants his fellows to see what he has seen. In short he wants to change their outlook, their thinking, their behaviour. Willy nilly, he is teacher and preacher to his generation. Joyce Cary in *Art and Reality* (1958) puts the point succinctly: "All serious artists preach — they are perfectly convinced of the truth as they see it, and they write to communicate that truth." Shaw provocatively and joyously rubbed the noses of the aesthetes and literary voluptuaries in the word propaganda. He wrote his plays, he told them, to induce "not voluptuous reverie but intellectual interest, not romantic rhapsody but human concern." His *Unpleasant Plays* were unpleasant because their dramatic power was used to make people face unpleasant facts; *Widowers' Houses*, he hoped, would make people vote for the Progressive side in the next County Council elections, and *Pygmalion* was both so artistically satisfying and so intensely and deliberately didactic that it proved that art should never be anything else than didactic. Only the writers who had nothing to say would ever shy away from the word.

No doubt he overstated his case, but overstatement, as he frequently insisted, is the only way in which you can make people sit up and pay attention to an important point such as he was driving home, namely that art is not exempt from moral obligation. It was not a crude didacticism he was advocating; the function of art is not that of the policeman and "message" alone is not enough. In *The Sanity of Art* he contrasted samples of propagandist workmanship with complete works of art. It is through the power of word, line, sound, and colour that new vision is communicated, that conscious-

ness is stirred, and the personality enlarged. "I am convinced," said Shaw in the Preface to *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, "that fine art is the subtlest, the most seductive, the most effective instrument of moral propaganda in the world, excepting only the example of personal conduct." Every form of literature, including poetry, has social utility, as T. S. Eliot emphasizes in his essay on "The Social Function of Poetry" (1945); it really makes a difference to society as a whole that the enjoyment of poetry should be in widest commonalty spread. Shaw made the same point in his review of Tolstoy's *What is Art?* in 1898. While rejecting Tolstoy's "peasant" standard of excellence in art, he approved of his definition of art as "an activity by means of which one man, having experienced a feeling, transmits it to others". In proportion to its power of transmitting feeling, art is socially important, and our artistic institutions are vital social organs.

The late James Branch Cabell once said that the function of literature is "to prevaricate tenderly about the universe and veil the pettiness of human nature with screens of verbal jewel-work". To Shaw nothing could have sounded like greater nonsense, for to him the significant writer is the writer who addresses himself to the forward-going life of his time, who writes under a strong compulsion to share his vision with his fellows and tries to say something immediately useful, who regards words as means, not ends, and who takes no thought for his style beyond being as honest and as clear as he can. Shaw recognizes that this will be a necessarily imperfect endeavour. No writer will be successful all the time; much in his work will be trivial or at least ephemeral; and even the greatest writer, like Shakespeare, will commit his share of rubbish to paper. Nor will he always understand his own intention; "he cannot explain it: he can only show it to you as a vision in the magic glass of his artwork; so that you may catch his presentiment and make what you can of it." But in so far as he is honest the Life Force operating through the writer will have taken a step forward in the conquest of self-consciousness. In Shaw's religion the Life Force is concerned not chiefly with beauty but with self-conscious will. Shaw is therefore not interested in the artist who is striving primarily for aesthetic form or who is trying solely to create some shape of beauty. The Life Force

is trying to produce something better than man as he is now (and "man now" includes his current aesthetic aspirations and values); the writer that Shaw values is the writer who is co-operating and contributing to this end, that is the writer who takes life as it is now, affirms its value, and says it should be better. An artist will only be great in so far as he identifies his purpose with the purpose of the universe. Great art is never produced for its own sake; the artist must believe that he is doing the will of God.

Hence come Shaw's characterization of the great artist as the prophet or iconographer of the religion of his time and his conception of great literature as scripture or revelation. In reviewing Dixon Scott's *Men of Letters* he puts himself squarely in the critical tradition of the great Victorians, Carlyle and Ruskin:

I am myself a literary artist, and have made larger claims for literature . . . than any writer of my generation as far as I know, claiming a continuous inspiration for modern literature of precisely the same character as that conceded to the ancient Hebrew Scriptures, and maintaining that the man of letters, when he is more than a mere confectioner, is a prophet or nothing.

Hence, too, the invidious contrast in the Preface of *Man and Superman* between mere artists and artist-philosophers. Among the second group, the only sort of artist he professes to take seriously, are Bunyan, Blake, Goethe, Ibsen, Morris, Tolstoy, and Nietzsche; and relegated to the less significant category are Dickens and Shakespeare because they allegedly had no constructive ideas: "their pregnant observations and demonstrations are not co-ordinated into any philosophy or religion." The distinction Shaw makes between the artist of the first and of the second class is that writers of the second order take the ready-made morality of their time as the basis of their presentation and judgment of character in their books, whereas the first class artist makes an original contribution to religion and morality, were it only a criticism. The best he can say of his own very imperfect novel *The Irrational Knot* is that at least its morality is original and not ready-made and that it probably was a fumbling attempt on the part of the Life Force to anticipate Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. Because he provides

a new insight in morality or religion, the artist-philosopher is almost certain to clash with the Philistines of his time and to be denounced as immoral and irreligious, and it is on his behalf that Shaw in *The Sanity of Art* makes the claim that "genius must be privileged to utter sedition, to blaspheme, to outrage good taste, to corrupt the youthful mind, and, generally, to scandalize one's uncle."

One will of course cavil at Shaw's putting Blake and Morris in the first class of writers and Dickens and Shakespeare in the second class, and will recognize that Shaw saw Bunyan, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Nietzsche as going the way of the universe because they were going his way. This does not, however, invalidate the truth of his contention that the mark of the great artist is that he provides us with new insight into reality. The great works of artistic genius, in music or painting or literature, offer us more than the highest kind of aesthetic pleasure; they add another dimension to consciousness, they tell us by implication, in Aldous Huxley's phrase, "something significant about the ultimate reality behind appearances." We judge them finally by the power and authority of their revelation.

Shaw's most successful application of his critical method to the discussion of literary works is *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*. This began as an attempt to find the socialist in Ibsen and developed into a comprehensive account of the ideas in Ibsen's plays. The possibility that Ibsen may not have considered himself a socialist does not deter Shaw, for (as we have noted earlier) "the existence of a discoverable and perfectly definite thesis in a poet's work by no means depends on the completeness of his own intellectual consciousness of it." Shaw makes it clear at the outset that he is concerned only with Ibsen's message; the book is not a critical essay on the poetic beauties of Ibsen but an exposition of Ibsenism. Perhaps the book gives us more of Shaw's mind than Ibsen's, just as the Preface to *Androcles and the Lion* tells us more about the mind and character of Bernard Shaw than it does about the person and the gospel of Jesus Christ. Still Shaw found the usable Ibsen for his time and place. If Ibsen means today both more or less than he did in the 1890's—more as a poet and less as an iconoclast—it is only fair to remember that each new age seeks its own usable past and every durable writer undergoes a periodic revaluation.



Shaw begins with an outline of Ibsen's central theme: the self-deluding flatteries of idealism which cause good men in the grip of ideals to do more damage than ordinary sensualists, rogues, and Philistines. The leading lady in an Ibsen play, he tells us, is an unwomanly woman, the villain is an idealist. Then he examines the plays in order, first the poetical plays *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, and *Emperor and Galilean*, which deal with "the effects of idealism on individual egotists of exceptional imaginative excitability." After these, Ibsen wrote prose plays of modern life, abandoning all production of art for art's sake and being concerned only to express effectively his conviction about the deadly perils of idealism. The literary critic told him that he had ceased to be an artist, but indifferent to their bleatings he wrote such master works as *A Doll's House*, *An Enemy of the People*, *The Wild Duck*, and *Hedda Gabler*. Shaw concludes his play-by-play examination by a section on Ibsen's last four plays "in which morality and reformation give place to mortality and resurrection". The golden thread which runs through the body of Ibsen's work is the insistence that there is no golden rule, a conviction later embalmed in one of John Tanner's Maxims for Revolutionists in *Man and Superman*. Shaw rounds out his book by showing that the technical originality of Ibsen's play was the successful introduction of the element of discussion; he raised the drama from the art of contriving a situation to the art of discussing problems of character and conduct.

Shaw's limitations as a critic of literature are glaringly apparent in his comments on poetry. He tells us in the Preface to *The Admirable Bashville* that he likes blank verse and thinks it easy to write. "I like the melodious singsong, the clear simple one-line and two-line sayings, and the occasional rhymed tags." His comments on the blank verse of Webster, and Jonson are no more illuminating. Then, when one comes on to his remark that Poe "produced magic" and that he finds "The Raven, The Bells, and Annabel Lee as fascinating at the thousandth repetition as at the first", one wonders that the man who had unerring taste in music should have had no ear for the harmonies of verse. In *Pen Portraits and Reviews* there are two delightful pieces about Shelley, one of them celebrating the "infatuated pomposity"



of Edmund Gosse, and the other contrasting two meetings to mark the centenary of Shelley's birth: a stuffed-shirt affair at Horsham, Sussex, and a working-class meeting in London. In the second essay there are three pages summing up Shelley's views as accurately and succinctly as one could wish, but in neither is there more than the barest mention that Shelley wrote poetry. Shaw's essay on Keats is a thoroughly embarrassed performance. He seems to be aware that Keats was a considerable poet but to be unable to say anything about him. He settles for the comment that Keats was the "most literary of all the major poets: literary to the verge of being but the greatest of the minor poets," and he defines a literary poet as "one who writes poetry for the sake of writing poetry . . . who wants to be a poet as if that were an end in itself." He turns with relief to describe another kind of poet, the prophet-poet, and concedes that literary poets often turn into prophet-poets, the implication being that if Keats had lived long enough he might have achieved greatness.

Perhaps Shaw was right in saying that criticism is a tougher job than authorship, at least for him; certainly he was immeasurably greater as a creator of plays than as a commentator on books. Still we may be grateful to him for insisting eloquently not only on the sanity but on the life-enriching virtue of literary art. Great books are "the very manna sent down from heaven" to feed our souls, he said; they cultivate our senses, they refine our conceptions of character and conduct, they add a dimension to our possibilities. He would have agreed with his contemporary artist-philosopher, George Santayana, that "the sole advantage in possessing great works of literature lies in what they can help us to become . . . . It is only they that can add to the present value and dignity of our minds."

## Review Article

### Monument Amid The Tombstones

— Dawson's "Mackenzie King" —

by

A. R. M. LOWER

The first volume of the late MacGregor Dawson's biography\* came out just a few months after its author's death: anything written about it at the moment must therefore be pitched in a minor key. And no one would have regretted this more than its author, who was always ready to take on all comers in vigorous verbal strife. I do not know how Dawson was accustomed to vote, but he invariably talked like a Tory. Yet he was chosen to write the great Liberal Prime Minister's biography, and, one must admit, it would not be possible to detect his own political leanings from the book he has written. Or, at least, it would not be possible to decide whether Dawson was centre or to the right of centre, for it is fairly clear that he was not to the left. Wherever he stood, it is evident that he did not write from a partisan point of view. His work is therefore no mere eulogy. On the other hand, it is not mere denigration. Unfortunately, with one exception, those who have written about Mr. King have tended to stand at one of the two extremes. The exception is Mr. Bruce Hutchison in his *The Incredible Canadian*, a volume that gave us light on Mr. King's nature which Dawson's official volume intensifies and supplements.

For it is one of the paradoxes which accompany this paradoxical hero that even Dawson, political scientist, dealer in constitutions, institutions, and other abstractions, should, like Hutchison, the journalist, have turned his book, not into a "Political Biography" as its subtitle calls it but into a character study, in many respects into a psychological analysis. The paradox comes clearly out of the subject: no one could write about Mr. King and not be fascinated by the complexity of the man. Attempts at explaining that complexity necessarily lead to psychological analysis and when a writer gets to that point, "inner" biography often proves more interesting than "outer". Probably, if Dawson had lived to continue his work, which has now been given into other hands, his emphasis, once the initial exploration had been made, would have shifted to the public man. As it is, this first volume is largely character analysis.

---

\**William Lyon Mackenzie King: A Political Biography, 1874-1923*. By R. MacGregor Dawson. University of Toronto Press, 1958. Pp. xiii, 521. \$7.50.

Biography in Canada has seldom risen to be one of "our lively arts". The proper monument to a man is a tombstone, and tombstones most of our biographies have been. The reason is not far to seek. For most of our public men, biographies until relatively recently were written by those who in life had been of their political bodyguard: for example, Buckingham and Ross's *Alexander Mackenzie*, Alexander Mackenzie's *George Brown*, or MacPherson's *John A. Macdonald*. Little but eulogy could be expected in such cases: "I find no fault in this man" might have been their motto. Moreover, most of such biographers were unskilled writers. The results are useful compendia, not much more. Some literary improvement came with Pope's *Macdonald*, which included much useful material, but here again objectivity was not the aim of the author, nor was character depiction. Skelton's *Laurier* is a splendid political biography and it also gives a warm and sympathetic picture of a man: at the time of its publication, it was probably the best of our biographies. Mention should also be made of Boyd's *Cartier* as among the better ones written relatively close to their subjects.

Skelton followed his *Laurier* with his *Alexander Tilloch Galt*, an excellent scholarly account, thereby blazing a trail, for other scholars also began to turn out studies of men separated from themselves by time: I think of George Wilson's book on Robert Baldwin, among others, or Kerr's on Sir Edmund Head or Longley's on Sir Francis Hincks. Unfortunately there has not been nearly enough of this type of work — academic research monographs, objective studies of historical personages intended primarily for the student of history. Donald Creighton's recent two-volume study of John A. Macdonald is virtually a new departure in Canadian biography, for it is a literary recreation of the man, intended not for a few scholars but for a wide range of readers. Unfortunately subjects for treatment of this sort in Canadian history are not numerous: in addition to Macdonald, we could probably have full-length literary portraits of wide appeal (and sale) only of Laurier, King, William Lyon Mackenzie, Papineau, Howe, possibly Lafontaine and Cartier in Quebec and Ryerson in Ontario. Ryerson has already been done by C. B. Sissons. Denominational controversy might still carry Bishop Strachan. It would be almost a *tour de force* to bring Robert Baldwin or Sir Charles Tupper fully to life in the popular imagination. Lesser men, like Alexander Campbell, Mackenzie Bowell, or even Fielding, are either dead as doornails or rapidly dying: they will be properly embalmed in "serious studies" some day, but never in living biography. Sir Robert Borden attempted to embalm himself — in his *Memoirs*. That book was of interest at the time and is still interesting to students: few others will read it, and it may be doubted whether Sir Robert had the personality that will carry him into a distant future. Most of Canada's great men have been too sound and serious to cast long shadows. It is the fool, the mystery man, the actor, or the undoubted colossus, who intrigues posterity.

Where does Mr. King come in such a list? That is the piquant question. For as one reads these pages, he finds, as when the man was alive, that it is more and more difficult to classify him: a case might be argued for putting him in any one of the categories. Of course this is true of any man of prominence, for who is there who has not at times acted as a fool, or pretended to be other than he was? But the difficulties with Mr. King seem particularly great: he baffles.

One must add at once that no other man in the whole sweep of our history has ever provided material from the psychoanalyst's couch. King wrote his diaries remorselessly, day after day, year after year. They were all supposed to be burned, but of course they were not. How could any responsible group of men burn up material of that sort, and about a prime minister? Despite Mr. King, it would have been a crime if they had, for Mr. King belongs to the nation. Dawson has made excellent use of this material. Few would have believed that this rather grim political scientist could have occupied the psychoanalyst's chair so comfortably and with so much insight and sympathy. The result is an exercise in revelation — largely self-revelation — that it seems to me is hardly exceeded by Mr. Pepys himself. For this reticent country, filled with its grim, poker-faced men, all of whom would die rather than reveal a flicker of feeling, this surely is something remarkable. If Dawson had written merely a political biography, he would have deserved the severest criticism. Instead of that, in my opinion, he presents the man in the round, with virtues and shortcomings, logical areas and contradictions all lumped together and plainly visible. If King had never become a public figure, these diaries of his would have been storehouses of literary treasure, new Boswelliana.

And how typical, with all his contradictions, he was of the Canada of his day. Surely few other settings in time or place could have provided so much sheer, reasonably enlightened, religious zeal. Ontario of the late 19th century, particularly, was no gloomy 17th century Puritan Massachusetts — Methodism had seen to that! But it was filled with earnest people who were "going all out" to make the world better as they saw the meaning of that word. Their efforts had a strong negative aspect in the taboos that the more evangelical denominations enforced upon their members, but they were also positive. If to Methodists, playing-cards were the devil's pasteboards, humanitarian efforts of every description were men's primary duty. The "spirit of the times" of course was far from being confined to Methodism, as King's case proves, for it was evangelical Presbyterianism that caught him and his family in its net. The two denominations were growing closer together and the combination of free will attitudes with the highly missionary spirit of the age prevented repetition of the gloomy earlier Calvinism.

King, with his earnest nature, his high idealism and his driving personal ambition was a "natural" for the forces of the period to take hold of. Many

another young man like him was torn between the semi-sublimation of self, which the ministry as a vocation called for, and the opportunities of "the world". It is no wonder that such men went through life divided within themselves, translating their natural human instincts for success and power into convictions that in their secular callings, they were "going about doing good". It was inevitable that they should try to prevent their left hands knowing what their right hands were doing. Mr. King much later on could be reported as greatly admiring Mr. Woodsworth. "He would like to be Mr. Woodsworth", so it was said, — "providing it did not cost so much!" Whether or not he ever framed such sentiments to himself, how admirably they express the man! There is a Biblical scene which exactly expresses his dilemma — "go sell all that thou hast . . ." Woodsworth was not caught on those horns: many a lesser man has been, among them King. However, he was not alone in that: his generation was full of just such as he — those whom their upbringing made to long for a life of complete devotion, yet who, by reason of qualities within themselves, were held back from surrender.

This deep psychological division seems to me the central fact about King (and about his times) and by printing copious extracts from diaries and letters Dawson has well brought it out. When he moves into more purely public aspects of his subject's life, I am not sure that his contribution is as significant. I think he frees King pretty well from the persistent affliction of charges amounting to "desertion in the face of the enemy" but has he put him completely in the clear about the Colorado strikes of 1913-1915? In this business, there have been recent attempts to blacken his reputation from the other side of the fence: it might have been wise if Dawson had met these directly and by name. The whole series of incidents brings out this ambivalence in King: sure he was "on the side of right" but doing very well out of it personally and always anxious to get to know and impress the top people.

From chapter 11 to the end of the book, a little less than half, King is the party leader and in the last three chapters the Prime Minister. The biography here becomes much less personal, rather more monumental. Except in detail (as, for example, the interesting material on the formation of the first administration), I doubt if these chapters will add a great deal to what is already known, either in writing or in the memories of those who lived through those days. However, it is a useful and systematic record and it documents such points as King's attempts to reabsorb left wing movements into Liberalism. The left-wingers of the day used to display more and more resentment as the Crerars and the Forkes "deserted", "returned to the fold" or "were swallowed", but presumably it is the business of any political leader to digest those whom he can.

Sometimes it is suggested that Mr. King saw in Canadian nationalism the one thing in common that could pull divergent groups and sections together

and bring unity again to a divided country. It is doubtful if "The Attainment of Canadian Autonomy" was anything like an objective in itself for him. Despite his academic training, he does not seem to have been one to deal in the abstractions of politics: he probably was content to 'follow his nose' and to do what seemed sensible at the time. It was this that gave him his representative character. He became "Mr. Canada". Years ago the present writer put this quality of his into generalized, mathematical expression: the formula might bear repeating here:

"A series of equations could be made, infinite in extent, which would go something like this [the names "date" now, but many will remember most of them]\* —

$$\frac{Pb + Mh}{2} = k, \quad \frac{Hb + Am}{2} = k, \quad \frac{Tb + Cv}{2} = k, \quad \frac{Gb + Us}{2} = k, \quad \frac{Cn + V}{2} = k.$$

Therefore  $Pb + Mh + Hb + Am + Tb + Cv \dots n = k.$

But  $Pb + Mb, \text{ etc. } \dots n = C."$

The problem set was to find the value of "k", a constant, and "C", evidently a large quantity as it was often referred to as "stretching from sea to sea". The justice of the pairs of equations cited will be evident when the second is translated into Henri Bourassa plus Arthur Meighen. Every single pair of opposites thus set up could be neatly divided by two and found to equal "k". It was obvious that "k" equalled "C". The proof lay in twenty-three years of "k's" continuous office.

We all owe a debt to Dawson: let us hope his successors keep up to his standard and do not revert to erecting tombstones.

---

\*Paul Bouchard, Mitch Hepburn, Henri Bourassa, Arthur Meighen, Tim Buck, Cardinal Villeneuve, Great Britain, United States, Conscription, Voluntary Enlistment.

# THE NEW BOOKS

## Reviewed in this issue:

ALTICK: The English Common Reader (R. L. McDougall)	178
BARK: Origins of the Medieval World (M. R. Powicke)	161
BEARD & ROTHERMAN: Space Flight and Satellite Vehicles (G. A. Harrower)	170
BERRILL: You and the Universe (R. O. Earl)	169
CLAY: Lord Norman (E. P. Neufeld)	179
DALES: Hydroelectricity and Industrial Development. Quebec, 1898-1940 (A. Raynauld)	157
EDWARDES: The Necessary Hell (J. L. Young)	171
FIRESTONE: Canada's Economic Development 1867-1953 (J. H. Dales)	155
FRENCH: The Life Records of John Milton (Miss W. Gordon)	175
GOWANS: Looking at Architecture in Canada (A. R. M. Lower)	152
HANSON: Dynamic Decade (H. G. J. Aitken)	156
HATZFELD: Trends and Styles in 20th Century French Literature (J. L. Lamontagne)	179
HAYS: From Ape to Angel (T. F. S. McFeat)	164
HEUSER: The Shaping Vision of Gerard Manley Hopkins (W. C. Loughheed)	173
HOULT: The Sociology of Religion (F. G. Vallee)	166
JOUBERT: Rocket (M. K. Nelles)	172
KLINCK: William "Tiger" Dunlop (A. Lucas)	153
OUTHWAITE: The Atlantic (W. R. Bird)	161
PRESTON & LAMONTAGNE: Royal Fort Frontenac (H. P. Gundy)	158
RASHLEY: Poetry in Canada (C. F. Klinck)	153
RUSSELL: My Indian Mutiny Diary (J. Young)	171
SAMPSON: Progress in the Age of Reason (A. Fell)	167
SPIRO: The Politics of German Codertermination (I. Gow)	168
STAMPS: Why Democracies Fail (J. Aitchison)	165
TA'AO HSUEH-CH'IN: The Dream of the Red Chamber (Ping-ti Ho)	176
TAYLOR: The King Tree (D. W. Cole)	154
VOEGELIN: Order and History: Israel and Revelation (E. G. Clarke)	102
WAGNER: Wyndham Lewis (D. J. Dooley)	174
WERNHAM: The Political Works of Spinoza (W. B. Carter)	169
WHEATLEY: Operation Sea Lion (M. K. Nelles)	172
WHICHER: Selections from Ralph Waldo Emerson (R. L. Cook)	176
WHITE: Lord Selkirk's Diary: 1803-1804 (H. P. Gundy)	158



## The Arts in Canada

*LOOKING AT ARCHITECTURE IN CANADA* by Alan Gowans. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1958. Pp. 232 \$7.95.

It is a sign of the times, let us hope, that books like *Looking at Architecture* are appearing. Previous to it, we have had Mr. Gowans first book, *Church Architecture in New France*, Gérard Morisset's *L'Architecture en Nouvelle-France*, Pierre Georges Roy's *Les Vieilles Eglises de la Province de Québec*, Ramsay Tranquhair's *The Old Architecture of Québec*, some pamphlets of E. R. Arthur and precious little else except material for the professional architect. Civilization begins in architecture, it is said. It might possibly be more correct to contend that it begins in consciousness and concern about architecture, for while no western community for centuries has been able to begin at the beginning in building, the local variations that have arisen have as a rule been seized upon as representative of the local genius. They have been the rallying points, pointed to with pride, the sources of inspiration for much that followed—one has only to think of Westminster Abbey or of Notre Dame.

Here in Canada it has only been recently that any but the few initiate have been aware that we had any architecture. We had plenty of building, it is true, but most of us would probably have been ready to condemn any of it which did not imitatively conform to something that existed somewhere else. In this way our efforts simply echoed those of the great world beyond our doors, copies of copies of copies, degenerating with each removal from the originals. Only in the province of Quebec and perhaps in one Ontario city had the adaptations from the originals gone far enough in form and function to make something that could be considered a local style.

This local style, best exemplified in a number of the remaining country churches in Quebec, was well described in text and picture in Mr. Gowans' first book. Twenty-six fine pages of plates powerfully aided the writer's pen. His second book is as much plates as text, 137 plates set in some 230 pages of text. The combination is splendid, though Mr. Gowans himself would be the

first to regard it as far from exhaustive. His book's title is significantly *Looking at Architecture in Canada* and by it he intends to convey, I presume, that he is just giving us a bird's eye view. It could hardly be otherwise in a book of the scope, for he now ranges far out beyond the province of Quebec and gives us a taste of architectural beginnings and development all across the country.

Historians have laboured for years on our political institutions and their derivations: they have not yet completed their task. But few of them have regarded the artistic sides of life as coming within their province, with the result that practically none of them have attempted to discuss these aspects of our national life. Hence we all owe Mr. Gowans a debt of gratitude. Moreover, while the other books mentioned above have been for a rather specialized class of readers, Mr. Gowans breaks a trail. He writes for everyone who can read a book: let us hope his sales are large. When we find that there are buildings in this country of which we need not be ashamed we may become as proud of being Canadians as we are when we proclaim to Americans that we do not elect our judges.

Another merit of this book is that it is neither conventional nor antiquarian: the author loves a good building, but he has his reasons for his love and consequently the building may be two years old or two centuries—age is not the criterion.

The reviewer is hardly in a position to be professionally critical of a specialist's book but there is one historical point on which possibly he may speak. Mr. Gowans used such terms as "The Loyalists' houses" evidently in general reference to those built along the St. Lawrence and eastern Lake Ontario at an early, but unspecified date. As nearly as I can determine, the Loyalists' houses of the first period, before the war of 1812 were quite different in style and structure from those built in the fifteen or twenty years after the war. The first period was full of New England influences, with clap-boarding common. The second period saw the characteristic solid and well proportioned stone house of which Kingston and district are still full. I do not wish to appear to be in the position of raising objections to a book for what it does *not*

contain and so it is in no censorious spirit then that I gently call the author's attention to the architectural uniqueness in Canada of Kingston, and express the hope that at some future time, Mr. Gowans will come and visit us and examine what many (but not enough) of us would like to take him round to see.

A. R. M. LOWER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

---

*POETRY IN CANADA: The First Three Steps.* By R. E. Rashley. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1958. Pp. xvii + 166. \$4.50.

Criticism of Canadian literature is now deployed in a certain degree of depth. Professor E. K. Brown's *On Canadian Poetry* (1943) was a product of a university in Toronto; this parallel study, *Poetry in Canada* (1958), was prepared by a teacher in a collegiate institute in Saskatoon with the blessing of an enlightened school board which granted him a sabbatical leave. Mr. Rashley's book is designed to be a "usable tool," full of categories, generalizations, shrewd comments, and analyses of the work of various poets—a handbook serving as a supplement to anthologies and covering the whole range from the beginnings to 1952. The sub-title, "The First Three Steps," must be given no limited interpretation; it refers to these divisions: (1) immigrant and pioneer; (2) the 1860s; (3) the 1930s.

Utility is richly supported by theory. The author is frank and courageous in adopting a manner of treatment which, for older Canadians, may bring back disturbing memories of the once celebrated *Highways of Canadian Literature* (1924) by J. D. Logan and Donald G. French, described in Logan's Preface as "a comprehensive Synoptic History of Canadian Literature." Mr. Rashley's concise "Introduction" represents a distinct advance in definition of the critical problems and in reasonable use of the deductive approach. Logan had identified his method as "both historical and critical"; the "aims" of Mr. Rashley include these, together with a third, "sociological," and perhaps a fourth, which we may add and call "symbolical." Mr. Rashley has a surer hold upon the necessity for recognizing the development of our poetry

in a continuous relationship with the cultural life of Canada.

"An inevitable sequence" is thus brought out, "an apparent logical progression, which shows itself in three phases, in three groups of poets, with various linking figures and transitions" (p. xiii). The author presents this sequence of groups "each substantiated by some historical relation, by evidence of validity gained from magazines, journals, newspapers, or books, by a fairly detailed evidence accumulated from the poets considered as a group, and by the full treatment of one poet who typifies his group" (p. xii). The characteristics of the various steps may be summarized here, inadequately but briefly, as expressions of successive and related searches (1) for an ordered community; (2) for a spiritual relationship with nature; (3) for "love" in society.

Mr. Rashley's demand for steps, groups, phases, patterns, concepts—for controlling ideas—gives him a place among the serious critics of our literature, but it exposes his book to all the perils associated with the deductive method. Such a synthesis is valuable as a symbol of reality; it appeals as a whole or not at all. Mr. Rashley's is welcome because it checks with our sense of continuity in Canadian cultural life. Suitable adjustments of the thesis to particular cases are often hard to make; an eccentric like Heavysege, for example, fails to become convincing as the typical immigrant poet. Much of the first half of the book cries out for complexity in the living likeness of facts about poems and about poets meaning something to one another in their own times and passing on something to successors in decades and even centuries to come. Such vitality is beyond the scope of Mr. Rashley's logical treatment, but he does show that Canadian poetry is an uncut carpet, not a scattering of little rag mats.

C. F. KLINCK

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

---

*WILLIAM "TIGER" DUNLOP "BLACK-WOODIAN BACKWOODSMAN."* *Essays by and about Dunlop selected and edited by Carl F. Klinck.* Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1958. Pp. xxi + 185. \$5.00.

Our sense of nationalism has always tended to attach some importance to *Canadiana* for itself, but during the last few years other influences have helped to increase interest in it. The recent rediscovery of the north has focussed attention on the diaries and journals of its early explorers. Moreover the settled regions themselves have moved far enough from their beginnings for the literature of their past to assume romantic overtones or, on another level, to aid in giving clearer perspectives of many aspects of our growth. Among these is the part played by our early writers in bridging the gap between Old and New World cultures, and this is the subject of Dr. Klinck's documentary study of William "Tiger" Dunlop.

More precisely his aim is to demonstrate Dunlop's merits as a man of letters and to determine, through his life and work, the place of the pre-Victorians, *vis-à-vis* the Victorians, in establishing our literary traditions. To make his first point Dr. Klinck simply calls on the "Blackwoodian Backwoodsman" and lets him win his own case with some lively excerpts and essays from his books. If, in considering the second aim, the editor takes up the old story of derivation, he looks into a long-neglected phase of it and from a new angle. If he fails to show more than a tentative relationship between Dunlop's "earthy yet urbane, masculine yet sensitive" writing and later developments in our literature, he does reveal through a vivid portrait of the man himself how Dunlop helped to stimulate its growth in a pioneer society.

Unlike many legendary figures the "Tiger" does not lose status under scrutiny. He is good copy, and Dr. Klinck lets this giant, red-haired Scot, contributor to *Blackwood's*, Warden of the Forests of the Canada Company, and founder of Goderich, tell his own story. Now he is an army surgeon of his Majesty's forces campaigning in the wilds of North America during the war of 1812, now the editor of a London (England) paper squabbling scurrilously with a detested rival, now an ardent colonizer battling forests and tigers in India or forests and radicals in Canada, or now (and frequently) simply "Teeger Wull" entertaining cronies with talk and whiskey toddy — suitably diluted if need be with cold whiskey.

Despite the fragmentary nature of the book it is no compendium of snippets, for the "Tiger's" personality shows through and unifies them all. Sometimes the editor or one or two others — Dunlop's friend, Maginn of *Fraser's*, or his "biographers", the Lizars — come on stage, but only to set the scene for the next episode in his career. They do not stand between their protagonists and the reader. One meets Dunlop and can draw his own conclusions.

Dunlop stands at the opposite pole to Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie. He brought a rich humanism into a society with a bent toward puritanism; they were largely spokesmen for a genteel tradition in a smaller group. He identified himself with New World life; they assumed a certain condescension toward it. Yet Dunlop has long suffered neglect. Dr. Klinck's book is proof that it is undeserved.

ALEC LUCAS

McGILL UNIVERSITY

---

*THE KING TREE.* By Gladys Taylor. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1958. Pp. 335. \$4.00.

This is an historical novel which deals with racial and religious conflicts between the English speaking Protestant and French Roman Catholic settlers in the Eastern Townships of Quebec between 1800 and 1867.

It has most of the ingredients of a successful historical novel, for it is full of adventure, violent deaths and mysterious disappearances; and there is a good sprinkling of blood-leaping, heart-pounding, limbo-straining love scenes, which are, to use the author's favourite adjective, "achingly" passionate. Unfortunately, the reader gets lost among a lot of unimportant people who flit through its pages, and he is not helped out by the style, which does little to hold his interest.

The plot is a rigged one, imposed on the characters, and worked out in terms of a rather heavy-handed symbolism, with the rock maple representing the Kings and their Protestant bigotry and uncertainty, and a china Madonna image symbolizing the Roman Catholics' unswerving loyalty to their faith.

Mrs. Taylor's theme is that the problems of racial and religious cleavage can be solved through love and understanding. One cannot disagree with such noble sentiments, but it takes a bold person indeed (and perhaps an outsider) to prescribe any sort of formula to solve the deep and abiding conflicts between these two groups. Mrs. Taylor imposes her own tolerance on her characters, and when she does so, they cease to exist as characters in their own right, and become spokesmen for a cause.

The only life in the novel is in the few eloquent passages pleading the case of one side or the other. Apart from these, the technique is awkward, the style flat and pedestrian, and there are even a number of errors in grammar and punctuation. Background information is dished out in awkward narrative gobs, as though the author had to get this information in somehow, but hadn't really solved the problem of how to do it, and she frequently resorts to awkward rhetorical questions in what is an unsuccessful bid to catch the reader's interest or to build up a phony suspense after the manner of the questions at the end of radio soap opera episodes.

If this is the "All-Canada Fiction Award" as the dust cover asserts, it has been a slim year for the novel, or at least for the publisher who has the presumption to imply that this is the best work of fiction published in Canada in the past year.

DESMOND W. COLE

MACDONALD COLLEGE

## The Canadian Economy

*CANADA'S ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT 1867-1953.* By O. J. Firestone. London: Bowes & Bowes. Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd. 1958. Pp. xxvi + 384. \$7.75.

Readers of this book would be well advised, I think, to read it backwards, from Part IV to Part I. Part IV is an interesting and useful account of all previous estimates of Canadian national income and of Canadian wealth. It is interesting to note that even statistical work is subject to fashion. Much work was done on wealth estimates immediately after the first World

War; since then nearly all effort has been devoted to income estimates; now there are various reports that attention is again swinging back to the problem of measuring national wealth.

Part III will have to be sampled rather than read. Here the author gives his statistical sources and an account of the techniques used in drawing up his own new estimates (including series on population, net family formation, and various components of the National Accounts before 1926). The reader who follows the author through his estimating procedures for any one series will be made keenly aware of the importance of the many warnings in the earlier part of the book about the limitations of the figures presented.

Part II, entitled "Analysis", is the core of the volume. Here we find for the first time what students of the Canadian economy have long lacked: a statistical underpinning for the economic history of our country since Confederation. In the long run its full value will only become evident as different workers test the adequacy and reliability of the statistics themselves. Two non-statistical comments may, however, be made immediately. First, there is no suggestion that Mr. Firestone's work will necessitate any major revision of our present understanding of Canadian history. Second, Mr. Firestone has attempted (or so it seems to me) to impose on his work a theme—the growth of Canada to the status of an industrial economy. I think this unfortunate, but happily the theme is independent of the statistical contribution made by the author. Industrialization is one of those apparently simple concepts which is not really simple at all. There are dozens of criteria of industrialization and it is rare to find an economy which conforms to all of them. In terms of urbanization, and of the proportions of the labour force and income generated in manufacturing industry, Canada certainly appears to qualify as an industrialized nation. But our exports are as large a percentage of our national income as ever, perhaps larger (pp. 141-2); they are as concentrated on as few raw or semi-finished products as ever (p. 160); primary industries other than agriculture have gained in importance in the economy in recent years; and in 1950

we still imported as large a proportion of our supply of manufactured goods as we did in 1939—indeed we had become much less "self sufficient" in iron and steel products (p. 167). Have we really changed as much as Mr. Firestone and others would have us believe?

Skepticism is therefore in order as you turn to Part I, the summary of the volume, and read such confident assertions as, "Comparing Canada of the 1860's with Canada of the 1950's is a comparison of . . . a pioneering society with an industrially advanced nation . . ." (p. 4), or "Canada is now an industrialized society . . ." (p. 23).

J. H. DALES

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

---

*DYNAMIC DECADE: THE EVOLUTION AND EFFECTS OF THE OIL INDUSTRY IN ALBERTA.* By Eric J. Hanson. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1958. Pp. xi, 314. \$5.00.

An attempt to describe the development of the oil and gas industry in western Canada is by no means premature. It is now over ten years since the Leduc discovery and, with the appearance of serious problems of shut-in production, the industry seems to have reached the end of its first stage of rapid growth. Furthermore, with the lapse of time, increasing numbers of the individuals who played significant rôles in the early days of the industry are disappearing from the scene, and it is well that the information they alone can provide should be elicited and recorded in print. For these and other reasons, *Dynamic Decade* is a book whose appearance is welcome. It contains much that is of value and, though some of its conclusions (such as the estimates of the provincial income effects of petroleum investment) may be subject to critical revision, it is likely to stand for a considerable time as the authoritative survey of the Alberta industry in its period of initial expansion.

Any writer who tackles a general survey of the petroleum and natural gas industry finds himself, before many pages are finished, developing into an amateur geologist, chemist and lawyer. One of the strengths of Mr. Hanson's book is the ease

with which he moves about in such specialized fields as the interpretation of geophysical anomalies, the esoteric processes of the petrochemical industry, and the administrative mazes of pro-rationing. To be sure, he seems on occasion to assume a higher learning rate on the part of his readers than is perhaps justifiable; but this is merely to say that the book is not an elementary introduction to the subject but rather a serious attempt to explore the complexity of the industry in most, if not all, of its aspects. Certainly the pace of the book does not suffer; it moves briskly along from chapter to chapter, leaving the reader at the end with the comfortable feeling that, if there is something he still does not understand, it is only because he has read too quickly. To some extent, of course, this is a delusion. Mr. Hanson's abilities as an economist are displayed in his analysis of the income effects of petroleum investment and spending; but his discussion of the price structure of the industry, of the economic implications of pro-rationing, and of the corporate relationships between the various units of the industry I for one found less than completely satisfactory. There is no doubt that the industry is, in the refining phase, highly monopolistic; but the implications of imperfect competition for the setting of well-head prices, for instance, are not explored. It is all very well to say (and how often it has been said) that the industry requires a stable and remunerative price in order to provide the funds for further exploration and development. But what rate of exploration and development is the optimum, and what price must be achieved to support that rate? Mr. Hanson's description of pro-rationing procedures in Alberta is admirably detailed and precise, but he does not explore the implications of pro-rationing for price maintenance nor the degree to which it shelters the marginal producer.

It is easy to criticize any book of this kind for what it does not do. Such criticism is usually unfair, because it is by his own intentions that the author's performance should be appraised. It should, however, be emphasized that *Dynamic Decade* does not deal with the Canadian oil industry as a whole, but merely with the oil industry in Alberta. The rest of

the world, including the rest of Canada, figures in the analysis only to the extent that it affects developments in that province. Such a strict delimitation of interest enables the author to avoid any suggestion of diffuseness; but at the same time it gives the book a character that can only be described as provincial in the literary sense of the word. It means, for instance, that the opportunity has been missed to provide a comparative analysis of oil conservation regulations in the western provinces. Such an analysis would not only be of interest for its own sake, but would also throw much additional light on the impact of the Alberta regulations. Similarly, if the analysis had been broadened to cover all three prairie provinces, Mr. Hanson would doubtless have found it impossible to refrain, as he has done, from discussing the relationships between provincial politics and the oil industry. Was it, for example, the superior potentialities of Alberta's reef formations that attracted Imperial Oil to that province, rather than Saskatchewan, before 1947? Or was it Saskatchewan socialism, with its talk of cooperatively-owned refineries? One suspects, too, that analysis of the income effects of petroleum investment would have broader significance if the three prairie provinces were taken as the unit of study, rather than merely Alberta. (Incidentally, unless I misunderstand him, Mr. Hanson's derivation of a provincial "multiplier" seems to assume that Albertans do no net saving and that the only leakage from the income stream is into imports. This seems to require empirical validation, as does the assumption that the average propensity to import is 40 per cent.)

Within his chosen limits, Mr. Hanson's performance is highly creditable. Those limits, however, are confining ones, both intellectually and geographically. As a pioneering study *Dynamic Decade* is both timely and valuable; but much remains to be done.

HUGH G. J. AITKEN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

---

**HYDROELECTRICITY AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT. QUEBEC, 1898-1940.** By John H. Dales. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J.

Reginald Saunders. 1957. Pp. 269. \$7.25.

This book deals with the history of the hydroelectric industry in the Province of Quebec and with the analysis of the association that can be established between this industry and the general growth of manufacturing activities.

The narrative is centered upon the "entrepreneurial policy" of each individual firm with respect to the adjustment over time between the capacity to supply electricity and the demand for it. The approach, however, is unusual. It may be characterized as both historical and macroeconomic. It is macroeconomic in the sense that the author has tried to give an empirical basis for his subsequent general contention that "hydroelectric development has been a powerful agent in the promotion of a twentieth-century industrial revolution in Canada" (p. 182). In our opinion, the author would have done better to adopt a more conventional type of analysis. The structure of the industry and a careful study of competition would have produced much more convincing arguments on discriminatory pricing and high profits than the low standard of living of the population (p. 33) and indeed the "stubborn cultural barriers to an expansion of the per-household consumption of electricity" (p. 193). We may also note in passing that the facts themselves of discrimination and high profits have not been established. The "high and low value" businesses (p. 44) are meaningless categories when no reference is made to respective costs (except later, p. 187) from which to draw a price discrimination thesis.

On the main question of the promotion of industrial development through water power resources, it is doubtful whether it can be argued that because a factor of production is indispensable (even this is not true in the case of water power resources, since fuel is available in Canada), all the other complementary factors will just appear on the scene in time to allow a general manufacturing growth which can be attributed to the given particular factor. Let us illustrate: on the one hand, the Southern Canada Power Company is said to have always been unable to supply heavy consumers of electricity (p. 135-136) and therefore its main interest lay with the



retail market. On the other hand, since this company has provided the Townships area with electricity without which "a region will not be able to attract manufacturing industry regardless of its other advantages" (p. 140), the company did promote industrial development. This development in turn led to the growth of cities and towns, to new opportunities for surplus farm labour, to a higher standard of living, to higher profits and to general increases of demand for other goods and services, and the author adds that it is doubtful whether this would have occurred had it not been for the introduction of electricity. This reviewer cannot subscribe to such sequences of events nor to the conclusions which are derived from them because we are told too early that: "From little spirals such as these, economic development results" (p. 141). Other pages are written in the same vein (p. 178, p. 168, pp. 174-175).

About the theoretical analysis contained in chapters 8 and 9, one cannot but feel uneasy. The case seems to be generally overstated. In the first place, as another reviewer has already observed, the concept of the region which is used is not defined, and the author works both on the basis of the Province of Quebec, and of Ontario and Quebec together. Again the effect of water power on the composition industry is measured through a chart (p. 161) showing ratios of heat to power used by manufacturing industries in different regions. For this argument to prove that the composition of industry is affected, it is necessary to rule out the possibility of substitution, where relative costs would be the answer, of alternative sources of energy. The author excludes this possibility by an unconvincing affirmation: "Fuels and electricity must be used in fixed proportions in any one industry" (p. 159).

Finally a model has been built to show how power resources and, more generally, natural resources affect the location of industries in different regions. But the market and the labour supply are excluded at the outset from the determinant factors because they are not fixed from the point of view of industry as a whole. This assumption means that the labour force can be attracted anywhere at no cost. This is probably why the criterion of adequacy for industrial

development, which depends on whether a region has more or less than 50% of the material requirements, appears so dangerously original.

ANDRE RAYNAULD

UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL

## The Canadian Story

**LORD SELKIRK'S DIARY, 1803-1804: A journal of his travels in British North America and the Northeastern United States.** Edited with an introduction by Patrick C. T. White. *The Publications of The Champlain Society, XXXV. Toronto, 1958. Pp. xxxii + 359. By subscription to the Society.*

**ROYAL FORT FRONTENAC.** Texts selected and translated by Richard A. Preston, edited with introduction and notes by Leopold Lamontagne. *The Publications of The Champlain Society, Ontario Series, II. Toronto, 1958. Pp. xxx + 503. By subscription to the Society.*

Thomas Douglas, the fifth Earl of Selkirk, was a man of very considerable parts, endowed with a lively curiosity, tremendous drive and determination, and a passion for colonizing. Despite official indifference and obstruction from vested interests, he won modest support and the grudging acquiescence of government in his schemes of emigration and settlement. His first success was in Prince Edward Island in 1803, followed by the dismal failure of the Baldoon settlement in Upper Canada, and the more daring but ultimately successful Red River colony.

Selkirk accompanied his first settlers to Prince Edward Island, and for the next two years kept a diary, during his travels, amassing an astonishing amount of factual information concerning every aspect of colonial life. For the first few weeks he was preoccupied with the task of organizing the Island colony, parcelling out the land, settling ubiquitous disputes, and encouraging the settlers with sound, practical advice. He then visited Nova Scotia, Massachusetts and New York State, and in mid-November crossed the Niagara River above the Falls for a tour of the settlements in Upper Canada. Thence he travelled to



Lower Canada, crossed into Vermont, back through New York, across Lake Erie and overland to his Baldoon settlement on Lake St. Clair. There is a gap in the diary for the next four months. At the end of September, Selkirk returned to the Maritimes for the remainder of the year. The diary ends 15 December 1804, but an appendix includes rough notes for some of the earlier entries.

The original diary was destroyed in a fire some years ago. Fortunately a transcript had been made for the Public Archives, and it is from this copy of the original that the text has been printed. As the manuscript is thus one remove from the original, and internal evidence points to various errors in transcription, readability would have been improved by less slavish following of the punctuation in the transcript. The dash—peppers every page, even after full stops and at the end of paragraphs.

A typical entry appears as follows: "Most farmers sow a small patch of Indian Corn—but chiefly for eating in the Milk—Capt Beeres sows more than most & has had 60 bushels per acre—but the quantity of labour it requires is against its spreading—tho' it does not require more than Potatoes."

On another point of editing Mr. White leaves something to be desired. Selkirk mentions hundreds of persons in his diary, many of whom were too obscure or unimportant to be traced and identified. Others, however, were sufficiently prominent in their time to warrant identification in footnotes or, better, in an alphabetical list as an appendix. Mr. White's choice of names for identification seems to be somewhat haphazard, and his footnotes vary from a few words to a capsule biography. Thus Richard Cartwright (p. 181) is tagged as a prominent citizen and merchant in Niagara and Kingston, omitting dates and the fact that he was a magistrate and M.L.C., whereas twelve lines, are devoted to the career of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. (p. 204) The Comte de Puisaye, Rev. John Stuart, and other worthies mentioned by Selkirk are passed over without footnotes or even index references.

One editorial guess is wide of the mark. The passage follows: "There is no regular Post to Upper Canada from Quebec except 4 Couriers once a month in Winter—in

summer letters are trusted to occasional opportunities . . . The Courier in Winter goes on foot, & is paid 36 \$ for going from Kingston by York to Niagara & back again, which he does in about 3 weeks—240 measured or 270 computed miles each way, i.e. about 4d Haly pr. mile each way". (p. 163) In a footnote on "Haly" the editor comments "Presumably the word should be 'daily'". As this makes nonsense of the calculation, "Haly" is obviously Halifax currency. This may be a case of inaccurate transcription from the original, as Selkirk commonly uses the abbreviation "Halx". The copyist may also be responsible for other peculiarities in the text; e.g. Cavajohary for *Canojohary* (p. 98) Schoharn for *Schoharie* (p. 101) de Puisage for *de Puisaye* (p. 161) Isle Fonti for *Isle Tonti* (p. 183), and the three variants Mallony, Mallory, and Malloy (pp. 304, 305, 325).

It would be ungenerous, however, merely to point out minor flaws in a scholarly piece of work carried out, on the whole, with admirable success. Mr. White's general introduction presents the salient facts of Selkirk's career and supplies information on his colonizing ventures which helps to elucidate the text. The diary itself is a very important source of factual data on the social and economic life of the time and provides interesting sidelights on Selkirk's character which do him great credit. That his judgment was sometimes at fault cannot be gainsaid but his ruling motives were always patriotic and humanitarian considerations, never personal ambition or cupidity.

The volume on Fort Frontenac, as Premier Frost points out in his Foreword, is the second in a series sponsored by the Ontario government "to provide for the interested public and historians a representative selection of the significant records of the Ontario past . . .". It is the first of two companion volumes dealing with the early history of Kingston, the one under review covering the French regime to 1761, the other, to appear shortly, under the sole editorship of Dr. Preston, dealing with the British settlement following the American Revolution.

The present work of collaboration between Professors Preston and Lamontagne of the Royal Military College fully justifies

the foresight of the Ontario Government in sponsoring this project and the confidence of the Champlain Society in publishing the work under their imprimatur.

The story of Fort Frontenac has of course, been told and re-told, and it was not to be expected that research of the original sources would throw much new light on the fort's history. A good many of the documents included in this volume have been published before, most of them in French and in works long since out of print and difficult to procure; others, from archives collections, are here published for the first time. It is a convenience for the lay reader and for the historian to have them presented (in English translation as well as in the original French) in a single, well-edited volume. In the task of translation, Dr. Preston has succeeded in producing a text faithful to the original without being awkward or stilted. There are two useful appendices, the one listing chronologically the Commandants of Fort Frontenac, 1673 to 1760, the other identifying "the principal persons, places and Indian nations mentioned in this book". A bibliography (pp. 485-491) lists manuscripts, published documents, and selected secondary sources including books, pamphlets, and periodical articles. There is a general index of names and subjects, and the work is embellished with seventeen illustrations which include maps and plans of the fort.

The typography and format of the Champlain Society publications is so uniformly excellent that occasional minor blemishes are the more noticeable. In this volume the title page is ill-proportioned and should have been reset. One assumes that neither of the editors saw the page proofs or the upper case DR's preceding their names would have been deleted. Curiously, no proof reader noticed that an entire line near the end of the Preface (p. x) is set in wrong font.

The introduction by Dr. Lamontagne presents the best account to date of the history and vicissitudes of Cataraqui or Fort Frontenac to 1758. In less than seventy pages he introduces and illuminates the documents which follow—a model of historical writing from original sources. The history of the fort is a dramatic story of religious zeal and self-sacrifice, adventurous

ambition, the lure of exploration, commercial greed and rivalry, royal parsimony and vacillation, bureaucratic jealousies, Indian intrigues, good and bad faith, and the final surrender to Col. Bradstreet on August 28, 1758.

While the highlights of Fort Frontenac's history make fascinating reading, it is well to remember that during the eighty-five years of French occupation there were long periods of inactivity and sporadic attempts, despite the Indian menace, to establish a modest settlement. La Salle states in 1682, "There is a good amount of land cleared and sown round about . . . There are quite near the fort several French houses, an Iroquois village, a convent and a Recollet church". One of the civilian settlers was the mysterious, high-born Demoiselle Madeleine de Roybon d'Alonne who accompanied La Salle to Fort Frontenac in 1675. Her presence gave rise to rumours that La Salle was about to marry, but this he denied. For some ten years the Demoiselle cultivated her seigneurie, but in the Iroquois uprising of 1686 her lands were pillaged, her houses burnt, and she herself taken into captivity for fourteen years. In 1700 she gained her freedom but was forbidden to return to her settlement as trade with the Indians had been declared a royal monopoly. When her complaints were unavailing in Quebec she journeyed to Paris to protest at court. The decision was that she could return and cultivate her lands but not engage in the Indian trade. The last official notice of Demoiselle Madeleine is a communication of Vaudreuil to the Council of the Navy in 1717 recommending relief for this "worthy spinster" (*bonne demoiselle*) who is now "decrepit with age, very poor, and in consequence not in a fit state to go to re-establish lands abandoned for thirty years". The word "approved" is endorsed in the margin of this document. (p. 139) This is only one among many sidelights of great human interest which the documents provide and which remain in mind to tantalize the imagination.

The editors, the government of Ontario, and the Champlain Society have, in this volume, as in the preceding volume by Edwin Guillet on the *Valley of the Trent*,

set a very high standard for the Ontario Series.

H. P. GUNDY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

---

*THE ATLANTIC.* By Leonard Outhwaite. New York: Coward McCann Inc. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. 479 pages; \$6.50.

This is a most impressive story of the Atlantic Ocean. Inlanders will be surprised when they read of its extent, and those in the Atlantic Provinces who have come to know its many moods will appreciate the information and history of this great water. The book tells of its structure, depth, volume, extent, and of its behaviour. There may be sudden storms of great violence on other waters but the Atlantic has a mighty power that seamen respect and dread above all other. The history and meaning of this tremendous water, how it was discovered and used by first explorers, makes fascinating reading.

The greatest sailors the world has known were developed nine centuries ago. They dared the Atlantic in rude wooden crafts held together by pegs and withes, using sails of skins, steering by the sun and moon and stars. Daring Vikings crossed the Atlantic hundreds of years before Columbus, explored the coast of North America from Greenland to New England, spent winters in crude shelters erected on the shores of inlets and harbours. During the sixteenth century fishermen from Portugal and Spain and France and England crossed the Atlantic to fish for cod. When Sir Humphrey Gilbert visited Newfoundland during that era he found the harbour at St. John's filled with fishing vessels.

French settlers were carried to Canada at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and had with them their cattle and sheep and pigs. Bigger vessels were built to carry supplies to the new world, and small boats skirted the coastline to trade with the Indians. The struggle for possession began and English and French fighting ships sailed the Atlantic. Then came trade with the West Indies and pirates began to haunt the sea lanes. Ships went to Africa and filled their holds with slaves that were sold to the cotton planters of the South. Every

type of craft that could carry sail was seen on the Atlantic, either on crossings or in coastal trade and a ship building boom during the 19th century brought the greatest prosperity the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have ever known.

The book carries thrilling accounts of the laying of the first trans-Atlantic cable. It tells of the many immortals who have crossed the Atlantic alone and in small craft, of those who first flew from America to Europe.

The Atlantic touches all five of the great continents and its shore line is made up of parts of their coast. It is the major drainage basin of the major continents and receives the waters of the major river systems of the world. So great an expert as Sir John Murray estimates that the continental areas drained by rivers emptying into the Atlantic are about twice as great as those emptying into the Pacific and Indian Oceans combined.

Many residents of the Atlantic Provinces will be interested in reading what this author has to say about the voyage of John Cabot. He states: "He (John Cabot) sailed from Bristol in 1497 in a small ship named the *Matthew*. There were only eighteen men in his crew. His landfall was probably on Cape Breton Island and he cruised about the mouth of the St. Lawrence, discovering an extensive coast and persuading himself that this was not simply an island. One result of Cabot's voyage was to discover and report the richness of the fisheries on the Grand Banks."

WILL R. BIRD

HALIFAX

---

## The Historical Process

*ORIGINS OF THE MEDIEVAL WORLD.* By William Carroll Bark. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press. *Stanford Studies in History, Economics and Political Science*, XIV. 1958. Pp. v + 162. \$3.75.

"Were Spengler and Toynbee right? Are we to expect the decline of a civilization grown old and weary?" With this challenging problem before him, Professor Bark begins a fresh enquiry into the meaning of the fall of the Roman Empire and the onset of the barbarian and Catholic West. If he

fails to sweep all opposition before him, it is partly because of a hiatus between ends and means, and partly because of a defectiveness in the means themselves. Yet the reader cannot but be challenged by the courage with which fundamental questions are tackled and the wide knowledge of the early middle ages which is brought to bear on them.

The essence of the book's argument is that the disasters of the third to fifth centuries were so complete that a new civilization could be built out of the ruins. The Pirenne thesis that the Mediterranean economy and policy lingered on until the coming of Islam is rejected by an appeal to the writings of Norman Baynes, Daniel Dennett, Jr. and others. On the other hand, the author wishes to show that there were new beginnings in those years of collapse: in fact, the seedlings of Western ideas of liberty and empirical progress. He is obliged to walk something of a tightrope between painting the picture too bright—for his thesis needs an utter collapse—and painting too dark, for in these same years he wishes to find the origins of an entirely new kind of civilization.

In point of fact the date of the change from *Romania* to the new beginnings is not strictly relevant to the principal thesis, and it is to be feared that the lengthy discussion which it is given detracts from the force of the latter.

The argument that the characteristics of the new era were in fact the basis of a new kind of "open" civilization is hardly rigorous enough to convince any but the already converted. In the first place, it is not grounded on any satisfactory theory about what does cause growth and decay; possibly a greater concentration on the causes of collapse of the Roman civilization could have provided the groundwork of such a theory. Further, the examples of 'openness' and willingness to experiment in the Merovingian era are miscellaneous in the extreme: missionary energies and skills, the necessities of a slaveless manorial society, experimental attitudes expressed in the invention of the horse collar, horseshoe, wheeled plough and watermill, and the separation of church and state. As clues to something deeper, these features have their place, but the author is anxious to

emphasize, at least in connection with the inventiveness, that there is no basic cause.

In an epilogue, when the author tries to remedy the defective analytical approach of his main chapters, he again produces a lame, almost textbookish miscellany of causes for decline and advance. Collapse came for a variety of reasons—inequality and degradation, the low estate of women, etc. Growth was based on separation of Church and State, poverty (which meant that the West "had to do its chores") and finally the concurrence of "several conditions and forces". In this idea of concurrence (p. 108) and, later, of "the shock of repeated change" (p. 112), the possibility of a thesis, however weak, does emerge. But the conduct of the argument, like the history of the period, as seen by the author, is marked by considerable looseness of texture.

At the end, one is still a long way from being convinced that the qualities which guarantee the permanence of the West were already present in the years 300-600 A.D. Nevertheless, a successful answer is frequently approached, as when the author writes that "in societies and cultures . . . the relationships are paramount". To have taken some such notion and worked it out in its full implications would have transformed the book from a discursive and enjoyable series of essays into a possible landmark in the historiography of civilization.

M. R. POWICK

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

---

*ORDER AND HISTORY, vol. I — Israel and Revelation. By Eric Voegelin. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1956; Pp. xxv + 533. \$7.50.*

In this first volume of a proposed six-volumed-work Professor Voegelin, a professor of Political Science at the Louisiana State University, invades the field of Old Testament with incredible ability. The proposal is to present in 6 volumes, over the next three years (from 1956), "a comprehensive study of the order of human existence in society and history, ranging in time from the Egyptian and Mesopotamian empires . . . to the modern national state and the contemporary conflict of civiliza-

tion." This project is indeed a *magnum opus*. In the first volume, *Israel and Revelation*, the author writes a theology of history rather than a philosophy of history. This idea of progress toward a true goal, which Voegelin presents, may be considered as an extensive reply to the Spengler-Toynbee philosophy of history. In the subsequent volumes Voegelin will discuss "the polis and the form of philosophy (2 volumes); the multicivilizational empires and Christianity (1 volume); and the national states and the symbolic form of gnosis (2 volumes)".

Profesor Voegelin is interested in the "order of man, society, and history to the extent to which it has become accessible to science" (Preface p. x). He believes that every society has been occupied with this problem of "creating an order that will endow the fact of its existence with meaning in terms of ends divine and human . . . Beginning with the civilizations of the Ancient Near East . . . a sequence of orders, intelligibly connected with one another as advance toward, or recession from, an adequate symbolization of truth concerning the order of being of which the order of society is a part" (Preface p. ix). The author suggests that even though there is no simple pattern of progress or cycle there is an "intelligible struggle for true order." In this first volume the writer explores the cosmological and historical forms of order. The symbolic forms of order seen in Mesopotamian, Canaanite and Egyptian societies "become articulate in the formation of Israel", when the God of Israel reveals himself as "the original and ultimate source of order in world and man" (Preface p. xi). In the exodus of Israel from cosmological form, due to the response to Revelation, Voegelin sees the emergence of history.

The introduction is entitled "the Symbolization of Order". This chapter, as well as most of the book, is not easy reading. The sentences, often long and involved, contain words which although exact, signify the mind of one whose native tongue is other than English. Added to these difficulties of communication, is the fact that Professor Voegelin is writing in the realm of ideas—abstract ideas. He is concerned with Being and Existence in this first section. "God and man, world and society form the primordial

community of being" (p. 1). Man, concerned about his existence, in the field of being, seeks to create symbols which will be more or less intelligible. There is still a bewilderingly large area of "unexplored facts and unsolved problems". There are, however, even at this initial level, certain experiences of order: the experience of consubstantiality: man "knows himself as part of being"; the experience of lasting and passing: "durability and transiency" of those involved in consubstantiality; the hierarchy of existence: relating the unknown to the known, i.e. the creation of symbols; the attunement of man to lasting experience: in this "we know that we are of the being to which we return" (p. 5); the experience of obligation which causes the anxiety of existence, not just of physical death, but of losing "the slender foothold in the partnership of being that we experience as ours while existence lasts." Will we attune to the "being to which we return" or lose this attunement by default?

Part One of the book proceeds to deal with the cosmological order of the Ancient Near East: Mesopotamia and Egypt. Here Voegelin, in a masterful way, discusses the rôle of nature and the gods "as the model for the structural and procedural order of society" (p. 6). The author has taken due cognizance of the works of the leading scholars in this field. For instance, the Toynbee-Frankfort debate on the principles for interpreting Egyptian historical evidence is ably presented and evaluated (p. 55ff).

Part Two, which is some 160 pages long, deals with the historical order of Israel. With the break-down of cosmological order through the realization that the "cosmos is not the source of lasting order in human existence" (p. 6), the tendency is to shift the symbol "toward the invisibly existing being beyond all being in tangible existence" (p. 6). To illustrate this thesis Voegelin turns to the study of Israel. Here again, in the discussion of political catastrophes understood as cosmic events, the best literary resources are used as source material. The change which we get in Israel and her attunement to the God who revealed Himself in history is called "a qualitative leap". "The connected community will experience itself as qualitatively different from all other societies that have not taken the leap" (p. 10). With this as his thesis, Professor

Voegelin proceeds to discuss "the history of Israel and the trail of Symbols" in Part Three: From Clan to Kingship (chpt.7); the struggle for Empire (chpt.8); the Mundane Climax of David and Solomon (chpt.9); the end of Israel's wordly existence (chpt. 10). But there is more to this than dry historical fact. Part Three gives a brilliant interpretation of the events. Voegelin has sternly and legitimately criticized the bulk of Old Testament scholars (chpt.6) for using the research into the various sources of the Old Testament, so ably discerned by the Graf-Kuenen-Wellhausen School of biblical criticism, as an end rather than a means. "Source analysis" can be of great assistance in finding units of symbolic meaning; "but it can become utterly destructive if it pretends that the integral text contains no units of meaning which cut across the sources" (p. 154). In this connection Voegelin has illustrated the need to take seriously the biblical studies of Martin Buber (p. 149, fn. 3). In this same section, in which the writer discusses the Historiographic work, he has provided strong direction for the more dynamic interpretation of Israel's history. His discussion of pragmatic and paradigmatic history is particularly constructive in any consideration of Israel's reflective thought (chpt.4). Part Four contains a discussion of Moses and the Prophets culminating in an informed discussion of the Suffering Servant motif in Second Isaiah (Isaiah 40-55.)

To discuss in detail the treatment of Israel's history which Professor Voegelin undertakes would require a companion volume. The reader is amazed to see how extensive are the scholarly works consulted. Not only are the sources consulted extensive, but the author senses the modern trends in Old Testament studies. He has relied heavily on the Scandinavian scholars whose works are not always readily available to English readers. Sometimes, the reviewer has the feeling that the ideas of some scholars who disagree are set in close juxtaposition without full evaluation. The danger in such a panoramic study is that there is a tendency to generalize. And so the expert in Old Testament matters rightly may take exception at some points. For instance on p. 228ff, the author does not seem to appreciate the rôle of the prophetic band with-

in Israel, suggesting rather, that collective prophetism based on ecstasy was a Canaanite intrusion. This thesis is hardly substantiated when we consider Isaiah's band of disciples. The work of T. J. Meek: *Hebrew Origins*, which is a basic piece of research, is nowhere mentioned in the book. This is a serious weakness, especially in the discussion of Moses and the beginning of Israel politically. On the other hand, there seem to be very few editorial slips. On p. 52 we notice "A" for the second initial of James Henry Breasted which is corrected in subsequent pages. This study is extremely stimulating. It is not easy reading, nor beyond question in every respect, but it should be required reading for all those who are seriously interested in biblical history as it reflects the thought patterns of Israel. Professor Voegelin has conveyed, in the main, the new and positive approach which most Old Testament scholars follow in their interpretation of that ancient corpus of literature.

ERNEST G. CLARKE

QUEEN'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

### Man in Society

*FROM APE TO ANGEL.* By H. R. Hays. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. 1958. Pp. xxv + 440, numerous illustrations. \$8.50.

H. R. Hays (a congenial outsider looking in) has defied the sober anthropological rule that it is process that counts when it comes to understanding human events, and not personalities. The recounting of such events in the development of social anthropology has taken place before and such histories of the field have included the "great men" of the remoter and the nearer past. But these men have been allowed to speak only through the results of their research, having been commended or criticized upon that basis. I believe the most enthusiastic scholar of the growth of professional anthropology must admit to having stifled the occasional yawn.

Mr. Hays has written a history of anthropology, rather than one of anthropologists, and he has done so in such a way as to remove the possibility of a reader's



becoming bored with any section of the book. This writer has provided discussions of the relevant concepts and some of the arguments that have accompanied their introduction, but not as the focal point of his story. A considerable amount of fairly detailed ethnographic data have also been included; as an example, the intricacies of Australian social organization, art and dancing, have been given space and context. Most of all, however, one's attention is drawn by the revealing descriptions of the persons themselves who have fallen into the long line of anthropologists in the past and the present; it is Mr. Hays' insistence upon intimacy in this regard, his writing art, and his interweaving of dimensions of approach which should make the field new even to those who know it well. We are permitted to see these anthropologists as family men, as adventurers, as persons sometimes in serious trouble, but above all as those occupied with the business of bringing the kind of validity and understanding out of the primitive field that underlies such unity of approach as does exist today. Robertson Smith's fight with the established church in Scotland, Frobenius' feelings of persecution and his constant ethnocentrism, Boas' persisting determination toward the objectives of scientific observation and "the higher tolerance" in the evaluation of human affairs—these are some of the images that combine in both harmonious and conflicting shades that tell a realistic story of groping, but in a direction.

A professional anthropologist may not learn much that is new either from the conceptual or ethnographic material; also, he may not be happy with some of the omissions or selectivity in treatment: Kroeber, Murdock and Opler in the U.S., Evans-Pritchard, Firth, Fortes, Gluckman, Nadel, Schapera of "British" anthropology. And Mr. Hays certainly missed an important and colourful personage in the past of American anthropology when he all but overlooked Frank Hamilton Cushing. I doubt, however, that anyone could make a case for having this book re-written or materially changed: it is warm and humanistic on every page and—most important—it reflects with accuracy one, indeed

the contemporary dilemma: where is the field going?

The book is an important one for anthropologists to read; it is the sort they could never write and it teaches in a way they would not teach. It appeals to the layman in the anthropologist and makes one of them, at any rate, sure that laymen who read it will be both fascinated and instructed.

TOM F. S. McFEAT

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

---

*WHY DEMOCRACIES FAIL: A CRITICAL EVALUATION OF THE CAUSES OF MODERN DICTATORSHIPS.* By Norman L. Stamps. Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press. 1957. Pp. xxvi + 182. \$4.00.

As the subtitle indicates, Professor Stamps surveys only modern democracies and by failure he means failure to survive. It is his purpose not to offer an explanation of his own but "to discuss the major explanations offered by others for the failure of democracy and the rise of dictatorships." He notes that most writers in the field have been interested "in an individual country, in a particular thesis, or in developing a single explanation" and that few have attempted "to survey the work that has been done, analyse it, and bring together in a single book the results obtained thus far." With this book he enrolls himself among the few.

In his introduction Professor F. A. Hermens places a high value on exercises of this kind. They contribute, he argues, to the formation of "a true scientific community", like that enjoyed by the natural scientists, where there is a very wide area of agreement and where, because the scientists work in the closest possible contact, errors that do creep in are not likely to persist. In this respect economists are ahead of political scientists for among the vast majority of the former "there is now agreement, not only that inflationary and deflationary movements must not be allowed to exceed certain limits, but also, that there are adequate means for their control." "Can political scientists achieve similar results?" Professor Hermens asks. "Can they, too,



help to close the ring of measures needed to assure the success of democracy, and to forestall the rise of new dictatorships."

To forestall the rise of new dictatorships is a tall order and it is no disparagement of the quality of Professor Stamps' thought to say that his book will do little to close the ring. We can only be thankful that there are economists among us. Nor is it a disparagement to say that it will fail to produce a much wider area of agreement. It will fail here, if it does fail, precisely because a wide measure of agreement already exists. This agreement the book reflects, admirably if not perfectly — Professor Stamps has performed well the task he set himself. But it is doubtful whether there has been any very general failure to recognize the area of agreement and whether, therefore, much is gained by bringing together in a single book "the results obtained thus far."

Why democracies fail is, after all, no very great mystery. They fail because men are difficult to govern. Men are prone to blame persons or systems for the fact that there are never enough goods (including power and prestige) to go round. Professor Stamps seems to have acted on the belief that the outburst of optimism about the future of democracy that occurred at the end of World War I makes the subsequent widespread eclipse of democracy a real poser. Professor Hermens offers the comforting thought that if democracy has failed "in a number of instances", dictatorship *always* fails, "leaving democracy to pick up the pieces."

J. H. AITCHISON

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

---

*THE SOCIOLOGY OF RELIGION.* By Thomas Ford Hoult. New York: The Dryden Press. Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd. 1958. Pp. xii + 436. \$5.25.

If, as some observers claim, we are in the midst of a religious revival, or on the verge of one, then the current burgeoning of sociological thought and work on the subject of religion is easy to account for. This revival of sociological interest in religion is not confined to academic sociologists and anthropologists. In his brief preface

to the work under review, Professor William J. Goode, who in 1951 produced a notable book called *Religion Among the Primitives*, remarks that religious organizations probably have more empirical research projects going on under their auspices than do academic bodies.

Should the sociology of religion continue its downstage progress from its previous background position and become commonplace as a research subject and course offering, let those who are religious pray that we may be spared the spate of mediocre volumes and articles which accompanied the downstage movement of the sociology of the family. To judge by post-war publications on the sociology of religion, including the work under review, we have good reason to be optimistic.

Hoult's work has a curious history. In 1929, Professor Clifford Kirkpatrick's volume, *Religion in Human Affairs*, appeared and was given a cool reception. A number of scholars felt that Kirkpatrick's contribution was under-rated and deserved a more favourable response. One of them, Professor Hoult, set out to do something about it. He undertook to revise the Kirkpatrick book, a kind of literary resurrection, and ended up by producing the present volume, for which he accepts full responsibility. He offers it not as an original contribution to the sociology of religion, but as a synthesis of existing knowledge and thought on the subject.

The author uses a small number of basic concepts in his analysis, the three major ones being sociocultural compatibility, power, and sanctification. Sociocultural compatibility is perhaps the least satisfactory of these from the point of view of explanation. Underlying our very definition of a society is the premise that the elements or parts that make it up, including religion, must be to some extent compatible with one another. As an explanatory concept, then, compatibility is of quite limited usefulness.

Consideration of the power requirements of society as a whole and of its constituent parts is more useful in helping us sort out and explain the relations between religious institutions and the rest of society. In this aspect of his analysis, Hoult follows leads put out by Yinger in his *Religion and*

*the Struggle for Power*, this author in turn being much influenced by Weber and Troeltsch.

The concept of sanctification is defined in sufficiently broad terms to permit its application to a variety of institutions other than religious ones, strictly speaking. Hoult describes the sanctification function as the attempt to uphold certain belief and behaviour patterns which are of deep significance to a society and states that this function must be performed by some agency if the society is to maintain its coherence. Sanctification has been the primary function of organized religion but, asks Hoult, what about currently secular agencies (Masons, Elks, Rotary, Lions, unions, business organizations, patriotic societies)? Are these beginning to fulfill the basic sanctification function and, if so, may they someday be recognized as religious?

*The Sociology of Religion* contains many such provocative ideas, presented in a readable, unpretentious manner. A particularly commendable feature of Hoult's treatment is the emphasis on the response of religious organization to changing conditions. Resistance to change, or the conservative function of religion, is given prominence, although some consideration is devoted to the rôle of religious ideas, leaders, and organizations in the initiation of social change.

Hoult is parsimonious with his concepts but lavish with his illustrations. These are drawn from many religions and societies but mainly from Christendom and, within that category, mainly from the United States. Numerous illustrations pertain to the Roman Catholic Church, which is probably to be expected, for, as Everett Cherrington Hughes once wrote, "Nearly everything, sociologically speaking, has happened to and in Catholicism."

It is sometimes regarded as a left-handed compliment to say that a volume would make a good undergraduate textbook in a subject unless, of course, the author has deliberately aimed to produce just that. Nowhere is it suggested in Hoult's work that he had such an idea in mind, but if he had, he appears to have achieved this aim in an admirable fashion. This is not faint

praise, for we very much need such a textbook.

FRANK G. VALLER  
MCMASTER UNIVERSITY

---

*PROGRESS IN THE AGE OF REASON.*

By R. V. Sampson. London: William Heinemann, Ltd. Toronto: British Book Service Ltd. 1956. Pp. 259. \$3.60.

The majority of Greek thinkers considered the temporal development of the universe, including man, as cyclical. Consequently the idea of progress would have been foreign to them. In medieval times philosophical reflection on man seldom departed from the idea of the drama of salvation in which inherently sinful man could be saved only through grace, and found his fulfilment in a world beyond. Progress then, appears as a distinctly modern idea. It would seem that recent interest in it is not based solely on awareness of the self-corrective and hence progressive nature of natural science, for this would be to ignore the human context within which science has its being. Rather this interest stems from the fact that reflective people now lack precisely that extreme optimism about the perfectibility of man and progress in civilization which was characteristic of the several centuries before our own.

Mr. Sampson's book is a study of the idea of progress and its connection with philosophies of history from the sixteenth century to the present day. It is very important to understand what the author means when he uses the term philosophy of history. In the first chapter he discusses two distinct but related conceptions of the philosophy of history. The first is a "critical activity of investigation of the nature and status of historical knowledge" and is exemplified in the work of Dilthey, Croce and Collingwood. Although this is the dominant field of interest within the philosophy of history now, the second conception, formulating hypotheses concerning the general direction of the historical process, exemplified in the work of Bossuet, Hegel, Comte, Marx, Spengler and Mr. Toynbee, has been more popular in the past and has been associated more closely with the idea of progress. Mr. Sampson limits him-

self to philosophies of history in the second sense.

In the seventeenth century Francis Bacon, Pascal and others enunciated their belief that a capacity for progress is a peculiar characteristic of mankind. Man alone of all forms of life inherits from his predecessors a body of knowledge to which he can contribute, increasing his power over nature and his independence of his environment. They supported this belief partly with historical evidence, but mainly with reference to the nature of man himself.

Other philosophers asserted the perfectibility of man through the increasingly adequate realization of his fixed nature. This position led to a confusion of historic and ideal man, non-empirical histories being written to illustrate the facts of a static human nature.

The outlines of the progress of mankind given to us by Bossuet, Condorcet and others attempting a universal history, exhibit not so much command of historical fact as assumed theological or metaphysical laws of historical direction.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters in the book are concerned with Kant, Hegel, Marx and Comte whose speculative philosophies of history, asserting laws of historical development, were in various ways closely associated with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries' faith in human progress.

Mr. Sampson's own acceptance of the idea of progress reflects his respect for facts and awareness of the limitations of useful theorizing. "While we reject any doctrine of inevitable progress, we do not repudiate the attempt to direct the immediate goals of human endeavour in accordance with the best attainable historical knowledge of man's capacities and the conditions which restrict the free play of these capacities." (p. 249)

ALBERT P. FELL

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

*THE POLITICS OF GERMAN CODE-TERMINATION.* By Herbert J. Spiro. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1958. Pp. xii + 180. \$5.25.

"Codetermination" is a word which has been used to describe the scheme whereby

West German workers are participating in the management of industrial enterprises. Mr. Spiro has studied it as a novel scheme of labour relations, as a case study in contemporary West German politics and as a new approach to the question of individual responsibility.

The scheme began with the attempts of the Military Government in the British zone of occupation to rehabilitate the Ruhr. It was an experiment designed to enlist the cooperation of organized labour in operating the steel industry and to disintegrate the cartels by 'democratizing' management. In the new Federal Republic, the experiment became a political issue, which resulted in the extension of codetermination to all corporations in the West German economy and, to a lesser extent, to the public service.

Mr. Spiro provides a general history of the movement and takes specific examples to show how codetermination has worked out in three companies. He has done a great deal of research on the ground and one feels certain that he has achieved the objectivity which he was unable to find in German studies on the subject.

The book is said to apply a new method to the study of politics. In his introduction C. J. Friedrich explains that the author has a special interest in the problem of responsibility. While few will dispute the assertion that interested participation by the workers and their representatives in their personnel policies is to the benefit of the firms involved, there will be some dissent from the author's value judgments. It is clear that he approves of the ideal if unattainable situation of responsibility in which the "individual's contribution to central decisions is exactly proportionate to the extent to which he will be affected by their consequences".

Although Mr. Spiro would probably not wish it so, students of politics here and in the United States, without being overly impressed by his 'new method', can be grateful to him for a valuable study of a really remarkable innovation. Certainly all of us can draw hope from his conclusion that those involved in its operation are becoming more practical, and less devoted to institutional engineering and flawless ideologies.

IAIN GOW

OTTAWA, ONTARIO

**BENEDICT DE SPINOZA, THE POLITICAL WORKS.** Edited and translated by A. G. Wernham. Toronto and Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1958. Pp. x + 463. \$9.50

Spinoza is not as well known as a political philosopher as he is as a metaphysician. There are in fact books on his philosophy which make only passing mention of this aspect of his thought. This is unfortunate, for whether or not one considers Spinoza a great political philosopher what he does have to say about political theory rounds out his ethics. One can see the same principles at work in both, so that one throws light on the other.

This book will now make available to the student of Spinoza a new carefully edited Latin text and accompanying English translation of Spinoza's *Tractatus Politicus* and part of the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. Wernham has done an excellent job and this work will undoubtedly remain a standard edition of these works for a long time. However, it is just because Wernham has done such a good job that one asks why he did not do an even better one and include the whole of the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*. To be sure, the omitted parts have to do mainly with biblical criticism and Wernham may have felt they had no relevance to a political treatise. But this just shows our interests and prejudices; it does not present Spinoza to us as he is. If he saw fit to include this, to us, irrelevant detail he probably did so because he thought it was relevant, and by omitting it Wernham has denied us access to Spinoza's complete thought. This is unfortunate, especially since the uninterested can always omit these sections but the interested cannot now have access to them.

Wernham has also provided an introduction which is a model both of exposition of Spinoza's philosophy and of comparison with that of Hobbes. In a mere forty-one pages he manages to state the principles of Spinoza's philosophy, outline his ethics, state the philosophy of Hobbes and contrast it with that of Spinoza, who developed his own theory through a criticism of Hobbes and Machiavelli. Wernham obviously has Spinoza at his finger tips and it can be hoped that he will find it possible in the

future to publish still more illuminating comments on his philosophy.

Any person desiring to understand Spinoza's political philosophy can therefore safely turn to this book where everything is done with great competence.

WALTER B. CARTER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

## Man in the Cosmos

**YOU AND THE UNIVERSE.** By N. J. Berrill. Toronto: Dodd, Mead & Company (Canada) Limited, 1958. Pp. 215. \$5.00.

"Just what are we doing here, spinning on a tilted planet swinging round a star?" With these opening words the author poses the question in words which indicate the way he will attempt to answer it. This book is an account in non-technical language of the views of astronomers and biochemists about the origin and evolution of the universe and of life respectively.

Surely everyone who starts this book will read on to the end with great interest, enthralled by the majestic word picture of cosmic events and vastly impressed by the combination of circumstances which has brought about on this planet conditions in the narrow range within which life is possible. For example, its distance from the sun, its rotation, its ozone layer in the upper atmosphere which shields life from destructive radiation, its mass which enables it to hold an atmosphere, and the existence of elements in quantity and distribution necessary for life—these are unique for planets of the solar system. Water is a liquid only within a narrow temperature range and this exists because of distance from the sun and the earth's daily rotation.

Green plants have produced all the oxygen (and ozone) and so when life began conditions were very different. Ammonia and carbon dioxide are known to have been plentiful then and the intense radiation which would then come through would produce from this mixture, as it will now in the laboratory, amino acids, which are the building blocks of proteins. At temperatures not much higher than any occurring naturally today, certain other combinations go on leading to the idea that simple forms

of life came into existence and so with the production from photosynthesis of oxygen, which resulted in the protective ozone layer, conditions became suitable for progressive development.

The origin of the universe is treated similarly. Hydrogen gas condensed and gravitational pressure caused a very high temperature so that helium was formed as in the hydrogen bomb. This process went on to form the elements as we know them. Long-term radioactive decay processes such as that of uranium have shown the earth, meteorites, and thus the whole solar system, to be about four and a half billion years old. Life began over a billion years ago and has been evolving with acceleration ever since. Man himself came into existence about a million years ago.

There is a oneness about all life and we are finding that out about the human race only very slowly and painfully. In man a break-through into a higher mental level has occurred. The sense of time and of beauty, the intellectual reach into matter, and the spiritual reach for the meaning behind it all—the search for God—are new. Yet the past remains and emotional and irrational surgings of our anthropoid ancestry remain to plague us. "Individually we come and go but together we contain all of the past and carry the bright hope of a creative, adventurous universe—and not only here but wherever planets have been fully fertile, wherever a sun shines to bring forth glory."

There is much else in this book: musings on the size of animals, the limitations of life, the necessity for death, food chains, the cycle of the elements through living things, overpopulation and its consequences, and the ways in which evolution takes place.

The book has no index and not a single reference. It consists of essays each introduced by a quotation from Walt Whitman. Yet the author has not imagined vain things. Scientists will attest that here is a faithful account of the present state of understanding of science by scientists. They will also admire greatly the skill with which it is presented. There is an engaging quality in its style and whimsy. This is an important book which reflects great credit upon its distinguished author.

R. O. EARL

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

**SPACE FLIGHT AND SATELLITE VEHICLES.** By R. B. Beard and A. C. Rotherham. London: George Newnes Ltd. Toronto: British Book Service Ltd. 1957. Pp. 150. \$3.50.

The authors state in their preface that their purpose in writing this small book is to persuade the reader, and hence ultimately the public, "that the future development of astronautics is both feasible and worthwhile."

Five chapters are devoted to showing the feasibility of space flight. The first is a historical survey of work done in various countries which has contributed to the present state of rocket and artificial satellite technology. This is the best chapter in the book. Chapters two and three contain very simple discussions of the basic principles of rocket propulsion, multistage rockets, artificial satellites, and interplanetary travel. Chapter four on "The Present Position" was understandably difficult to write because of the rapid progress being made and the fact that military secrecy often obscures or distorts this progress. "Prospects for the Immediate Future," presented in the fifth chapter, are summarized from schemes devised by various authors for flights to the Moon, Mars, and Venus. The most interesting and convincing of these are due to W. von Braun; (the reader, at this point, may justly decide that he might better be reading von Braun.)

The remaining three chapters of the book are used to present the proposition that astronautics is worthwhile. The value of artificial satellites, both the small instrument-carrying size and the proposed manned stations, is well argued—mainly in terms of their importance in collecting scientific information. Further justification for attempting space flight is seen in the indirect benefits which will be gained by the many branches of technology participating in a successful space flight project.

Although the authors' presentation of their subject is somewhat superficial—even for the serious-minded beginner, their enthusiasm is commendable. This enthusiasm is obviously based on the anticipated satisfaction which the accomplishment of space travel would bring, not only to the experts, but to many of the general public as well. This argument, implied but not strongly

stated in this book, is probably the best that can be made at this time in favour of the large efforts, inevitably at public expense, which will be needed to make space flight a reality.

G. A. HARROWER

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

## Man at War

*MY INDIAN MUTINY DIARY.* By William Howard Russell. Edited with an essay on the Mutiny and its consequences by Michael Edwardes. London: Cassell & Company Ltd. Toronto: British Book Services Ltd. 1957. Pp. xxvii + 288. \$6.00.

*THE NECESSARY HELL.* By Michael Edwardes. London: Cassell & Company Ltd. Toronto: British Book Services Ltd. 1958. Pp. xxi + 213, \$5.50.

The centenary of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 has produced sufficient books on that event to show that apologists and protagonists are still debating whether the rising was in fact the *Indian Mutiny* or the *First War of Indian Independence*. Much of the 19th century source material on the Mutiny may be characterized as "the apotheosis of Victorian humbug". Much that has been written in this century is either heavy in nationalistic overtones or as blindly "liberal" as the beliefs of the Evangelical Reformers whose policies sparked off the Mutiny. Michael Edwardes has therefore performed a valuable service in editing and republishing the diary of the Times correspondent who covered the final stages of the campaign of re-pacification. Russell may have reported events from the British point of view but he was not blindly partisan in his approach.

Students of Indian history will find Edwardes' introductory essay an accurate and well-balanced summation. Those whose knowledge of the Sepoy War has not passed beyond "the greased cartridge" stage may well be astounded at the multiplicity of issues which Edwardes has condensed into so small a compass. They will find the essay invaluable in assessing Russell's personal account of the later stages of the Mutiny.

A great deal of the source material on the Mutiny is made up of the memoirs of military men. It is of considerable importance, then, to be able to examine a first hand account of one sent to investigate the events rather than to put down "an enemy". Already famous for his Crimean dispatches, Russell found ready acceptance with the authorities in India. His diary abounds with references and comments which reveal the extent to which these authorities trusted him and kept him informed of their plans. At the same time, he retained his independence and courageously reported with a "fairness" which must have seemed almost treasonable to many contemporaries.

If the diary were only an account of campaigning in India a century ago, it would be valuable for its wealth of descriptive material. Fortunately it is more than that. Russell reports honestly about persons and events as he saw them. Of the lesser military men, Company servants and their business counterparts, he soon decided that these representatives of "la race blanche . . . (were) naturally the most intolerant in the world". The propagandists, who attempted to add fuel to the fire of the Cawnpore Massacre, he denounced as "a gang of forgers and utterers of base stories". He sums up his view of the campaign thus: "It is horrible to be engaged in such a war. Wherever the rebels meet a Christian, or a white man, they at once slay him pitilessly. The natives who conceal these do so at their peril. Wherever we meet a rebel in arms, or any man on whom suspicion rests, we kill him with equal celerity and without a greater show of pity".

Many of Russell's utterances are almost prophetic in the light of later events. He was "deeply impressed by the difficulty of ruling India . . . by force, exercised by a few who (were) obliged to employ natives as the instrument of coercion". Of the initial attempts at pacification before the demise of Company rule, he wrote "we cannot punish sympathies: the attempt is sure to quicken animosities and provoke national deep-rooted antipathy". He also foresaw a dearth of dedicated Britons required to administer an imperial government and pointed to the consequences of employing inferior individuals. His "wintry conscience" symbolizes an interesting and



frequently overlooked aspect of Victorian Empire Building.

*The Necessary Hell* is one of a series of books planned by Michael Edwardes to "form a view of the British in India from the time of the Mogul emperors to the end of the nineteenth century". In the main, it covers the period of expansion prior to the Mutiny, the Mutiny itself, and the beginning of the final years of bureaucratic rule and Imperial decay. It advances the thesis that "the hell of the Mutiny and the years of violence and expansion that preceded it was a necessary one." Out of it was to emerge the peace that made the revolution of 1947 a unique ending to a glorious but by then somewhat tarnished empire". Such a contention, of course, will tend to do grave damage to the susceptibilities of many people. It must therefore be examined with care and in the light of the apparent motives of the author.

It is evident that Edwardes is not seeking to whitewash the British in India. He admits forthright that "there is blood on the pages of British India". He is aware that the cult of the Imperial Hero resulted in "the megalomaniacs, the 'saintly' soldiers, the merely mad, and the frequently bad, suddenly (finding) themselves (if they were not conveniently dead) silver-plated for the edification of the nursery and the public-school". Such propaganda is anathema to Edwardes who argues that it "obscures and distorts the true tragedy and genuine heroisms of nineteenth-century India". As an antidote, he seeks to show what India was really like in that period and what it actually meant to those who built and kept the Empire. This purpose is achieved largely through the words of those who participated in the events described and in particular through the correspondence and records of John and Henry Lawrence and their contemporaries.

As an expansion of the views expressed in the introductory essay to Russell's *Diary*, *The Necessary Hell* provides its readers with both food for thought and fascinating glimpses of the contrasts of Indian life. Edwardes has shown great skill in selecting telling quotations from a vast number of sources. His commentary is never dull nor does it overwhelm the words of those chosen to advance the story.

The reader may feel at first that the exotic side of Oriental life has been overstressed. Sober reflection, however, suggests that this is not the case. The tattered glory of the last King of Delhi and the intrigue-ridden Sikh Durbar at Lahore were realities in the period of pre-Mutiny expansion. Similarly, the experiences of John Lawrence as magistrate and collector at Paniput and of his brother in the Punjab, Rajputana and Oudh give a good insight into the ways of "the aristocrats of the sword and the aristocrats of the land". While the careers of the Lawrence brothers are used to develop the author's thesis, their tragedies, rivalries and frustrations stand out in relief against those of lesser mortals whose heroisms consisted of "the commonplace, almost casual acceptance of discomfort, boredom, and death".

If this book is reviewed in isolation without expectation of further volumes expanding Edwardes' opinion, one may be tempted to question whether the author has managed to support the thesis of the necessary hell. Certainly much is left to implication and the reader's perception. More emphasis might have been given to the significance of the revenue surveys and settlements, the administration of justice, and the internal problems of the post-Mutiny Governor-Generalship of John Lawrence. While that may be the case, Indian history is so complex that its infinite variety cannot be compressed into some two hundred pages. The need for the necessary hell may not have been established to the satisfaction of all Edwardes' readers. This reviewer suspects, however, that many of them will be willing to await the publication of his projected volumes before casting final judgment. Be that as it may, *The Necessary Hell* has the great merit of being readable and provocative while remaining free of cant and hypocrisy.

F. J. L. YOUNG

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

*OPERATION SEA LION.* By Ronald Wheatley. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1958. Pp. xvi + 201, \$6.00.

*ROCKET.* Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert. New York: Philosophical Library. 1957. Pp. 190, \$6.00.



Sea Lion was the codename given by the Germans to the planned invasion of England in the autumn of 1940. This account was based entirely on official German documents captured by the British and Americans at the end of the Second World War and was one of a number of studies written in connection with the official *History of the Second World War*. It is very thoroughly documented and contains full fold-out plans of various phases of the planned operation, several key documents translated from the German in appendixes and a full bibliography of published German and English sources. In spite of this rather formidable scholarly apparatus, it reads well and its interest is by no means limited to the military specialists.

The German documents leave no doubt that the invasion was seriously intended, and that given the necessary conditions, it could have been launched in September 1940, although Mr. Wheatley considers that it would probably not have succeeded.

There were apparently two plans: the first for a landing on a broad front, which was to take the form of a full scale invasion, and the second for a landing on a narrower front which was regarded as the occupation of a country already close to defeat. It was considered necessary to achieve air supremacy before attempting an invasion and it was not intended to launch the invasion before Britain was reduced to the point of surrender by the air war. There is a brief account of the German plans for the occupation of Britain once the fighting was over.

Neither the German army or navy were keen about Sea Lion but the necessary staff planning, troop movements, assembly of an invasion fleet, and some training were carried out. Each service laid its own plans separately, and good liaison compensated for a lack of joint staff work.

Hitler's decision to go through with the operation was postponed largely because the necessary successes were not achieved by the air forces, and the plan was abandoned early in October 1940. After this decision it was decided to maintain the threat of invasion and all arrangements for Sea Lion were not finally abandoned until the spring of 1942.

*Rocket*, by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, is an entirely different sort of book: almost completely undocumented and somewhat discursively written, but reflecting the personality and often the prejudices of the distinguished airman who served as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Coastal Command from 1941 to 1943. The title may be misleading. It is not an up-to-date account of the present state of rocketry, and it ranges far beyond the subject of rockets. First there is an historical survey of rocket weapons, followed by an account of the development of photographic reconnaissance, which played so great a part in the operations against German testing facilities and rocket launching sites in the Second World War.

The story is told from both the British and German points of view. There is a detailed account of the great raid on Peenemünde and a description of later operations against the V-1 and V-2 sites on the Continent and the battle against the V-1's over the South of England.

The latter half of this book is concerned with Sir Philip's views on future British defence policy and free world strategy, with a digression about a broadcast exchange between Lord Haw Haw and Sir Philip during the last war. Sir Philip's views are vigorously, if informally set forth. He believes that guided missiles and nuclear weapons should be stressed at the expense of conventional forces. He also puts a strong case for the use of psychological tactics in the cold war, and goes so far as to suggest that the wartime Ministry of Information be reconstituted and put on the same footing as the Service Departments under the Minister of Defence.

M. K. NELLES

OTTAWA

## Men of Letters

*THE SHAPING VISION OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS*. By Alan Heuser. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1958. Pp. viii + 128. \$3.00.

As Mr. Heuser explains in his introduction to *The Shaping Vision*, his book was written because of his dissatisfaction with his two dissertations on the poetry of

Gerard Manley Hopkins. Mr. Heuser knows a great deal about his subject, and his book seems a superfine distillation of his own knowledge. As a result of this distillation, the general reader will find the book difficult to read. It is a book for the scholar rather than a book for the general reader.

*The Shaping Vision* is concerned with the ideas which inform the material and style of Hopkins' poetry. The author has revealed the organic development of those ideas, tracing them to their sources, showing their application in the poetry, and relating them to the religious development of the poet as he became first an Anglo-Catholic, then a Roman Catholic, and finally a Jesuit. "This study has traced the shaping vision of Hopkins (his vision of creation in creative development) from naturalistic idealism through a philosophy of inscape and instress to a Scotist voluntarism and a Pythagorean Platonism of music" (p. 99). In addition, the author has suggested the influence which the Oxford Movement, the Pre-Raphaelite movement and Ruskin and Pater, had upon Hopkins. The text of the book occupies only ninety-one pages. Consequently, the explication is curtailed, and every sentence counts in the argument. If anything, the book suffers from condensation.

Valuable in the work are those chapters which deal with *inscape* and *instress*, terms which are important for an understanding of the theory behind the poetry of Hopkins. The author re-examines the concepts behind these terms: *inscape*, he defines, as "the one-shape or stem-form, instress the shaping force or stemmed feeling, within creatures of nature and art" (p. 27). And he develops out of Scotist metaphysics and these definitions the psychological, metaphysical, and christological implications which the terms had for Hopkins. But the book is most valuable when it comes closest to the poetry of Hopkins, as it does in the analysis of *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. That poem is examined as a three-fold structure concerned with the interrelations of the deaths of the five nuns, the religious vocation of the poet, and the redemptive power of God. Again, the book is enlightening in such a remark as this about *The Windhover*: "There are four parallel terms in the sonnet: as the bird rides the windy air or as a

knight rides his reined steed, so the spirit of Christ is to be buckled onto the soul and the cross-plough to turn up furrows in the soil of the heart" (p. 53).

Hopkins is often regarded as an eccentric among the nineteenth century poets. *The Shaping Vision* is a corrective to that view. It reveals his poetry as the result of an intensely personal vision working in the context of many influences, but mainly within the context of the emblematic poetry-painting association of the Pre-Raphaelites.

*The Shaping Vision* is a work of sound scholarship. One can wish only that Mr. Heuser had taken more space to deploy his knowledge of the poetry of Hopkins.

W. C. LOUGHEED

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

---

WYNDHAM LEWIS. *A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS THE ENEMY*. By Geoffrey Wagner. New Haven: Yale University Press. Toronto: Burns and MacEachern. 1957. Pp. xvi + 363. \$6.25.

"The most fascinating personality of our time," "the most distinguished living novelist," "the greatest prose stylist of my generation"—who is the writer whom T. S. Eliot could praise so highly, and so consistently over a period of forty years? His first novel was called by Ezra Pound "the most vigorous and volcanic English novel of our time". Joseph Wood Krutch, in 1927, described him as the possessor of a mind of arresting force; Herbert Read, as "by far the most active force among us." W. B. Yeats referred to himself as "in all essentials his most humble and admiring disciple." His *magnum opus*, *The Human Age*, was lauded as "manifestly one of the great prose works of our time"—by the august *Times Literary Supplement*. Yet Wyndham Lewis remains very little known and very little read. He is still confused (even by library cataloguers) with D. B. Wyndham Lewis, humorist, biographer, and co-editor of an excellent anthology of bad verse.

Percy Wyndham Lewis died in 1957. When he was born is not certain; Wagner thinks that it was in 1882, aboard a ship in the Bay of Fundy. Lewis had other connections with Canada. When the First

World War took him away from his three newly-launched careers of painter, writer, and composer of futuristic manifestoes, he spent a year jumping in and out of trenches with the Royal Artillery and then was seconded to the Canadian Army as a war artist. During the Second World War, he lived in Canada for a considerable length of time, and in *Self Condemned* (1954) he gave a satirical description of a Canadian city he called Momaco, which, though it contains features borrowed from other cities, is too much like a Montrealer's idea of Toronto not to be Toronto.

Lewis spent a good deal of his time attacking his contemporaries; his contemporaries, on the other hand, found it hard not to attack him—especially after he had written a book in praise of Hitler in 1931. His first novel is a satire of bohemian art students in Paris and of German rigidity and sentimentality. His *Apes of God* is a satirical anthology of forms of dilettantism to be found in London, especially in Bloomsbury. *Time and Western Man* is a critical survey of philosophers and writers who reflect the twentieth-century preoccupation with the flow of time; Lewis's acute analyses of Bergson, Spengler, Proust, Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and others make this probably his most valuable book. In all these works he is the spokesman of the party of genius, trying to preserve intellectual and aesthetic values during the upheavals of a transitional period. But in the incomplete *Human Age*, he repudiates pride of intellect and asserts the primacy of the spiritual. Very long and very diffuse, this novel is an attempt to bring Dante up to date; it shows James Joyce in Hell.

Wagner's book is a necessary addition to any library dealing with twentieth-century literature; even if we do not take Lewis at his own and his admirers' valuation, he was too much a part of the literary panorama to be ignored. The present study shows that Lewis was very much influenced by intellectual trends on the Continent, and acted as an agent in their transmission. Many of the figures Wagner deals with lacked greatness but had considerable importance for a time—T. E. Hulme, Julien Benda, Charles Maurras, Henri Massis, and the outrageous Marinetti, one of whose

London meetings Lewis broke up with "a determined band of miscellaneous anti-Futurists." Others besides Lewis were influenced by or reacted against these people, and certainly finding out something about them is as valuable as counting commas in *Ulysses*.

Though it claims to be a full-length study, there are two important things which Wagner's book fails to do. It does not establish the basic biographical facts. Lewis was a man of mystery—he prided himself on being so—and in his autobiographical *Rude Assignment*, "a narrative of my career up to date," he says almost nothing of his life before he was thirty and excludes personal details on the grounds that "this is a history of a career, not a person . . ." Second, Wagner's book, though far from uncritical, does not give a satisfactory estimate of Lewis's importance. We still do not know whether he is a major figure, or merely a controversialist whose writings will pass into the shadows as the controversies are forgotten. The question remains whether Lewis is going to be remembered as an equal of the other "men of 1914"—Joyce, Pound, and Eliot—or whether his enemy Time will take its usual ironical revenge.

D. J. DOOLEY

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

---

*THE LIFE RECORDS OF JOHN MILTON, Volume V. Edited by J. Milton French. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press. 1958. Pp. viii + 518. \$7.50.*

Professor French may well contemplate happily this final volume of his notable series. It maintains the high standards which he set up in the first volume, and which he has upheld throughout the others. Planning the work, collecting material, examining and comparing statements made by Milton's relations, friends, acquaintances, correspondents, biographers, and critics, sorting and appraising well known information and pursuing clues to some unpublished item—all this needed keen, practised, and devoted scholarship. In this final volume he has used more than a hundred pages to add information or critical opinions, not pre-

viously available, to correct rare slips in the text of the earlier volumes, and occasionally to alter a statement of his own. And he gives charming thanks to everyone who has helped him in any way.

Dr. French has never allowed this mass of detail to come between the reader and Milton. The period between 1670 and Milton's death in 1674 is brief, and not nearly so exciting as the rest of his life; in the earlier volumes the reader saw the boy in his father's happy house in Bread Street, the Cambridge undergraduate, the young poet at Horton, the observant traveller in Italy; then came the unfortunate marriage and the years of heavy political and controversial work until he became blind, but finally the superb achievement, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. Yet in the last days there are pleasant pictures of Milton as he played or sang, or talked to Andrew Marvel and to other friends who visited him.

The records for these last years occupy a hundred pages. Then Dr. French arranges in helpful categories certain statements about Milton for which not even an approximate date could be assigned. He follows this with much interesting information about Milton's family before his birth, and much more about his family and his affairs after his death, down to the death of his last direct descendant and the first publication of *A Treatise on Christian Doctrine*. This collection of authentic information will be gratefully received by any eager student of Milton; it shows, for example, the fresh interest in his prose writings after the Revolution of 1688, and it brings alive his brother, Sir Christopher, the enterprising lawyer, judge, and land-owner, very different from the poet in talent and in character.

WILHELMINA GORDON

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

---

SELECTIONS FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON, ed. Stephen E. Whicher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1958. Pp. xxiv + 517. \$1.15.

Stephen E. Whicher, professor of English at Cornell University, whose *Freedom and Fate* (1953) is one of the best short studies of Emerson in our literature, has prepared

a model anthology of Emerson's writings. Meticulously organized and very competently documented with explanatory notes, a table of sources, a helpful index, its selections are solidly based on the latest Emerson scholarship. By selecting carefully from the essays, journals, poems and letters, this anthology not only enlivens our sense of Emerson as "a poet of ideas," it also enables us to feel the "charged atmosphere" in which the poet lived and his ideas circulated. This is a considerable feat, and only a scholar genuinely interested in his subject and properly equipped could have produced this excellent volume. This anthology is a creative effort in its own right.

Professor Whicher has succeeded where others have failed. Other anthologies offer a good solid helping from Emerson's works, but this one includes a matrix for each of the twelve key essays and for the numerous poems. Each of the ten sections is carefully introduced, contains valuable journal entries, and has its climax in one of the key essays. Consequently, the sum of the parts justifies the editor's hope, and succeeds in revitalizing Emerson's "continuing discourse". The Emerson who comes to life here is "the child of the fire", able and willing to serve the "spiritual emergency" of our anxious times.

It is Emerson's particular trait as a prose writer to compress a sermon in a text. Professor Whicher's short introduction has a similar distinction, and it is more consecutive than Emerson's writings. It has the further distinction of showing us the steps by which a living Emerson is to be realized. If it is true that "Emerson is one of those writers who have enlarged the possibilities of experience," Professor Whicher has, in turn, enlarged the possibilities of experiencing him. He has accomplished this objective with scholarly patience, measured judgment, and tempered enthusiasm. A superior addition to the Riverside Editions, this paperback deserves a hard cover.

REGINALD L. COOK

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

---

THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER (HUNG LOU MENG). By Ts'ao Hsüeh-ch'in, translated from the German of Dr.

Franz Kuhn by Florence and Isabelle McHugh. New York: Pantheon. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. 1958. Pp. 582. \$8.50.

*DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER.* By Ts'ao Hsüeh-ch'in, translated directly from the Chinese by Chi-chen Wang. New York: Twayne Publishers. 1958. Pp. 574. \$6.00 in U.S.

*DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER.* By Ts'ao Hsüeh-ch'in, translated and adapted from the Chinese by Chi-chen Wang. New York and Canada: Doubleday Anchor Books. 1958. Pp. 329. \$1.25 in U.S., \$1.45 in Canada.

*Dream of the Red Chamber* is undoubtedly the greatest of Chinese novels. It is considerably longer than Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. So far no complete translation has been made and until recently even a second-hand copy of Professor C. C. Wang's 1929 abridged version was hard to get. It is the good fortune of western readers that suddenly three new versions have appeared in English.

The author Ts'ao Chan, commonly known by his pen-name Ts'ao Hsüeh-ch'in, was a member of a very wealthy aristocratic family which for generations held the superintendency of the Imperial Textiles Bureau in Nanking, one of the most lucrative posts in early Manchu China. A few years after the author was born the family fell upon evil times because his ancestor's speculation and kinsmen's extravagance brought imperial wrath in 1728, when the family's thirteen residences in Nanking and other property were confiscated by the Yung-cheng Emperor. He and the rest of the family were forced to live in much reduced circumstances in the western suburb of Peking. Ts'ao Chan, a person of poetic sensibilities but totally unprepared for the harsh realities of life, devoted some two decades to depicting the glories, vanities, passions, debaucheries, loves, joys, sorrows, decline and fall of a super household of which he was one of the central figures. When he died in poverty in 1764 he had finished 80 chapters and the last 40 chapters were written by his contemporary admirer and gifted scholar Kao E.

In this largely autobiographical novel, we come across the Grandmother, the

Matriarch who rules the clan with despotism; the futility of Puritanical father who seldom knows the goings-on inside the household; the several dissipated uncles, male cousins and nephews; the kind-hearted mother who entrusts everything to Phoenix, the author's cousin-in-law, who runs the household with cold-blooded efficiency and whose lust for power contributes to no small extent to the family's eventual downfall; the many beautiful sisters and female cousins whose different personalities result in varied fates; dozens of servants and maids; and occasional intrusion of persons from lower walks of life who bring mirth, laughter, and sometimes intrigue. All these, and much else, are interwoven with superb skill around the main warp—the tragic love between the teenage boy Pao-yü, the author himself, and his poetess cousin Black Jade. Numerous as are the major and minor characters (altogether well over 400), they intermingle in a masterfully conceived plot, each playing a distinct role in the super household, sharing its glory and shame, contributing to its rise or fall. For generations this panoramic novel has captured the heart of the literary critic, the social historian, and the layman alike and it is still being eagerly read, studied, and debated by the Chinese under the Communist rule. Indeed, no one can understand China, particularly traditional China, without *Dream of the Red Chamber*.

All these three new abridged translations are highly readable. Kuhn's is about 300,000 words long as against 180,000 words of Wang (1). But in terms of coverage of essential facts and interesting episodes, Wang (1) is more comprehensive because of a deeper understanding of the sequence of events in the original plot, a methodical study of the textual problems, and more painstaking selections, contractions, and occasional adaptations. Kuhn's extra length is largely accounted for by padding and over-literality. Professor Mark van Doren's preface to Wang (1) is likewise more helpful to western readers than Kuhn's, which among other things curiously revives one of the many now discarded myths that the main hero in the novel is the Yung-cheng Emperor. One would also like to know why Pao-yü's chief maid Hsi-jen, a name derived from one line of

a classical poem depicting the pervading fragrance of flowers, is rendered by Kuhn into "Pearl."

All in all, while these three translations are all good, Wang (1) is distinctly the best. Chi-chen Wang, who is Professor of Chinese at Columbia University, is beyond doubt one of the most outstanding translators of oriental literature in our time. In his hands western readers can be assured of a high degree of accuracy and skill, and an unbelievable amount of the crisp Mandarin conversation that probably only he can preserve in a translation. The busy layman who wants to understand China should at least read Wang (2).

PING-TI HO

UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

## Reading and Writing

*THE ENGLISH COMMON READER.* By Richard D. Altick. The University of Chicago Press, The University of Toronto Press. 1957. Pp. viii + 430. \$6.00.

Richard D. Altick's *The English Common Reader* is described in its subtitle as "A Social History of the Mass Reading Public 1800-1900". The description is apt in the sense that the heroes of the piece are undoubtedly the print-hungry "millions" of nineteenth-century England. But there are villains too, and Mr. Altick gives these, if anything, rather more attention than he does his heroes. In other words, this is not so much an account of who the English "common reader" was and what he liked or did not like to read (though it is partly that) as it is a case history of a momentous battle joined — and joined over the largely passive body of the labouring classes — between those who upheld and those who opposed or wished to interpret to their own advantage the new social concept of "the democracy of print". And though the book is as judicious a study of this battle as one could wish for, it is at the same time a study which carries a message. In effect, Mr. Altick asks what place reading occupies, can occupy, or should occupy in an industrial and increasing democratic society. And he answers by analysing the social

forces at work in an age which tackled for the first time the basic issues of "the democracy of print", but which in the end passed most of these issues, together with a good deal of other unfinished business, on to the twentieth century.

It may be that Mr. Altick's mind, committed to this kind of hindsight, is just a little too much the mind of a good American democrat of the nineteen-fifties. But if this means that he is less sensitive than he might be to the aristocratic point of view, one is nevertheless grateful, I think, for the perspective which his unobtrusive but obviously firm convictions supply. The story unfolded of how the English masses inched up a long, rocky slope towards literacy and the bright world of imaginative literature is at any rate an absorbing one; and, without bludgeoning, the emergent argument is convincing. Mr. Altick examines, one by one, the obstacles along the way: a tradition-bound educational system slow to respond to the challenge of widespread illiteracy and as slow to find a place in its programme for the study of literature simply as a means to pleasure and spiritual fulfilment; the enduring belief of the ruling classes that to teach a man to read was a sure way to make him a radical; the staggering burden of poverty and bad working and housing conditions that had to be alleviated before the lower orders of society could find either the time, the means, or the will to read; the high cost of books and the inadequacy of library facilities. And, most emphatically, he examines the killing-kindness (to put a generous construction on the case) of the evangelicals and the utilitarians — the evangelicals working ostensibly to enlarge the reading public but in fact forcing the masses into a barren *cul-de-sac* where literature was made to serve narrowly "the kingdom of God"; the utilitarians also working ostensibly to enlarge the reading public but in fact forcing the masses into another barren *cul-de-sac* where literature was made to serve narrowly "the greater glory of the workshop of the world".

Indeed Mr. Altick clearly implies that it was these two great pressure groups of Victorian society which were chiefly responsible for the sad anti-climax to the final act in this drama of heroic struggle. By the last two decades of the century the masses had gained most of their objectives: literacy,



cheap books and periodicals, the means to buy them and the leisure to read them, the right to ask for and get more or less the kind of literature they wanted. But what happened? For too many years frustrated and coerced (so Mr. Altick suggests), they showed in their new freedom little taste for good writing. Most of them gorged themselves on sentimental romances and the "penny dreadfuls" of their day; they read G.W.M. Reynolds, the *Family Herald*, and the *Illustrated Police News*. Since this situation remains substantially unaltered in our own day, Mr. Altick thinks that the record of what the nineteenth century did and failed to do about bringing literature to a mass reading public is worth looking at. So it is; and the more so because the book he has written is plainly the work of a man who is, both a good humanist and a very able scholar.

ROBERT L. McDOUGALL

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

---

**TRENDS AND STYLES IN TWENTIETH CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE.** By Helmut Hatzfeld. Washington, D.C.: The Catholic University of America Press. 1957. Pp. 262, \$4.75.

Before World War II there was no general history of French contemporary literature. The first general study to appear was that of René Lalou, *Histoire de la littérature française contemporaine* in 1941. The war years were not favourable to literary critics. Since 1947, however the writers of the first half of the twentieth century have received due consideration in the works of Henri Clouard, Gaëtan Picon, Jacques Nathan, Pierre-Henri Simon, André Billy, and Pierre de Boisdeffre, to mention only the authors of general histories of French literature.

The Americans, much more interested in French literature than the Canadians, were already well provided with literary essays, anthologies and monographs; they now have Dr. Hatzfeld's literary history to be used as a guide by students and educated readers as well. The author has conscientiously undertaken the task of studying, assessing and explaining the most representative works of modern French literature. "The presentation steers a middle course between a

literary history and literary essay". The novelists, playwrights or poets are classified according to their trends: individual and group in tension, voices of sex, aspects of love, forms of escape, *engagement*, spirituality, pure poetry, etc. Students and readers will find in this history some excellent summaries of capital novels like *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*, *A la recherche du temps perdu*, *Les Thibault*, and many others; these summaries and analyses presuppose unbiased and painstaking efforts. The critic is not assuming an Inquisitor's rôle; he has left to the proper authorities the task of establishing the philosophical or theological value of some of the works involved. His method of classification is logical even though not always very clear, since it often entails dealing with the same author under various headings. But I suppose every method has its own shortcomings.

The critic should be praised for not indulging in those brilliant but often empty portraits of authors, presenting instead, with necessary caution, a short résumé and a brief appreciation of the outstanding masterpieces of twentieth century French literature. It is to be regretted that French literature outside of France has been completely ignored. This seems to be a common trend amongst American students of French literature. In this respect French critics are closer to Canada than are those of the United States. For a presentation of such quality, finally, the proof-reading of French texts leaves much to be desired: very few quotations are free of errors. But these are only tiny blemishes on a pretty face.

LEOPOLD LAMONTAGNE

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA

---

## Banking

**LORD NORMAN.** By Sir Henry Clay. London: MacMillan & Co. Ltd. Toronto: MacMillan Co. of Canada Ltd. Pp. xi + 495. \$7.00.

The author of this book joined the Bank of England in 1929. In 1950 at the request of the Court of the Bank of England and of Lord Norman's family, Clay undertook the biography of Montagu Collet Norman,



Governor, Bank of England, 1920 to 1944. When most of the study was in first draft form Clay was killed. The sponsors wisely decided to publish Clay's draft without material alterations; and in addition close associates of Norman have added a somewhat perfunctory chapter on the second world war period and a further one on the Governor's character and personality. Further omissions from Clay's draft are recorded in an editorial note, and the present Governor of the Bank, Mr. C. F. Cobbold, has written a foreword.

What emerges is a book slightly less than complete as a biography of a most unusual man, but of obvious importance and of absorbing interest, particularly for students of monetary history. Since the emphasis of the book is on Norman's preoccupations as Director and Governor of the Bank of England, it follows logically and with ease the second volume of Professor Clapham's study which took the story of the Bank up to the first world war.

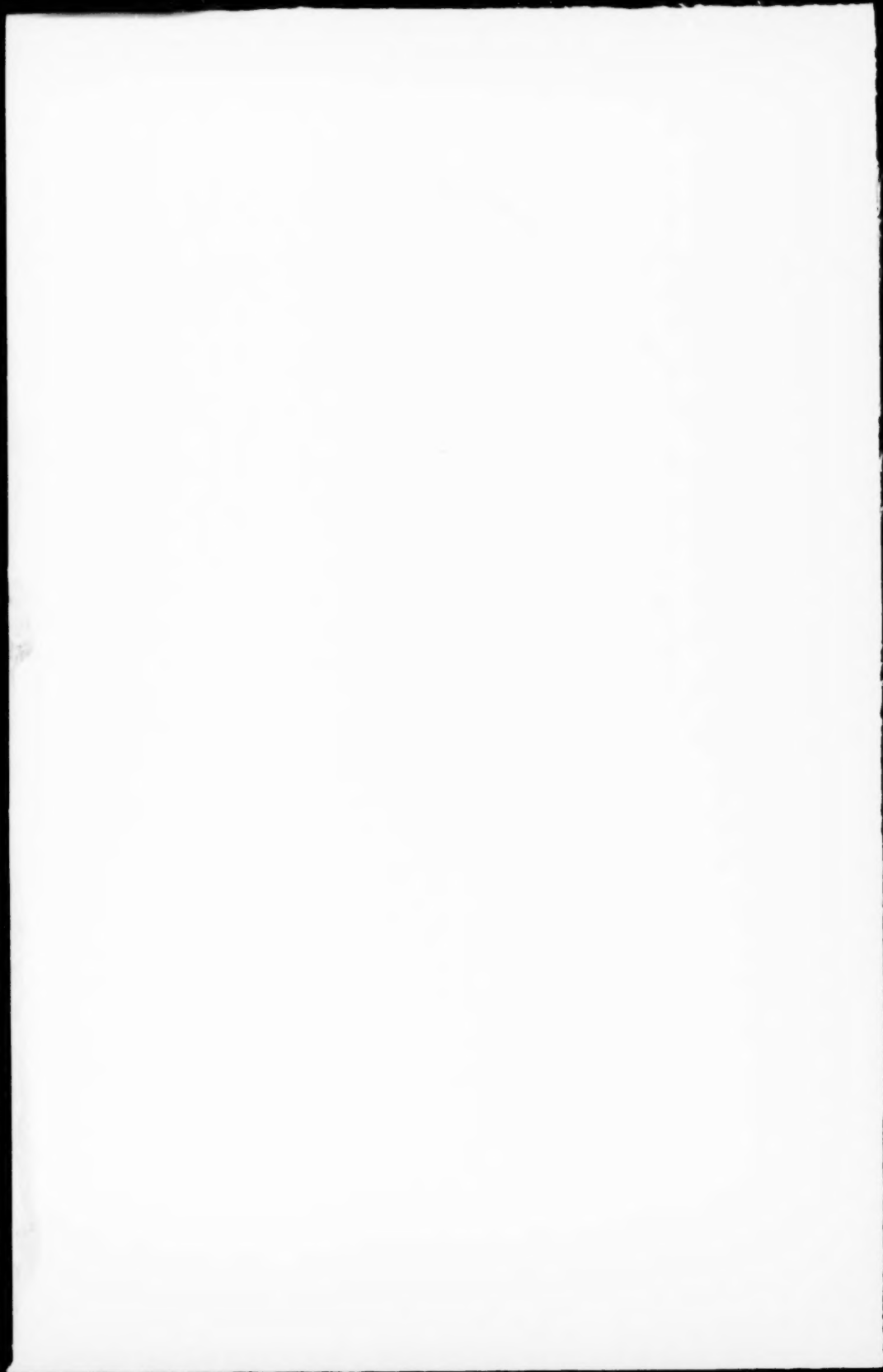
Norman's important achievement was not that he became Governor of the Bank. His paternal and maternal grandfathers had been on its Court, the latter serving as well a term as Governor; his family was prominent in City banking circles; and his cultural background included Eton and one year at King's College, Cambridge. It was rather that he guided the Bank through the inter-war period of international and domestic economic upheaval, of war debts, loans and reparations, into a new world of managed money; he strove, often successfully, for order in Empire and continental banking arrangements and capital movements at a time when no institutions existed which were prepared to accept such

responsibilities; and he actively encouraged the "rationalization" of sections of British industry. This complex story the author tells in detail and with a confidence borne of intimate knowledge of the events and personalities of the period. The author's style is not exciting, but his use of quotations from personal documents is singularly effective in telling the story of a man who seemed happy in fostering an aura of secrecy about his work. It is also effective in dispelling the suspicions over the Governor's motives in influencing international banking, central banking in other countries, and the foreign exchange markets—suspicions which the Governor's attitude had encouraged.

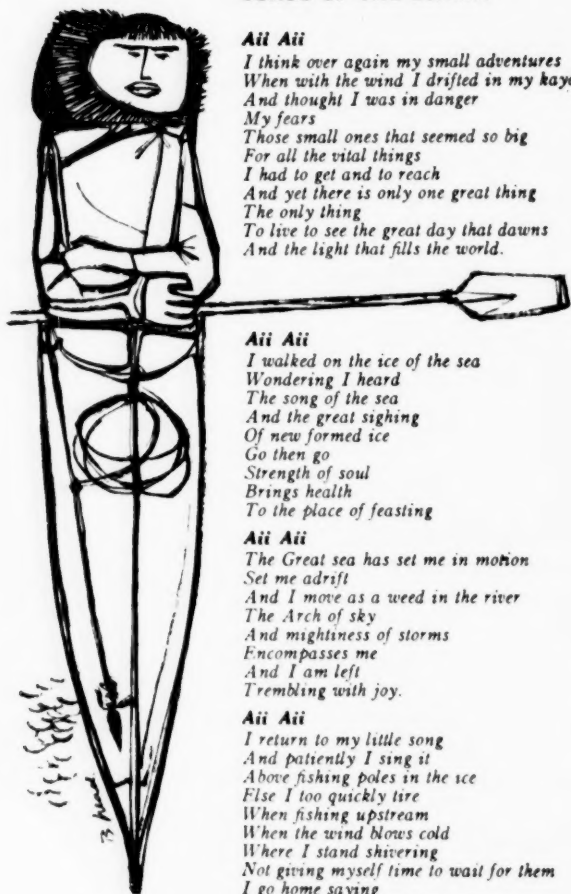
The great controversies surrounding Bank of England policy under Norman—return to gold and manipulation of capital movements, unemployment, industrial rationalization—are not of course resolved in the book, but the author leaves no doubt as to how these problems appeared to Norman and how he chose to deal with them. The reader might also feel that the implications of some aspects of Norman's mental make-up, as for example his refusal or inability to generalize at a time in history when new economic generalizations were important, have not been fully or evenly explored. But whatever one's views on Norman and on inter-war Bank policy—both critics and others will find in the book new evidence to applaud—they cannot be considered complete without a careful reading of this fascinating and authoritative study.

E. P. NEUFELD

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



## SONGS OF THE ESKIMO



### **Aii Aii**

*I think over again my small adventures  
When with the wind I drifted in my kayak  
And thought I was in danger  
My fears  
Those small ones that seemed so big  
For all the vital things  
I had to get and to reach  
And yet there is only one great thing  
The only thing  
To live to see the great day that dawns  
And the light that fills the world.*

### **Aii Aii**

*I walked on the ice of the sea  
Wondering I heard  
The song of the sea  
And the great sighing  
Of new formed ice  
Go then go  
Strength of soul  
Brings health  
To the place of feasting*

### **Aii Aii**

*The Great sea has set me in motion  
Set me adrift  
And I move as a weed in the river  
The Arch of sky  
And mightiness of storms  
Encompasses me  
And I am left  
Trembling with joy.*

### **Aii Aii**

*I return to my little song  
And patiently I sing it  
Above fishing poles in the ice  
Else I too quickly tire  
When fishing upstream  
When the wind blows cold  
Where I stand shivering  
Not giving myself time to wait for them  
I go home saying  
It was the fish that failed—upstream.*

**Hudson's Bay Company.**

INCORPORATED 27<sup>TH</sup> MAY 1870

As Translated by Tegoodligak,  
South Baffin Island

